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HARRIS MAGAZINE



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JANUARY, 1927.

The Opening Entry.

BEING aware of the responsibility attending the first steps taken along the high road of any adventure, the Editors of this Magazine ask for the sympathetic and practical support of all members of the selling, executive, operative, clerical, and buying staffs of C. & T. HARRIS (Calne), LTD., its Branches, and Associated Companies.

Industry is not only a means of livelihood; it is a source of pleasure. The difficulties which are inseparable from it are a challenge to battle, and out of the struggle comes that result which at last is the motive of existence—the development of Character.

The aim of this Magazine will be to throw into relief the fun and pleasure of business; to grapple with, and point to the solution of, its difficulties; to always keep alive the honour of our calling, and not allow it to sink into the state of merely earning a competence. To obtain the points of view necessary to uphold this high ideal, we ask the cooperation of every member of the Firm News Boxes will be placed at convenient centres to receive any paragraphs on interesting events, amusing happenings, and stories met with during (or after) the daily work. All such items will be treated confidentially, and, if necessary, will be re-written to meet the needs of the Magazine. Articles of length will be especially welcomed.

May we, in conclusion, ask you not to come with us for the first steps only, but to accompany us all the way, making each issue a greater source of inspiration and pleasure than its predecessor.

"Let us think of those who are following after us, so that the industrial peace of Calne to-day may be the unbroken peace for 50 or 100 years hence."—Mr. J. F. BODINNAR at Annual Meeting of Welfare and Entertainment Society.

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Between Ourselves.

WELCOME the advent of this "Harris Magazine," believing it will form yet another link between us all.

When I say "all," I mean everybody associated with us, whether they be at Calne, the Branch Factories, our Sales Representatives, or Pig Buyers.

The Editor has asked me to write monthly as "Between Ourselves." I shall welcome any suggestions from the readers as to the matters they would like me to deal with from time to time.

For a good many years we have worked together to establish the vital factors of mutual consideration, co-operation, and good-will. I rejoice in the progress made in this direction.

Our work is not yet complete. The personal element is essential to success. That will be assured by the absence of stress of the purely personal interest.

We are out to encourage individual efficiency, believing that if that is expressed in terms of production we shall be in a position to increase output at competitive prices.

The lack of efficiency in a single unit interferes with the effect of the whole.

This is an appeal to every single person to do his or her whack.

In some of our Factories we have an Efficiency Bonus Scheme, given freely by the Firm. This must not in any way be confused with rates of pay; it is entirely independent of them; it was never asked for by the staffs, and its continuance is always at the option of the Firm.

So long as it serves its purpose one hopes that it may be continued.

In the great majority of cases the amounts allocated have been placed in the Savings Scheme. These earn, with undoubted security, the high rate of 6 per centinterest.

One may venture to whisper that, in days that are now happily ended, an impression existed that if a man's thrift were known to the Firm it would act prejudicially against him in the days when he came to think of retiring. That is not true to-day. A man's care for his own old age will be an inducement to do the right thing by him when occasion demands; but it is true that similar consideration will not be given to those who exercise no thrift.

We are living through difficult days. Pigs that ought to be grown on for killing as baconers are being used to supply the shortage of pork, due to the embargo placed on Continental pork. I shall not appeal in vain for patience and help in every possible direction from our loyal staffs.

I have during the last few days had an opportunity of conversations with those splendid old warriors, William Frayling and Henry Carpenter, whose periods of service are nearly 70 years in each case. They tell me that the opportunities to-day are greater than they have ever been, and that the conditions of work are altogether happier. This makes good hearing.

I hope we shall all make the best use of our opportunities and conditions.

You will all like to know that our good friend, Mrs. Powney, now living in Totnes, has just celebrated her 90th birthday. We congratulate her heartily.

Round the Town.

How Calne Spent Christmas.

IT would be much easier to write this I article if the title was altered to "How Calne Did Not Spend Christmas." One could easily write of the pleasures of the toboggan and the art displayed in the making of snowmen and suchlike monstrosities; also a very vivid account of the "Storming of the Castle Hill" and its subsequent downfall. Alas! the promised White Christmas did not materialise. Evidently Russiafrom whence it was coming—was loth to part with it. This may have given the children cause for complaint, but no doubt the fathers breathed a sigh of thankfulness as they nestled down closer in their armchairs. To children the snow means a jolly time, but the grown-ups venture forth in fear and trembling, and never fail to turn up the collars of their coats. Snow looks very nice on Christmas cards and the like, but digging it out of one's ear or feeling it trickle down one's back is, to say the least, not a pleasant occupation. It certainly does not encourage the "goodwill to men" feeling.

The gaunt spectre of unemployment had not been greatly in evidence during the year. This enabled Santa Claus to get very busy on Christmas eve. Ere it was daylight in many a home the youngsters had found their treasures, and the day was spent in trying out the new toys and enjoying the wonderful gifts so eagerly looked for. Rumour has it that many fathers, pleading the very feeble excuse of showing Tommy how it worked, spent many an hour on the rug. The evening was spent in fun and merriment, and all too soon the day passed and reluctant feet climbed the wooden hill to the Land of Nod.

Christmas in Calne was a time of glorious re-union, and in many a home the circle was complete. In others the empty chair told its own tale, and our hearts went out in sympathy to them, glad with the knowledge that the Christ-child is the link to bring them together again.

The Salvation Army and the Hand-bell Ringers were abroad early on Christmas morn delighting one and all with their rendering of Christmas hymns and carols.

Once again the message of "Peace on earth, Goodwill to all," was the keynote of the Churches and Chapels. One realised that to-day, more than ever, is the Peace on earth dependent on the Goodwill of all.

The spirit of Christmas reigned supreme at the workhouse. A visit from the Mayor and Mayoress added to the enjoyment of the inmates. They stayed for some time, and after dinner addressed a few cheery remarks to them. A visit to each of the old ladies at the almshouses was also appreciated.

The outstanding event of Boxing-Day was the visit of Chippenham, who lost the first point in their matches on the "Rec." A large crowd witnessed a very strenuous game that ended in a draw of four goals each.

Christmas time was over all too soon, but the spirit of gladness remains, as the New Year lies before us with all its opportunities and possibilities.

FRED GALE.

The following letter was received by one of our staff from a perfect stranger:—-

APPAM,

GOLD COAST.

DEAR CHUM,

I am very much pleased to inform you that it will suprise you to receive a letter from unknown friend of yours. I found your name and address in a certain newspaper called "Sunday Pictorial." And I embrace no opportunity of writing you as a correspondence. I want to deal with you very hard. And I hope you will grant my request. I want you to send me two silk handkerchiefs, one fountain pen, postcards, and newspapers. I promise to send you Gold Ring if you reply this sweet letter. May this finds you well. Please write and show me your age. I close my letter with hearty wishes from your friend. I hope you will not fail to send me in next mail coming. I beg to conclude here with my best compliments to you and your parents.

I am your friend

H. K. SARSAH, Jr.

The English is good for a native. This sort of thing evidently follows the advent of the white man.

By The Way.

Welfare and Entertainment Society.

MR. Bodinnar presided at the Annual Meeting of the Welfare and Entertainment Society, which was held at the Picture Palace on December 3rd. Considering the building was full, and that the Society has not yet reached full membership, one wonders where the Meetings will be held when all our staff is enrolled. To get our entire staff into the Picture Palace—which is the largest building in Calne, and is certainly not on the small side—is a problem that will very soon puzzle the Committee.

The Meeting opened with the presentation of the accounts by Mr. S. C. Rogers, who was warmly greeted, both on account of his recovery from a recent illness and an appreciation of the hard work he puts in during the year. The accounts showed a loss on the Christmas Carnival and Flower Show, which was accounted for by taking



into this year's accounts expenditure on new side-shows which will be available for future events.

Mr. Gunning then reviewed the work done during the past year, and laid stress on the work done at the Boys' Club. This Club is open every Wednesday, and we are glad of this opportunity of testifying as to its usefulness, as it provides a healthy recreation for our lads.

The arrangements for the Carnival were briefly enumerated, and met with general approval.

Mr. Gunning's concluding remarks as to the advisability of introducing new blood into the Committee, led to some goodhumoured banter with the Chairman (Mr. Bodinnar). The Meeting showed its appreciation of the work done by the Committee by re-electing the retiring members.

Mr. Redman moved the adoption of the accounts and report. He referred to the loss on the side-shows, and related his experience of the rocking horse. He had the sympathy of all the "Ten Stoners," whose experience was of a similar nature. Mr. Trow seconded, and the motion was carried.

The only change in officers for the coming year was the auditors, Messrs. R. A. Dare and F. Stevens being elected.

Mr. Bodinnar, in thanking the meeting for re-electing him as President, expressed satisfaction that the Society he had formed was still doing well, and the hope that the Carnival would be the best we had ever had. Let it be, he said, a complete re-union of everyone of us and our friends.

He appealed for help and greater interest in the Boys' Club. We are all right to-day, he said, but what of the future? The boy of to-day is the man of to-morrow, and if we can teach them anything of the ideals we are all striving for, and have been happily successful about so far, we shall be doing something for a generation to come. Let us think of those who are following after us, so that the industrial peace of Calne to-day may be the unbroken peace for 50 or 100 years hence.

Mr. Bodinnar then spoke a few words of thanks for the kindness Mrs. Bodinnar and he had received at the hands of everyone during the long and trying illness she had suffered. The Meeting expressed its pleasure, in a very enthusiastic manner, at seeing Mrs. Bodinnar again

"As good as their famous Bacon."

A very interesting article, entitled "Ghost Trains," appeared in the Manchester Evening News. After describing his experiences in the "cold, dark, dead of the night" on a railway platform, the author soliloquises on the mysterious and ghostly trains that pass through the station during the night. The following extract is of special interest to us:—

"You count many of these trains of vans as you watch through the night. They are trains of which you hardly think by day—or, at any rate, you rarely see them. They make no great boast of their business, unless you can read the mystic chalk-marks on their doors, and they leave you guessing as to what is in their parcels. They do not seem to want you to know what they carry.

And then, suddenly out of the night, comes a van that does not believe in secret business. It is labelled as proudly as any express. On a board along the top you read, "Wiltshire Sausage Van, Calne to Newcastle."

There is nothing very ghostly in that. That little van, so ready to let you know it delivers sausages across country all the way from Wiltshire to Northumberland, brings you back to a real world, in which you have an appetite. You long for the refreshment room to open, and think that you will have sausages for breakfast, if you can get them."

We trust the author was successful in his quest, and also that he found them "as good as their famous bacon."

"It's a bit too thick!" These words were murmured, during a lucid interval, by our Bacon Order Department. Scenting a mystery, we despatched our Special Mystery Investigator to obtain first hand information. It appears that an order (No. 20670) for 2 Backs, thick, were rereceived by that Department, and signed, "A. S. Thick." Records and ancient manuscripts were feverishly consulted, but, alas! no such name appears on our records.

Will the representative writing under this nom-de-plume please reveal himself, so that the Bacon Order Department's night's rest shall no longer be disturbed.

* * *

It is a bit TOO thick.

Isn't it wonderful to observe the speed at which the girls in the office get their hats and coats on at one o'clock as compared with the speed at which they take them off at two o'clock?

* * *

We are very glad to report that one of our staff, in proud possession of a motor cycle notorious for the narrow margin by which it clears its obstacles and measures its times between Calne and Bristol in seconds, has solemnly been presented with a certificate recording the fact that no ill has befallen him for the past twelve months. Whether the certificate was presented as a tribute to the care and excellent riding of its owner, or to congratulate him on his wonderful luck, our Special Investigator has been unable to discover.

DON'TS FOR DICTATORS.

Don't dictate in the middle of a yawn; it is much better to wait until all is over.

Don't make a pretence of resting an arm on the back of the typist's chair, it is likely to lead her thoughts astray.

Don't have a hand in front of your mouth to dictate. This is only necessary when yawning.

Don't dictate items which are not to be put in the letter.

Don't call the typist just as she is going to lunch or at the end of the afternoon.

Don't use words that hinder the typist through having to search the dictionary.

Who was the member of the Town Band who received the following communication from his fiancee?

When next you come, be sure and bring That dear and lovely wedding ring; And do not let me longer linger, For I would like it on my finger; And I shall be most happy when The Clergyman shall say "Amen."

This is either a forward young lady or a backward young man. Perhaps both.

Heritage Same igitised by

The Benevolent Society.

A VERY pleasing feature of the Annual Meeting of the Benevolent Society was the presence of Mrs. Bodinnar on the platform with her husband. Mr. Gunning referred to this in his opening remarks, and the applause which followed fully expressed his listeners pleasure.

The short report on the work of the Society showed that during the year all cases brought to the notice of the Committee had received the most careful and sympathetic consideration. At the request of the Committee Mr. Gunning asked the members to consider the introduction of "new blood" into the Committee. The confidence of the members in their Committee was expressed later on by the reelection of them all.

Mr. Blackford, following Mr. Gunning, referred to the wonderful growth of the Society, but laid emphasis on the fact that it was not a Slate Club. It not only paid sick benefit, but also dispensed death benefit for members and their families, maternity benefit, and hospital expenses. Special cases of hardship are also considered by the Society, and a reference to the Balance-sheet would show an expense item of over £88 for other than sick benefit. Mr. Blackford also asked members to conform to the rules by reporting cases of sickness immediately.

In moving the adoption of the reports, Mr. Bodinnar pointed out that the Society filled the gap between what the Friendly Societies and the National Insurance Benefits were doing. Referring to the possibility of an even larger membership, Mr. Bodinnar stated that, looking at the accounts with a certain knowledge of financial operations, the Society seemed the finest little Society that had ever come to his notice. He was glad to have been able to start it for the benefit of his friends.

After the accounts and report had been adopted, the election of the Officers and Committee took place. The meeting showed its appreciation of their past services by re-electing every one.

Mention must be made of the speech of Mr. Carpenter. He paid tribute to the keen interest displayed by Mr. Bodinnar in the work of the Society. "He was not a mere figurehead," said Mr. Carpenter, "but always

took a practical interest in the Society all the year round." The members shared this view, and Mr. Bodinnar was again elected President, with acclamation.

Mr. Blackford reports that since the above Meeting over 100 new members have been enrolled. This is very good, and proves the increasing popularity of the Society.

An Apology.

Have you heard of our recent addition, Who arrived our small gang to swell? He hadn't been here many minutes When he fell down the Bore-hole Well.

We think that started the trouble, And it tries us quite a lot, For when you ask him something He generally answers, "What?"

Yet again, it makes us weary

If he hears not what you say;

When, instead of saying "Pardon?"

He vaguely murmurs, "Eh?"

Now that's one of his shortcomings, But what of his great might? Well, after he did a lift shaft job, 'Twas a week before they'd a light!

To those who worked in darkness, And didn't care a hang, Do, please, accept this apology Of the Engineering Gang.

Much curiosity is being displayed as to the identity of the member of the staff who felt so energetic after the festive season that he turned up at five a.m. on the Tuesday morning after Christmas instead of the recognised hour of eight! We understand that one need not penetrate far into the St. Dunstan's Factory to discover the Hero.

About £350,000,000 a year is wasted in Britain by illness, and about one-third of it can be prevented by living more sensibly and breathing more fresh air.

* * *

A sign over a garage in a small Midland town reads: "Use genuine parts. No substitutes are as good. Ask the man with a wooden leg. He knows."

1926: A Retrospect.

A LTHOUGH a safe one, it is not, perhaps, an altogether proper procedure to commence an article with an apology. Nevertheless, I am going to crave your indulgence to the extent of asking you to bear with me when I say that in writing an article under the above title the operation is fraught with certain difficulties—difficulties to the extent of properly delineating those features which have been prominent during the period under review, and (especially when the space at one's disposal is restricted) of devoting just that amount of attention to each special event which, in the general opinion, can be regarded as being commensurate with its importance.

However, I will do my best, and in portraying the events will take as my canvas the period 1st January to 31st December, 1926.

The first event of note was the Children's Christmas Carnival on the 7th January. It was a highly successful function, and one can safely say that all who attended it, especially the children, had a thoroughly good time. It will be recollected that on that occasion the presentation of an Illuminated Address was made to the President of the Society, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, in his capacity as Managing Director of C. & T. Harris (Calne), Limited, and Subsidiary Companies, and Mayor of Calne. This was made by Mr. J. N. Powney, the Manager of the Totnes Factory.

On the 13th January a General Meeting of all employees was held in the Picture Palace, when Mr. Bodinnar mentioned the successful first year's working of the Bonus Scheme inaugurated by him at the beginning of 1925, and at the same time he launched the C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd., Savings Scheme. I venture to say that all who have participated in the Schemes, more especially the Savings Scheme, will agree as to the incalculable benefit which it is, and is likely to be, to all concerned.

On the 22nd January the C. & T. Harris (Calne) Pig Feeders' Club held their Annual General Meeting at the Company's Hall. The Meeting was followed by a Supper and Smoker, at which Mr. R. P. Redman, the President, distributed the cash prizes which had been won in the Annual Pig Competition

which is run throughout the year by the Committee of the Club.

On the 24th February, Mr. Bodinnar sailed for America and Canada to keep various business engagements, and returned home on the 26th March. Before leaving, however, he was able to put in motion the working out of a scheme for assisting the Hospitals at Bath and Bristol. This, as all knows, has since been launched with highly successful results

The Calne Town Band has been reconstituted under the presidency of the Mayor, and, thanks to his generous help, has been able to provide itself with new

On April 23rd the opening ceremony for the introduction of a Public Supply of Electricity in the town took place. As all know, the current is taken from the Power House belonging to the Firm.

On Sunday, 2nd May, a United Meeting was held in the Recreation Ground, under the auspices of the Industrial Christian Fellowship, for the observance of Industrial Sunday.

On Whit-Monday the Calne Horse Show Gymkhana and British Legion Sports were held in the beautiful grounds of Blackland Park.

The Women's Peacemakers' Pilgrimage visited Calne on the 2nd June, when an interesting Meeting was held under the presidency of the Mayor.

The 3rd June saw the opening ceremony of the Calne Empire Shopping Week, which was continued until Wednesday, the 9th June. It is within the knowledge of all that the Mayor, Mr. Bodinnar, was the originator of this undertaking, which (thanks to the enterprise of the representative Committee appointed to carry out the arrangements) may be ranked as one of the most successful events Calne has ever seen. It is hoped that this may be continued in 1927.

On the 4th June the postponed Celebrations in connection with Empire Day, principally confined to the children of the town, took place in the Recreation Ground. At the invitation of the Mayor, the children were given tea, and the proceedings generally were such as will be long remembered by those who participated.

The month of June also saw the formation of a Dramatic Society in Calne, under the designation of the "Calne

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Players." In the opinion of many this will fill a long-felt want; and already the Committee responsible has drawn up a most interesting programme.

About the middle of July a Meeting was held in the Town Hall, Calne, when the Mayor handed over to Alderman Cedric Chivers, Mayor of Bath and President of the Royal United Hospital, a substantial cheque, representing the proceeds of the first quarter's collections in Calne and neighbourhood under the Hospital Scheme referred to earlier in this article.

To strike what at that time was to all of us at Calne a sad note (which we all hope subsequent events are rapidly converting into a happier one), it was on the 29th

July last year that it became known that the Mayore'ss health was such as to make it necessary for her to sojourn abroad for a time in order to recuperate. Mrs. Bodinnar remained in the South of France for some time, and returned home in November last; and one is only expressing the devout wish of evervone in hoping that the change has had

the beneficial results that were hoped for, and that she is now well on the way to complete health and strength. Mrs. Bodinnar's recent presence amongst us has afforded a good deal of reassurance in this

The Fourth Annual Fruit and Vegetable and Pig Show, held under the auspices of the Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society, took place early in August.

Much to the regret of his many friends and admirers, Mr. H. H. Parry, who for so long had been associated with Calne and its interests, died on the 25th August at the age of fifty years.

On the 15th September Mr. R. P.

Redman's marriage to Miss D. K. Benoy took place at St. Laurence Church, Hilmarton. The day, which opened with a dull sky, brightened considerably later, and from the time of the wedding until the bride and bridegroom departed for their honeymoon, the sun shone brightly, contributing generally to a happy and successful function.

On September 29th, under the auspices of the British Legion, arrangements were made for a team of International Cricketers, under the captaincy of Mr. A. Sandham (Surrey), to play a team of fifteen local cricketers. This event created a good deal of interest.

On the 27th October an Old English Fair

was held in the Town Hall, under the direction of a representative Committee of Ladies. The Countess of Kerry opened the Fair, which was a highly attractive and successful venture, a substantial amount of money being raised towards the funds of the Calne Public Library.

Early in November it became known that Mr. Bodinnar had consented to serve a second



PHOTOGRAPH BY

THE ROSE FAMILY.

Father, four Sons and seven Daughters with a total of over 115 years' service with the Firm.

year as Mayor of Calne.

On the 7th November, Armistice Sunday, a Service in remembrance of those who fell in the Great War was held around the War Memorial; about 200 ex-Service men were present, and the Mayor and Corporation attended in state.

On the 9th November (Mayor's Day), for the first time in the history of the Borough, the Investiture (which heretofore has been held in private in the Council Chamber) was held in the Town Hall in public. The ceremony, which was both successful and impressive, was witnessed by a large assembly, who all subscribed to the opinion that this venture was a good one

(Continued on Page 11)

Just Between Ourselves.

Foreword from "Marian."

"LEND ME YOUR AID."

HAVE felt greatly honoured in accepting a request to take charge of this page of our Magazine, and I do hope that this section will be one of the most popular features of the publication, catering, as it hopes to do, for the interest and amusement of all the girls, not only in the Calne Factory but in the Associated Companies. I particularly want to stress this point, and to say that our friends in far away Redruth. Totnes, or Dunmow, as much as those in the factories nearer Calne, are asked to look on this page as their special property, and to feel that they are included in what we all hope will prove to be a very happy association; and also to feel that the responsibility for its success is in the hands of all of us.

On this page it is hoped to deal with those topics which are solely interesting to women folk, whether in connection with their work in the various offices and factories, their pastimes, or in giving a few hints on the making of that ideal home of which every girl hopes to be the mistress some day.

With so many girls in our connection, we ought to be able to produce some very interesting topics, so please feel quite free to send anything which you think will be of interest to our friends in all the factories.

In this connection may I give a few hints on what should prove to be acceptable subjects :-

Calne Girls.—Tell us what you would like to see included on this page.

London Girls.—We should love to hear about that particular afternoon when you had that jolly "Stroll through Selfridge's," or that "Hunt round Harrod's," or that lunch-time rush to a certain dinky little hat

Bristol Girls.—What about the wonderful opportunities you get in Bristol of listening to some of the greatest singers and artistes of our times? We in the country towns are not so favoured, and should delight to hear what you thought of Clara Butt when you heard her a few months ago, or of that delightful little play you saw last week.

Don't be disheartened if you do not see your contribution in the next number of the Magazine. We only have a page allotted to us, and it is quite conceivable that many interesting items will be left over until a future month; but whatever you send that is suitable for insertion on this page will find a place here as soon as possible. The same procedure will apply here as in the other parts of the Magazine. If you do not want your name to appear, and will give us your nom-de-plume, this will do quite as well.

And now, having had a great deal to say as to our hopes and desires with regard to this page, I want to repeat the words at the top of these few notes—" Lend me your Aid." It is up to all of us to help in every way possible by contributions, suggestions, and kind constructive criticism.

We are always pleased to receive any hints as to how our page may be the most popular and the most eagerly read in the Magazine, and we are out to cater for the greatest interest of the greatest number.

May I ask you all to help me to make this page a great success, and to this end I shall always be glad to be at your service.

Your friend,

"MARIAN."

THE OLD PALACE, CHIPPENHAM. January 4th, 1927.

My dear Girls,

How nice of the Editor to give us a page to ourselves. I am expecting to read interesting articles from all our Branches as well as from Calne.

A "Cooking Corner" has been suggested. I think it is a good idea. We can exchange recipes and get various hints about cookery.

I also heard a whisper about some needlework competitions later on. I know a number of you will be delighted with that, as I

This letter is to tell you how interested I am in all your doings, and to wish every success to the Magazine and a happy 1927 to every one of you.

May I again thank the many scores of you who wrote to me and sent me messages while I was away.

> Yours sincerely. MABEL F. BODINNAR.

Centre Digitised by Calne Heritage

Our Post Bag.

AN APPEAL.

DEAR SIR,

Would it be possible, in your Magazine, to make an appeal to all the staff to enlarge the Social Work of the Firm? At present the Welfare and Entertainment Society covers very little in this direction; although, one must say, that what is done is done well. What is wanted is a wider scope so that, in time, every employe is taking part in something outside his or her daily work.

One sees stacks and stacks of cycles in the sheds every day. Why not a Cycling

Again, we have cricket for the athletic youth. Why not a Bowling Club for those of us who are not so nimble as we once

The more one thinks of the things that could be done, the more one wonders why they are not attempted.

The Magazine could do very good work in advertising and maintaining the interest in these various things once they have been started.

The main thing is to get them started, and if this Letter is the means of opening the way, then it is worth the space which, I hope, Mr. Editor, you will give it.

Yours faithfully,

MR. MICAWBER.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

When sending letters and other matter for the Magazine correspondents are asked to sign their name and state their Department. A nom-de-plume may be added and names will not be published unless expressly desired, but we must have names to show good faith.

Advice is seldom welcome, and those who want it most always like it the least.

* * *

Said Stevenson: "All speech, written and spoken, is a dead language until it finds a willing hearer." Good typography finds a willing listener much more readily than indifferent printing does. It galvanises inert words into life to which the alert human mind will freely respond.

Photographic Notes.

FLASHLIGHT Photography is one of the most interesting and amusing sides of photography. It has made the amateur absolutely independent of daylight for the making of portraits, and indoor, and certain classes of outdoor, pictures at night. The possibilities of Flashlight Photography are almost unlimited. Home life and social life abound in pictures beyond the reach of the amateur who relied solely upon daylight. But they are brought within his grasp by the amateur flashlight outfits on the market to-day. Once he learns the value of one of these outfits there is not a day in the year when he will not be using his camera.

Here, then, is a very useful and interesting branch of photography. It will give you a novel and fascinating record of your home life. It will enable you to add fresh pages of pictures to your album, such as interiors, family groups, parties, and little social gatherings.

The operation of the present day flashlight outfit is simple, a sheet of instructions being enclosed in each, and attention should be paid to these.

With flashlight, the subject may be placed anywhere in the room, and with the camera placed at proper distance the flash may be made in any position necessary to produce the desired lighting.

Conditions: - Select, if possible, a room of medium size, with light-coloured walls and ceiling; this will produce a general diffusion of light and aid greatly in the softening effect. One or two lights left burning in the room will prevent the dilation of the pupils of the eyes and avoid the stare so often in evidence in the flashlight picture. Generally, the most pleasing illumination is secured by allowing the light to fall on the subject at an angle of 45 degrees. The light should be placed about six feet distant from the subject and about three feet above the head; this will give a correct modelling of the features and the desired softness.

"Now, then," roared the boss to the store-boy, "you will be on hand at seven o'clock to-morrow morning. And when I say seven o'clock I don't mean five minutes after-I mean five minutes before.'

for the town, inasmuch as it did help considerably to stimulate public interest in the work carried on by the Council. The Investiture was followed by the Mayor's Luncheon, when he received as his guests a large number of friends. In the unavoidable absence of the Mayoress, Miss Edna Bodinnar officiated as Deputy Mayoress, both during the Investiture and at the Luncheon. At the conclusion of the function the Mayor, accompanied by Miss Edna Bodinnar, with his two officers, proceeded to the Calne Boys' School, Calne Girls' School, and Calne Marden School, to present the prizes won by the children for the competition work in connection with the recent Old English Fair. This was an entirely new venture; and, needless to say, the

children were delighted, not only with the visit but more especially with the stirring address delivered to them by the Mayor.

On the 14th Nov. (Mayor's Sunday) the Mayor and Corporation, accompanied by the Town Band, local Detachment of the 4th Wilts Territorials, British Legion, Fire Brigade, Girl Guides, and Boy

Scouts, attended at the Parish Church for Divine Service.

1926 also saw the setting up of a Local Committee to operate under the Royal National Lifeboat Institution, an organisation which should commend itself to all.

The Fourth Annual General Meeting of the Harris Employees' Benevolent and Welfare and Entertainment Societies was held in the Picture Palace on the 3rd December. It would be superfluous to refer in detail to the measure of success that has attended these extremely valuable organisations, but one would like to express the hope that the time is not far distant when every single member of the office and factory staffs at Calne will belong to both. They cannot fail to benefit, not only the

individual but the organisations as a whole.

Calne Fat Stock Christmas Show was this year held on the 20th December, followed by the Annual Dinner in the Town Hall, at which the Duke of Beaufort presided, supported by the Earl of Kerry and the Mayor.

The Annual Old Folks' Tea took place in the Town Hall on the 29th December, under the presidency of the Mayor, the Mayoress and Miss Bodinnar being also present. Mr. G. H. Wiltshire was again responsible for the arrangements, and thanks are due to him for the hard work which he put in to make the function again so success-

I fear the foregoing is very much of a medley, but in picking out events of any real

interest for incorporation in this article, one has been met all through with the fact that the affairs of the town on the one hand, and of the firm on the other, are so intermixed as to make it almost impossible to draw a well-defined line of demarkation between the two. If the truth of this be realised, it is a fact upon which



A "BRIDGE PARTY."

SNAPSHOT BY MISS D PAGDEN.

> for what, indeed, could be better than that the town and the firm, upon whom so many of us depend should be at one in their

> Is think we should congratulate our selves:

interests and aspirations. Surely nothing could be more conducive to the well-being of all of us who live in this happy and sweet little town of Calne, in Wiltshire.

TACITUS.

You don't have to preach honesty to men with a creative purpose, says Walter Lippman. Let a human being throw the energies of his soul into the making of something, and the instinct of workmanship will take care of his honesty.

* * *

Friends Elsewhere.

THE Outdoor Staff wish all their friends inside, and also those at the Associated Companies, every good wish for 1927. No-one is ever really successful in business unless he is enthusiastic and loves his job.

W. C. CROSS.

THE Branches and Subsidiary Companies send Cordial Greetings to their friends at Calne and on the Broad Highway, sincerely wishing them the Best of Health, True Happiness, and Prosperity throughout the Year. May the good fellowship existing continue, and enable all to advance a step higher in the achievement of ideals in 1927.

J. N. POWNEY.

As we go to press we have received numerous letters from our "friends elsewhere." To each and every one we send our very best thanks for their kind wishes and promise of help. It makes our undertaking much easier to feel that everybody is interested, and that they are going to do all they can to make our Magazine a success.

The art of living with others is largely the art of living for others.

Going fast is no advantage unless you are going in the right direction.

It isn't the money you make, but that which sticks to your fingers that counts.

The fellow that watches the clock need not worry about his future. He has none.

If you havn't faith in whatever you are doing, it's a sure sign that you're just where you don't belong.

He was an Aberdonian dentist, and he died. His widow used his door-plate for the name-plate on the coffin.

Heard This?

With a few deft movements the electrician put the finishing touches to his work. Then he stood back and surveyed the result appraisingly.

Suddenly a frown gathered on his brow, and he rubbed the back of his head. He was puzzled. Finally he smiled; a bright idea had just occurred to him.

"Hi!" he called to his assistant, who stood admiring his immediate surroundings, "Put your hand on one of those wires."

The assistant did as he was told. "Feel anything?" came the query.

"No," replied the assistant.

"Good!" exclaimed the electrician.
"I wasn't sure which was which. Don't touch the other one or you'll get electrocuted!"

He had an invariable habit of asking the wrong question or making the wrong comment. At a Christmas party his neighbour, a woman, said to him:—

"I am a thorough believer, you know, Mr. Smith, that men's clothes should match their hair; a black-haired man should wear black clothes, a brown-haired man should wear brown clothes. Don't you think so?"

wear brown clothes. Don't you think so?"
"That may be," said Jones; "but suppose a man is bald?"

An American and a Britisher were having an argument about a sausage machine.

"It's a big affair," the American explained, "and simply wonderful. All you do is to drive the pig down a plank through a hole in the machine, and five minutes later out come the sausages."

"What becomes of the hide?" queried the Britisher.

"The hide?" came the answer. "Oh, that falls out of another part of the machine in purses, shoes, or saddles—just a matter of setting a lever."

"Oh, is that all?" said the Britisher.
"Well, we've used a machine like that for twenty years now, and, what's more, we've improved upon it. Sometimes the sausages were found to be not quite up to the stand-

"Well, what happens then?

"Why, we just put 'em back in the machine, reverse the engine, and out walks the pig, as fit as a fiddle.!"

FEBRUARY, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

WE have been gratified at the magnificent response to our circular asking for Annual Subscribers to our Magazine. The result encourages us to go ahead, feeling that we are supplying a want and assured of the support of all the Staff everywhere.

It will not be out of place, in this second issue, to particularise our requirements.

WHAT WE WANT.—Lord Northcliffe once stated that every man was capable of supplying the material for at least one good story. This is true, and if every member of the Firm forwards either the completed article, or the raw material, to the Editor, every issue will be brimful of entertainment and intellectual value.

PERSONALITIES.—The "Newspaper World," in a recent issue, gave its opinion that the Provincial Press gives too little attention to the successes and achievements of local people. We shall always be pleased to record any page from the life story of our friends, whether they are with us still or at some outposts of the Empire.

DON'T BE RUDE.—Some people thoroughly enjoy a joke at someone else's

expense. Whilst welcoming paragraphs or letters which will produce hearty and goodnatured laughter, the Editorial chair will resolutely decline anything which is likely to give offence to the object of its attack.

ARTICLES.—These should deal concisely with an account or description of a single thing or class of thing. Calne, rich in its wealth of beauty, historical association, and the number of famous men who have been connected with it, will provide almost unlimited copy for our purpose. The same can be said of the many other places that are connected with us—London, the heart of the Empire; Bristol, with its famous University; Totnes, in the midst of the finest scenery of the West. In fact, each and every one of us, no matter where we reside, can find material of great interest that can give our readers pleasure.

This issue may be likened to a river at its source: Its growth depends on the volume and quality which flows into its current from all kinds of tributaries. Humour, Natural History, local events, and brain waves will all supply their quota.

With the coming of Spring we hope to be inundated with poetry to make our old hearts young again.

When sending in articles, the writer's full name must be enclosed.

Between Ourselves.

THE first issue of the Magazine met with a very good reception, but only one suggestion has reached me as to matters that might usefully be dealt with on this particular page. I shall be very glad to have a large number of suggestions.

Influenza has laid a very heavy hand upon our friends. To all those who have carried on so splendidly while so many have been away I want to say, "Thank you."

I often wish it might be possible to gather all our staffs from all over the country together on one occasion, if only that everybody might once-and-for-all feel that, no matter where they are, each individual forms a part of the community of work and goodwill which has, for obvious reasons, to be centred at Calne. If only you could all have been at the Children's Carnival, for example, you would understand what I mean. As it is, I hope that in every Branch there will be keen people who will carry on welfare and social work to the extent of the abilities of the Branch.

A mutual understanding of each other makes prejudice and petty self-seeking impossible. That is the attitude of the Firm. We hope to see the rays of its influence extending into every quarter we control.

Someone told me the other day that the enthusiastic suggestions of youth are sometimes frozen up at their source because of the chatter and criticism which goes on about them. Youth, obviously, sometimes will lack experience; but whenever a suggestion is turned down it is always well that a reason for its non-acceptance should be given. May I ask you all to bear this in mind in the growing desire there is for increased social usefulness among us.

One of the pleasant things since we last

wrote to each other was to notice once again the extraordinary amount of free help that was given in connection with the Carnival by crowds of workers. As a result, the whole of the proceedings were carried through without any expense to the Firmquite a creditable performance on the part of all those concerned.

I had an opportunity of visiting and addressing the Chippenham Staff in regard to the Bonus and Savings Schemes. I am going to pin my faith to every member of that staff to earn the highest rate of efficiency bonus, and to remember that it was given as the basis for thrift through our Savings Scheme.

How many of you are not using the Savings Scheme? Can you find a better method of putting aside a little money now and then? Have you discovered anything that can offer better security, or that will give you so good a rate of interest?

I address these words particularly to the young women and the young man, upon whom the full responsibility of life has not yet come, but to whom a little nest egg will some day be an inestimable boon.

I was at the London Warehouse the other day. As usual, they are planning for the better days that are to come. We shall all wish Mr. Wilfrid Harris the greatest possible success in the pioneer work he is just going to take up on his own account in Nairobi.

What about the following as a motto for the remainder of the year? I have it hung in my office :-

"Success consists not so much in sitting up at night as being awake in the day-time.'



Esprit de Corps.

A DICTIONARY definition of this phrase is "A spirit of fellowship and mutual help among those associated together in an enterprise." It is difficult to realise how very much depends upon the existence of this spirit in a great business like ours. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that it is the foundation stone upon which the whole structure rests; and without it. sooner or later, failure and collapse would follow. The prosperity of the Company, our happiness, and the happiness of those dependant upon us is closely bound up with the determination to sink self and to work together for the good of all. Progress has been made during the past few years, by a determined effort among the majority, to try to understand one another's difficulties, to make allowances for shortcomings, and an endeavour to understand the other fellow's point of view. We have been set a wonderful lead and example by our Managing Director, who has shown, not only by words, but by deeds, that he is imbued with the true spirit of good fellowship, and that the happiness of even the least among us here is to him a matter of real importance. To one who has served on the staff for a number of years, the change in the feeling of many has been very obvious. The old manifestations of jealousy and the frequent bickerings, at one time so common, have almost disappeared; and, as a consequence, what were thought to be insuperable difficulties have melted away, simply because those concerned have given up their selfish point of view and now pull in the team.

Our Chief has done much; how much we probably do not realise, but it is up to us to foster and nourish the spirit which is beginning to take a real hold of us all in our daily tasks. We must grasp the fact that loyalty to the Company, to our Directors, and to each other, coupled with a feeling of good fellowship, is the true road to happiness and continued prosperity. Those who come new to this business must be taught that esprit-de-corps is the keynote among the employees of the Company.

Just one word to the juniors, whether they work in factory or office: Do not forget that this business depends, to a large

extent, upon our united and true endeavour

to put our hearts into the work we are called upon to do. No matter how small the task, let us do it with all our might. The way to success is "a long pull, a strong pull, and above all, a pull altogether.

JACK O' ALL TRADES.

A tale of the Mechanical Pig.

OF all people, the English are the most tolerant. Philosophers tell us that the line between vice and virtue is finely drawn. This toleration of ours makes us an easy prey to the peculiarities of minorities. When the Mechanical Pig first burst on an astonished London, one was on show in the window of a celebrated City Provision Merchant. Along the street one day during the display came a very dear, tenderhearted, but short-sighted lady. Looking in the window at this critical moment was a well known City wit, a commercial traveller. When the good lady drew up alongside our friend, the commercial, she gazed at the pig. She saw its head move. She saw the light in its eyes, she heard the grunts and was apparently fascinated by the wagging of the tail. She looked, and presently gave vent to a gasp. Turning to her neighbour, she asked: "Is that pig alive?" "Oh yes," he said, "It's alive all right." "Well," she said, "I have never in all my life seen anything so dreadful. Poor pig, poor dear pig! But tell me, why don't its legs move?" "They can't move; you see, they have to screw them down." "Indeed," she said, "then I shall immediately report these barbarous people to the R.S.P.C.A." "I've done it," he replied, "I 'phoned them to send an Inspector." "How good of you; but I will go in at once and tell these people what I think about it." So in she sailed and started off a violent tirade with the assistants. The proprietor was called, and tried to explain. Nothing would satisfy the lady until the window was partly dismantled so that, by actual handling, she could convince herself that it was but a model, and not a live and suffering animal. It is needless to add that meanwhile our friend, the traveller, had disappeared from view.

The moral of all this, dear friends: In all concerns of life avoid stunts, and tread the safe path of the "Via Media."

R. E. HARRIS, London.

By The Way.

The Annual Carnival.

SO that the report of our Annual Carnival should be as complete as possible, we asked for it to be reported in three sections. One dealing with the children's party in the afternoon, the other with the entertainment by the newly-formed Nigger Troupe; and finally, a general survey of the evening's programme.

THE CHILDREN'S PARTY.

Although the Carnival has become what is practically a Harris family Christmas party, the special feature has always been the entertainment of the kiddies. It was for this purpose that the Carnival was first introduced, and no-one wishes this feature to dwindle in importance. Christmas is the children's own festival, and if we can make their Christmas happier-by means of the Carnival, we make ourselves happier. An excellent organisation has been set up by the Welfare Committee. Its members saw to it that the children had their tea, sat down to an excellent entertainment, and received their carefully selected gifts at the hands of Mrs. Bodinnar in comfort.

We are much obliged to Mr. Hudson and his merry men for providing such an amusing farce as "Doctor Wallop's Academy" for the children. How they enjoyed it! Every time Jimmy Green received his inevitable whacking from Dr. Wallop they shrieked with delight, although towards the end their sympathies were with Jimmy. He seemed to be taking the punishment that belonged to some of the others; and, in spite of their merriment, they were quick to see the injustice of it.

Unfortunately Mr. Bodinnar was unable to be with the children during the whole afternoon. He was able to spend some part of the time with the kiddies, but Mrs. Bodinnar was able to be there and entered wholeheartedly in the fun and merriment.

The large number of children made the distribution of the Christmas Cake (a gift from Mr. Bodinnar), the bags of sweets (from Mr. Redman), and the toys (from the Welfare Society) a somewhat lengthy affair. The children were extraordinarily patient,

however, and the Committee hope to make this part of future programmes a little less tedious.

After the distribution of the gifts, the children were free to go home if they wished. Many preferred to stay on with the adults, and as time passed they appeared to lose none of their liveliness. The aim of the Committee is to make these Carnivals such that in the years to come the children will look back on them with very pleasant memories.

HARRIS (CALNE) NIGGER MINSTREL TROUPE.

In previous years there has been an air of expectancy at the Annual Carnival a sense of waiting for something to happen -which has usually been fulfilled. That the gap was filled this year, and filled to the popular fancy, was clearly evidenced by the enthusiastic audience which assembled, long before the appointed time, in the Boning Department, kindly placed at the disposal of the Welfare Committee by the Directors. It is difficult to estimate the exact number present, but the room was filled to its utmost capacity. There must have been well over 500 people present. Surely no more cogent reason could be advanced for a continuance of something of this nature at future Carnivals. It was a bold and original venture; and, under the capable and energetic management of Mr. G. H. Hudson, who was solely responsible for the selection and arrangement of the programme, it proved to be a great success.

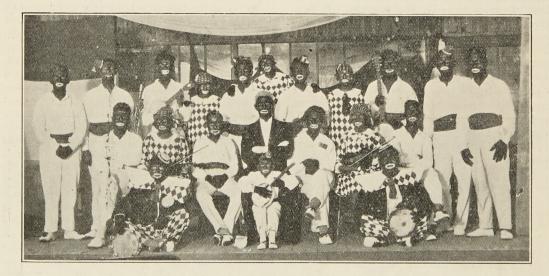
The Concert opened in approved style with "De Ole Banjo;" and if the Troupe seemed to lack a little confidence, it is not to be wondered at when one remembers that this was their first appearance in public. Mr. A. Flay had the unenviable task of "starting the ball rolling." He beseeched the audience to "Let's all twiddle our thumbs." His encore caught the popular fancy, and he soon had his audience singing lustily. They were in complete agreement with him, and informed him that they also "Had never seen a straight banana."

The Troupe now settled down in earnest, and regaled us with the tale of "Bobbie's Banjo." It told of the vengeance taken by an outraged family on the banjo that Bobby would insist upon playing. The next item was humorously announced by the Interlocutor in the following words:

"Sambo will now hold his little Mary." The song Mr. Hudson sang was entitled. "Holding Mary's Hand." This was followed by "We must have a little Bit of Fun." The audience soon got hold of this, and their efforts nearly raised the roof. "Father's Little Short Shirt," taken by Messrs. Flay, Hill, Hudson, McLean, and Patterson, was voted to be, like its title, somewhat short too short for the audience's liking. Mr. Henry Hill, in a pleasing baritone voice, gave us "Ninette, Ninette, Ninon." Both this song and his encore, "Why Don't my Dreams Come True?" were well received, and heartily applauded. The song scena, "Nelly Kelly's Cabaret," was well performed, and delighted each one. The action was brisk and full of life; the troupe

were well received. One could not help feeling a little sympathy for Massa Johnson—the butt of all the jokes. Mr. Ashman is to be congratulated on his representation of the slow, dull-witted negro.

It is a difficult task to allot bouquets, for so many deserved them. The audience deserved one for the quick and enthusiastic manner in which they picked up the choruses and the spirited rendering of the same. The Corner men and the Interlocutor carried out their parts well, and were ably supported by the Troupe. The sterling work of the accompanist (Miss Fennell) contributed to the success of the programme. One was conscious of a feeling of disappointment at not hearing our little friend, Herbie Webb, in a solo part; his voice could be



entering thoroughly into the spirit of the song. Mr. McLean was next heard asking for "A Pie with a Plum in." This song caught the popular fancy, and all were loudly and vigorously calling for "a pie with a pl-pl-plum in." This refrain has been heard continuously ever since. The encore was "Where does Father Christmas go?" The closing item was the well-known "Darkies' Goodnight." All the numbers were interspersed with amusing verbal encounters between Massa Johnson (Mr. G. R. Ashman), Sambo (Mr. G. H. Hudson), and Toby (Mr. A. McLean). The jokes, besides being topical and of local interest, were new and amusing. They brought many well-deserved laughs, and

heard lending strength to the choruses. Perhaps this will be remedied on a future occasion. Mr. Hudson is to be congratulated on the success which attended his efforts at providing the Carnival with an entertainment. Our thanks are also due to the Troupe for the excellent way in which they carried the programme out. There was no loss of time, neither was there any hitch.

THE EVENING'S PROGRAMME.

The ground floor of St. Dunstan's Factory, again kindly placed at the disposal of the Welfare Society by the Directors, was in gala dress on Saturday, January 8th, for the Annual Carnival. Yellow backgrounds, relieved by diagonal red bands,

provided chaste camouflage for stacks of merchandise and machinery. The ceiling was gay with bunting, festoons, and streamers tastefully hung. The excellent fit-up of the side-shows added to the general carnival atmosphere. Mr. Edwarde and his band of willing helpers are to be congratulated on the excellent result of their labours.

During the early part of the evening the main floor was not so crowded as in previous years. The attraction of the newly-formed Nigger Minstrel Troupe enticed a large audience away to what proved a popular and successful innovation. Mrs. Bodinnar, assisted by Sister Gowan, judged the entries in the Fancy Dress Competition. As usual, the display was of a very high order, but few points occurring between the various prizewinners. After the distribution of prizes Miss K. Webb presented Mrs. Bodinnar with a bouquet of carnations bearing the following message:-" With love, from the Tiny Tots." During the evening excellent music was rendered by the Town Band, under the baton of Mr. C. E. Blackford, and the Harris Orchestra, under the leadership of Mr. S. Rymer. The Band freely gave their services. Messrs. S. L. Drewell and E. Grainger were the efficient M.C.'s. A new feature amongst the attractions was the collection of wonderful laughing mirrors. This was well patronised, and caused shrieks of boisterous laughter. The lure of the revolving horse again proved irresistible to our young men. It was noticed that, although the ladies enjoyed the fun, none of them seemed anxious to mount the quadruped. There was an excellent exhibition of photographs—loaned by the Kodak Company. The comments of the visitors to this section proved itspopularity. In the same section was placed the various snapshots for competition; and once again one congratulated the competitors on the excellence of their work. Mr. G. Gough presided over the refreshment buffet, and a very excellent service was maintained by him and his helpers throughout the evening.

This year's Carnival was a huge success, and the Welfare Society and its willing band of workers are deserving of every praise.



Our First Number.

The Fighting Editor had a busy time on the morning following the publication of our first issue. He was kept busy explaining that the absence of the Editor was not due to the fact that he feared the consequences of his rash act. Neither was he afraid of the vengeance of the readers who disapproved of various paragraphs. His journey to town was for the express purpose of buying himself a larger sized hat, his present one having become much too small for everyday use. From an early hour the Fighting Editor was bombarded with telegrams and telephonic messages from irate customers, whose parcels had gone astray. Several sinister-looking figures from the Engineers' Gang caused considerable apprehension, but one glance at the F.E.'s bulging biceps and the forensic efforts of our favourite printers' devil kept the foe at bay. A small band of young ladies from the top floor, gracefully attired in white. gave an exhibition of community singing when it became known that the "Boss had fled the town, the most favourite being, "My Sweetie Went away." An ugly situation was saved by the prompt action of the Spring Poet, who hung out a gaily illuminated sign (tastefully done by S.T. Okdale) bearing these soothing words: "Guv'nor Out." We learn that the Editor has returned, having been unable to find in London a hat large enough.

Some little time back there appeared in the daily Press accounts of the strange friendships of animals. Mr. H. T. Lechmere relates the following, which came under his notice:—"A feeder, with whom I am acquainted, has a cat that is very friendly with a sow. It has been noticed to cuddle up to the young pigs and mother whenever a fresh litter is born." Perhaps our readers know of other cases of strange friendships. We shall be glad to hear of any, and would be pleased to publish the accounts sent in.

We received the following cryptic message from one of our Correspondents:—
"What was Mr. — of the — Department doing at 5.30 a.m. on January 3rd, when he did not arrive at work until 9 a.m?" Our Special Mystery Investigator

* * *

was immediately despatched to follow up any available clues. He succeeded in solving a problem that the creator of Sherlock Holmes would have delighted in. It appears that the time was spent in publishing the tidings that another angel had visited Calne. Here's wishing a long, bright, and merry stay to the little stranger. "Roses, roses all the way."

"The Office Hours are 8.30-1 and 2-5.30."

List to my words, now done in rhyme, Morning and Noon, do watch your time.

8.30's the time to be at your work; At 8.35 you start with a jerk.

Also remember that whilst at your duties You must not dodge out to see the Calne beauties.

Help it we cannot, if your arrangements it muddles;

After 5.30's the time to devote to your

No sweet little notes from one to another; That passionate impulse you must learn to smother.

No nibbling at lunch; no working your gums;

Those large chunks of cake leave so many crumbs.

The Cleaners complain of the mess that you make;

Continual bending does make their backs ache.

If you really must eat, then the buzzer's at one,

When your appetite is keen and the dinner is done.

You come back at 2, and start at 2.5, And you should be busy as bees in a hive.

At 5.30 sharp the buzzer will ring; Go home at once—God save the King.

P.O'ETTICLE.

* * *

Scene: Somewhere in St. Dunstan's—Foreman (severely): "I shall have to stop one shilling per week from your bonus." Very Young Hand (brightly): "I shall

have to bring down sixpence a week then, because I only get sixpence now."

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

It was bound to come, and it arrived in our first issue. Did you notice it? "Sweet Calne.'

We are now waiting for the first bad man to tell us what William Cobbett thought of Calne one hundred years ago. An especially nasty fate awaits the venturesome spirit who recalls a certain weekly paper's opinion of Calne's sweetness in

Much apprehension is felt amongst the gardening fraternity of North End over the mending of bones. Should the delivery of pea and bean sticks be delayed, one forsees numerous applications for leave of absence to enable the said sons of toil to hold up their pea and bean plants so that they will grow upwards and not spoil the appearance of their plots by trailing along the ground.

Who was the young man, taking Mr. Bodinnar's words to heart regarding smart appearance, endeavoured to cultivate a growth of fungus on his upper lip? We understand he tended the growth with extreme care, and was jubilant at passing the "eleven-a-side" stage, when his fond hopes were dashed to the ground. His lady-love, who recognised him after much difficulty, refused to indulge in any osculation at the "good-night" parting. What a dilemma! Smart Appearance versus Osculation. Result, a bare-faced win for the latter. Oh, Charlie, take it away!

Apropos of the appearance of new brushes in the cloakrooms, is it true that one member of the Staff laments the fact that tubes of Colgates are not also supplied?

Don't hunt for trouble, but look for success; You'll find what you look for-don't look for distress.

If you see but your shadow, remember, I pray,

That the sun is still shining, but you're in the way.

Don't grumble, don't bluster, don't dream, and don't shirk;

Don't think of your worries, but think of your work;

The worries will vanish, the work will be done :

No man sees his shadow who faces the sun. R.H.P. Departmental Heads must be right on the

At 8.30 sharp, or they'll catch it hot. No excuse will they have, for the rule now is— "When the buzzer doth buzz, get busy at biz.'

Who was the young hopeful who, having carefully taken the record of a consignment, stated, when asked for his figures, "I've torn them up; I didn't think you wanted them "? He had evidently been reading the famous address by an Oxford Street magnate on the text, "There is no fun like business."

Enacted on the Office floor: The Long 'Un: "Hello! Herbert, been bad?

The Short 'Un: "Yes! The Flu.; Had it?

The Long 'Un: "No."

The Short 'Un: "You musn't miss it, it's great! Just stop in bed, read books, have what you want, eat jelly, drink soda and milk, and sleep.



Bonus and Savings Scheme.

TWO years ago Mr. Bodinnar outlined a scheme at the Picture Palace which is bound to have a marked effect on the social and economic life of the Staff of the

Firm in years to come.

The third Meeting in connection with this innovation was held on Wednesday, 12th January, 1927, and Mr. Bodinnar, from the chair, stated that "the Bonus distribution for Calne for the past year amounted to £4,022 15s. 9d. There was no truth in the rumour that the Bonus Scheme was being terminated, neither would there be any alteration in the basis upon which the Bonus had been allocated; but specially efficient cases would receive something in addition to the top rate provided for under the Scheme." Continuing, Mr. Bodinnar aid, "The Bonus Scheme is still our offers to you. It has not been obtained as a concession; it is not part of a bargain. It is something freely offered for the encouragement of efficiency, and so that it might provide the basis of various things which, some day or other, one hopes will become a realised fact among us all. It is still, as it was two years ago, when it was launched, an expression of goodwill. The continuance of the Bonus is an added link to the chain of that goodwill between us all." "Any sum granted should not be looked upon as an addition to wages, it is entirely independent of that. The cost of the Scheme has been considerable, but the money has not been spent without the Firm getting some return." He would a thousand times rather give a full rate of Bonus than classify somebody down. Bad timekeeping and broken rules were the chief reasons for reduced Bonuses. He was very satisfied to notice that the beginning figure of many starters had been increased month by month.

There were many cases of special efficiency amongst those who had not put in the two years' service which is necessary to qualify for the Scheme. These had received a Bonus this year. The same favour would be extended to beginners next year.

The Chairman opened the next part of his speech with the remark, "Now! About this money!" "Last year," he continued, "some people took their money out of the Savings Scheme and lost 11 per cent. by doing so. Others re-invested in the Post-Office and lost 81 per cent. The

Scheme had the security of Lloyds' Bank and the standing of the Firm at its back. Values of stocks and shares might fall, but money in the Savings Scheme would never shrink; and he urged everyone present to leave their Bonuses intact in it.

Some interesting sidelights of a statistical nature were given, among them the fact that the total deposits for Calne and the Branches amounted to £6,399 12s. 2d. Interest allowed by the bank, £172; by the Firm, £212 12s. 3d.; amount due to the depositors and in the bank book, £5,605 10s. 11d. The account has been audited by Sir Gilbert Garnsey and Mr. I. Pitt, two well-known accountants. The cost of book-keeping was borne by the Firm, and there were no other expenses of any kind.

A special point was made of the fact that no-one would be penalised as to the amount of their wages or any superannuation granted because they had tried to

prepare for a "rainy day."

The amalgamation of the Thrift Club with the Savings Scheme was announced. Sixpenny stamps would be sold and pasted on printed cards bearing the names of the contributors. Every complete \$1 would be treated as a deposit, and commence to earn interest.

It was announced that f1 could be withdrawn if notice was given on the morning of the day required. Three days' notice was required for amounts exceeding f1.

To maintain the continuity of management and secrecy as to the amounts standing to the credit of members, it was decided to adopt the following resolution:

"That the Company shall appoint the Committee of Management from time to time.'

Mr. Redman said that it was very nice to feel that all in the Hall, and a few more outside, were £4,000 better off than they would have been if this Scheme had not been put in operation. He hoped that as the years passed by the amount standing to the credit of each person would be considerably increased. He concluded by appealing to all to leave their bonuses in, and make every possible use of the Scheme.

Mr. Bodinnar, replying to a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. Gunning, said that he had visions for the future, and hoped that they would be as beneficial as the two Schemes which had been started within the last two years.

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. FRED STEVENS.



MR. FRED STE-VENS, affectionately known by those who come in daily contact with him as "Uncle Fred," has been in the continuous employment of the Firm for over 42 years, having joined Messrs. Chas. Harris & Co. in

August, 1884, at the age of 25. He could, without doubt, a tale unfold of the changes which have occurred during that period. One point the writer elicited is that "Uncle Fred" has ridden in many races at Bowood on a 52-inch high bicycle. These races were ridden on grass around a cricket pitch. During his 42 years of service he has turned his attention to many jobs, both clerical and practical, and still wields his pen in no uncertain manner. His office experience would, no doubt, make interesting reading; but, unfortunately, I cannot get him to say a word about the Canal Bank Excursions of forty years ago.

E.S.

Editorial Note.—Have you ever seen Uncle Fred in a cricket cap?

Whether the job be large or small, Splendid or poorly paid, Whether you come at another's call, Master or not of your trade: Merchant, mechanic, stenographer, clerk, labourer, salesman, tell-If the work's worth doing-at all worth doing,

It's surely worth doing well! Whether the job be large or small, If it's the task for you, Get in your stride, or quit it all, Struggle and strive to do! Honest! Be square! Be not slipshod nor

slick, Urgings to idle quell! For a job worth while—at all worth doing—

Is surely worth doing well! EDWARD LEAMY.

(Ex "Farming" December, 1926).

Round the Town.

The Rising Generation.

"VOUTH is knocking at the door and demands to be heard." Thus does Warwick Entwhistle address his father, who has just returned from Central Africa, victorious after encountering a thousand dangers. He soon learns, though, that to keep the natives of Central Africa in subjection is a trivial piece of work compared with curbing the fiery Warwick, who, aided by his sister Winnie, and others of his friends, manages to persuade his much-enduring parents to go away for a few days, leaving the house and the management thereof to

The Rising Generation.

"Keeping House" is, theoretically, not a difficult task. Actually, Warwick and his friends, the irresistible Winnie, the self-possessed Vane, the petulant Selina, the sporting Breeze, and the superior Morell, find the task beyond their powers. Disaster follows disaster until But if you want to know the rest, come and see the performance of this play by the CALNE PLAYERS on February 24th at the Town Hall. It matters not how old you are, you will like it. Whether you are one of "the rising generation," conscious of your powers and intolerant of the futilities of old age; or whether you have reached years of discretion (has anyone reached those years by the way?); or even though you may have imagined yourself to have reached the sere and yellow from which lofty eminence you pronounce all to be vanity. Whatever age you are, you will appreciate this play.

The Sea Beast.

The Picture bearing the above title, which is shortly to be seen in Calne, is based on the book, "Moby Dick," by Herman Melville. It is a wonderful piece of descriptive writing and narration, centred round a remarkable characterisation of a "Captain Ahab," who, after losing his leg to the notorious whale known as "Moby Dick," becomes monomaniacal in his pursuit of the whale for revenge. One must see this film, which is redolent of the sea, and follow the story to its conclusion.

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

Individually and collectively, we wish the Magazine every possible measure of success, believing that such a Magazine will not only help to maintain, but to increase the good feeling existing between the members of these Branches in Bristol and the Head Office at Calne.

We regret we are not in a position to send any contributions to the February issue. We hope to be able, in the near future, to send you some matter which you will find of interest for—we were going to say "Harris' Magazine," but we will say—OUR Magazine. To this end, we are pleased to be able to say that Miss W. Jarvis has very kindly undertaken to collect from the staff here and send to you any news which she thinks you will find of interest for the "Friends Elsewhere"

As you are well aware, Bristol has suffered rather severely from the influenza epidemic; and, despite all ordinary precau tions taken, a big percentage of the members of the staff here were laid aside, some quite suddenly, by that dread disease. We are glad, very glad, to be able to say that all have again turned up smiling and ready to do his or her bit for the business we all have so much at heart.

CHIPPENHAM.

On the occasion of his departure from Chippenham, the Staff of the Wiltshire Bacon Company, Limited, presented Mr. Peck with a case of pipes as a token of the pleasant recollections of his association with the Company during the past three years.

We add our wishes to those of the Staff at Chippenham, that his new sphere of labour at Exeter may be the fore-runner of further advancement and progress.

* * * HIGHBRIDGE.

We are afraid that there will not be sufficient time to secure anything by way of contribution for the February issue.

(Never mind, Highbridge, do your best for March.—Ed.)

DUNMOW.

We cannot do much for February issue, but we can quite see that we have to do a full month's training for March!

A Letter from one of our consistent friends contains the following:-

"... meanwhile, 'Advance, Dunmow,' The Danes are on you; but, like Gideon's 300, we shall sooner or later put the armies of Foreign Bacon to flight until they take refuge in the camp of the Philistines."

Mr. Walker has volunteered to be the collector and forwarder of all news for this

IPSWICH.

In the "Harris Magazine" we see a most valuable medium for getting into touch with many friends at other factories, to whom we extend heartiest greetings.

Hitherto, the news of happenings, either at Calne or other factories, has been very meagre, and it has been necessary to depend upon extracts from personal letters received by various members of the staff, which may or may not correctly convey the actual circumstances; but we shall regard the "Harris Magazine" as an official medium, and eagerly scan its pages each month for interesting happenings.

We are sorry to report that one of our staff, Mr. George Morcom, who is well known at Calne, has been seriously ill with epilepsy, but are happy to state that he now seems on the road to recovery, and we all hope we shall see him amongst us at his usual duties in the near future.

Ipswich is to have a British Empire Shopping Week in April, under the auspices of the Chamber of Commerce. Stands will will be taken by the principal traders (including Robert Seager, Limited) at the Public Hall, which will be set aside for the purpose. One feature of the Shopping Week will be various competitions, both in the Public Hall, and shop window dressing, for which substantial prizes are promised. The typists will be particularly interested to know that there are prizes of £10, £7, and £5 for the best-typed letter during that week, and we anticipate quite a rush from

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

this office; and, indeed, feel that one or two of our typists should be well in the running.

Visitors to Ipswich at the present time are being struck by the large quantities of froth to be seen floating on the river. We hasten to assure them that it is hardly necessary, or advisable, to take a sample in the hopes that it may prove to be beer. It is caused through the effluent from the Sugar Beet Factory entering the river before it reaches the town. The "Ancient Order of Frothblowers," who have recently established a branch here, disclaim all responsibility.

One of the younger members of the Staff has written as follows:—

"I have read the contents of the Magazine with deepest appreciation, and feel that a lot of thought and precious time has been spent to produce one of real satisfaction. Wishing all concerned every success, yours faithfully, Kenneth C. Downes.

(Many thanks, Kenneth).

We congratulate the Rose family upon their excellent record with the Firm. A few cuttings from the Roses in Calne would be a great boon to Suffolk, for those in my garden are very poor weaklings.

Why do farmers insist upon making heavy pigs? If they only knew the disastrous result it has had upon our Bonus Scheme at Ipswich!

S.B.F.

One of the executive of the Ipswich Factory recently paid a visit to Calne, and upon his return was asked whether any particular points had been discussed regarding Ipswich. He replied that the topic which seemed to be of greatest interest to the Calne folks was the fact that Ipswich had recently sent them a boar stag weighing 42 scores.

This prompts the query, "Does Calne spend much time staghunting?"

LONDON

After the alarms and excursions of 1926 the New Year opened placidly; and, as a consequence, we already have experienced a foretaste of how our business may be extended in 1927 if there is no repetition of last year's evils.

The staff changes which took place at the latter end of 1926 make no break in the real good fellowship that has ever been a feature of our business life.

Mr. Hopkins has fully settled down to his new work in the Southend District, and we are looking forward for big developments. Mrs. Larcombe and Miss James are now comfortably settled in, and are a great asset to us in every way.

We were, I suppose, particularly fortunate through January, in that we all got through safely without falling victim to the influenza epidemic which has been, and still is, so rife in London.

Clerkenwell is famous in London history. As its name implies, it was once a health resort, and there was a spring of water known as "Holy Well." We know of Provincial friends who, even in these days, regard Crowcross Street as a desirable place in which to enjoy a rest or health cure. And, indeed, romance still lingers in the streets and by-ways of Clerkenwell, as is evidenced by that remarkable novel of Arnold Bennett's, "Runciman Steps." A visit to the district will be worth while to readers of the book, for all the landmarks in it are fully preserved.

Romance has been a feature of our social life here—"Harris' Happy Homes." Many a time since we have settled here the wedding bells have rung, although we have been loath to part with old and familar friends, yet we know how splendid it is that Crowcross Street should have provided for so many "Harris' Happy Homes." At the moment there is no saying, but we think 1927 will provide yet one more.

Meanwhile we have been making our plans for our fourth annual Dinner at the Coventry Restaurant on 18th February, when Mr. Bodinnar will be with us, as on all former occasions, and will bring with him other friends from Calne, and Ipswich will be represented as well. These occasions, under Mr. Bodinnar's genial guidance, have served to enforce the fact that

"The more we are together, the merrier we shall be."

REDRUTH.

From Redruth we send greetings to "One and All." We heartily congratulate our friends at Calne on the successful issue of the first number of this Magazine.

We at Redruth are, so to speak, an outpost situated far from the main body at Calne, but we feel that, with the advent of this Magazine, a closer link will be forged between us. We shall look forward with great interest to the doings of our friends in all parts; and, in turn, hope to let them know of any interesting events transpiring from time to time.

In reply to the lady who is anxious to know the chief ingredient in Cornish Pasties, we would say that it is not *leather*.

One of our ladies has kindly promised to supply "Marian" with the recipe. All interested, kindly note.

"CORNUBIAN."

TIVERTON.

Mr. Ash writes:—" I must congratulate you on your first issue, and I am pleased to inform you that each member of the Staff has expressed his willingness to take up the Magazine. I will send along some news for the March issue."

TOTNES.

One of the lady members of the Totnes Office Staff has adopted as her motto, "Dum Spiro Spero," and strongly advises all her friends to do the same as "One never knows."

The following remark by one of the workmen was heard during the month whilst packing was in progress, not by an Irishman but by a good old Devonian. This is what he said:—"Caw! there's a ton of bacon gone away this ardernoon, and half of it's left yere."

At a Market Dinner that was recently held, one of the farmers was unexpectedly called upon to say Grace. He wasn't very accustomed to doing this, but a lucky inspiration came to him, so he said, "O Lord, open Thou our lips, and our mouths shall show forth Thy praise."

"DEVONIAN."

A farmer had sent some pigs to our factory, and desired to have a side cured. Before completion the man died. When the side of bacon was ready the following letter was dictated to our typist:—

"Dear Sir,—The side of bacon cured for you is now ready; kindly let us know where we are to send it."

Query.—Was the dictator in doubt as to the farmer's ultimate destination?

Owing to the shortage of bacon pigs we have very little to report in the way of activity during January. The month was also singularly devoid of social functions. The two principal events, as far as this factory is concerned, were, first, the announcement that we were to be allowed to share in the benefits of the Efficiency Bonus Scheme, which has caused a genuine feeling of satisfaction and a desire to make good. The second item was the advent of the "Harris Magazine," which created a good impression, and at once gave the feeling that each Branch was no longer an isolated unit, but had become one of the cogs which revolves the wheel of progress.

THOUGHTS ON EFFICIENCY.

Men's labours vary as their age of life; Some follow them in peace, and others strife. Most have ambition, whether high or low, For in the field of life we cannot reap before we sow.

Youth is of life the tender spring, And age the time the crop shall bring; We sow the seed in the tiny task, Which is but all we need to ask.

Let us, therefore, brighten up our day, And cast all thoughts of wrong and strife away;

Even as we work our daily task we may Seek to improve what has been done 'ere ends our day.

No man, when well he has his labours done, Repines when the time for rest has come; A better earth shall be when all men work as one,

And leave not e'en the smallest task undone.

Thus, when at last the length of life is run,
And we review the work which we have done,
That little pile we saved, which well we won,
We would have lacked if we had crawled
along.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

Heritage Centre Digitised by Calne

Just Between Ourselves.

THE short space of time elapsing between the publication of our first issue and the going to press of our second has prevented the insertion in this number of the many kindly greetings which we have received. The Magazine for March will deal with many interesting points raised, and contain many of the useful hints and recipes received from our contributors.

Apropos of recipes, and referring also to the hint contained in Mrs. Bodinnar's letter of greeting to all the girls, I wonder if someone in our Cornish Branch would send me a recipe for Saffron Cake for publication on this page? This cake is almost unknown outside Cornwall, I believe, but the name recalls many happy memories of the time when, as a child, I ran wild for weeks at a time on a Cornish farm, and of the mid-morning "drinkings" in the cornfield, when new milk and saffron cake were my share, and sometimes a surreptitious sip of cider, of the kind made in a huge stone trough, the machinery of which was worked by an old horse, who, during the cider-making period, walked all day long in a never-ending circle as the press revolved crushing the apples. I don't expect there are many such cider troughs in use now-a-days. I want a real Cornish saffron cake recipe, not like some cookery book recipes I have seen for "Cornish Pasties." which are not at all like the real thing!

We have received the following "Honeycombe Pudding" recipe from a friend in Calne:—

Ingredients:-

³-pt. New Milk. 2-oz. Castor Sugar. ¹-oz. Gelatine. 3 Eggs.

Vanilla (or other) flavouring.

Method.—Dissolve the gelatine and sugar in the milk over the fire; stir in the 3 yolks (previously well beaten) until on the point of boiling (the mixture must not boil); remove from fire and stir in the 3 whites (previously beaten to a stiff froth). When thoroughly mixed, pour into a mould, and stand several hours before turning out.

Try this sweet the next time you have friends for supper after a game of cards. They are sure to enjoy it, so just tell them where you found the recipe, and book their order for future copies of the Magazine so that they may share in the good things coming.

In most gardens now one sees little pale green spikes pushing their way up to try and find the sun, which seems to find it very difficult to make up his mind to shine on us.

These first signs of life in the garden remind us that Spring is coming, and with it, that most beautiful festival of the Christian year—Easter. But before Easter comes to gladden us with its wonderful promise of renewed life, we have a period which is ushered in with—on the part of the youngsters, at any rate—a certain amount of anticipatory pleasure, namely, Pancake Day. So that the pleasure may not only be anticipated but realised, just make your pancakes as suggested here:—

Ingredients:

1 Egg. ½-lb. Flour. ½-pt. Milk. Pinch of Salt.

Method.—Put flour in a basin, making a well in the middle. Add the egg, well beaten and gradually mixed with the milk, stirring with back of spoon to a smooth paste. Allow to stand in a cool place for an hour. Heat some "Harris" lard in fryingpan until it smokes, and place half a teacupful of mixture in it. Fry until a rich golden brown. Roll up and serve immediately with castor sugar and a squeeze of lemon.

This is a very old recipe, which has been in use for several generations in one family, and is most reliable.

We have been told that pancakes were made the day before Ash Wednesday so that all the fat in the house might be used up before Lent began; and in our mind is conjured up a picture of olden days when, after the gorgeous feast of pancakes on one day, meals must have been very uninteresting for the next few weeks.

As stated, next month we hope this page may consist entirely of contributions of all kinds from our friends at home and elsewhere, but we cannot allow this month's issue to appear without finding a place in it for a Letter we have received from a friend at Redruth, under the name of -"Cor-

nubian." We are delighted at the interest Cornwall is taking in the Magazine, and to "One and All" the girls there we send our greetings and thanks for the promise of their help. I am quite sure I shall be able to have that Saffron Cake recipe I have asked for.

TO MARIAN,

I am writing on behalf of our Branch to say that the ladies here are keenly interested in your page. They have promised to supply a Recipe each month; and as the art of baking at home is largely indulged in in Cornwall, you should be having some first class stuff.

The first two Recipes will be from Miss M. Williams for ginger biscuits and Cornish pasties. I have sampled both, and can testify to their excellence.

Best wishes for the success of your page.

CORNUBIAN.

I am also very pleased to receive a note from my friend Miss Edwards, at Totnes, who writes on behalf of the Office Staff at that Factory. This is what she says:—

All here were pleased to receive the first edition of the "Harris Magazine." It exceeded our expectations. Personally, I think the "Cooking Corner" should be a great success, also "A Needle

Work Competition " at some future date would give us an incentive to do something " worth doing " in our spare time.

M. E. EDWARDS.

We have already in contemplation a Needlework Competition, such as Miss Edwards suggests, particulars of which will

be published as soon as possible.

I think these two letters will show that a genuine interest is being taken in "Just Between Ourselves," and it is this interest which makes for that ideal friendship between girls of all sections at which we are aiming.

MARIAN.

An Ink Spot on Silk.

I shall be very pleased if you will let me know how to remove an ink spot (blue) from silk. I have tried warm milk, but there is still a mark.

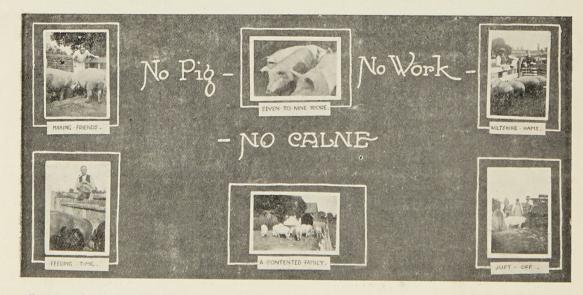
OXALIC acid can be used for silk. If you go to a chemist and tell him what you want the acid for he will make you a solution of the right strength.

Dip the stain in the acid, lay it on a plate and dab with a clean cloth till the

stain disappears.

Rinse in warm water and iron on the right side with a fairly cool iron under a piece of muslin or thin material so that the iron does not mark the silk.

Christmas Carnival Snapshot Competition.



GROUP OF SIX SNAPSHOTS.

FIRST PRIZE, MISS M. STRANGE.

The Broad Highway.

There is little doubt that our Pig Buyers and Agents have never before found it so difficult to purchase pigs of the right weight and type in any quantity as at the present moment. Nevertheless, we are confident that they will secure for us a fair proportion of the available supplies, and we hope that their efforts on our behalf will be stimulated by the knowledge that we, at Calne, are fully alive to the trials and difficulties of the moment.

One of our mutual friends made a special effort by adding a foot-note to the pig price-list which he issued. It read as follows:—

"We pay much more for light lean pigs and a little less for heavy ones."

We have been much exercised in our mind as to the correct interpretation of this note!!

* * *

We want to devote, month by month, this column at least, and a whole page if possible, to the activities of our friends "on the road." There must be a great fund of amusing, interesting, and instructive happenings arising day-by-day in the course of your travels. Let us hear about them, as it is only by your co-operation that this Magazine can reach its objective. Even if they are not always made of use, no harm is done, and the wider the range from which to choose the easier it will be to make the page of general interest.

January has been a quiet month on the whole; unusually so, in fact. The spending power of the public does not yet seem to have recovered from the effects of the strike; and this, coupled with the low values ruling for most bacon, which, although somewhat of an anomaly, always seems to restrict sales seems to be the chief cause. With the passing of February, however, 1927 should come into its own.

Influenza has taken its toll from our far-flung representatives from Lancashire down to Kent; but, fortunately, seems only to have been of short duration. Our Van Salesmen in the Welsh mountains have suffered as much as anybody in this respect.

Here is a real Salesmen's answer to

allegations (unfounded) respecting that old friend of all van salesmen, "The Funeral Van." This van is plain dark green, without the usual glory of gold letters, "Up from Wiltshire." On the first day of its appearance in a certain large city in the Midlands, on the regular van returning to London for annual overhaul, one of our esteemed customers, being of an enquiring turn of mind, asked what had been done with the gold letters, and received this reply: "There has been such a stupendous demand for that we are constantly held up in the street for them by prospective new customers. We are therefore unable to serve our regular customers to time, and so have had the letters temporarily removed until the service has been reorganised." The customer is still scratching his head, and having made certain New Year resolutions, his account is now doubled.

* * *

The traveller had dined, not wisely, but too well, with a prospective customer. He was advised as his wife was rather particular, to undress at the foot of the stairs when he got home and to creep quietly and carefully up to bed. The next morning he was asked how the ruse succeeded. "Well," he said, "I undressed all right at the bottom of the stairs, but when I got to the top I found Baker Street Station."

* * *

It was a claim for compensation for 24 pigs run over and killed at a level-crossing. The plaintiff's counsel, zealous in the interests of his client, addressed the Court as follows:—"Twenty-four plump, innocent pigs. Mark you! Twenty-four!! Twice as many as there are on the Jury over there!!!" Case non-suited.

. . .

A traveller was called upon to give evidence in a Court case. Upon being asked if his evidence would be "The truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth?" he replied, "Well, your Worship, I am a commercial traveller in the provision trade, but I will do my best."

* * *

Napoleon made mistakes, but Harris' Travellers, never!!!

Our Post Bag.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Will you kindly allow a little space to express our appreciation of the first edition of this most interesting Magazine.

It constitutes a splendid commencement towards getting to know each other better, and we shall certainly not feel as isolated in the future as we have sometimes done in the past, especially when all the Branches add their quota to this already lively little medium.

Yours faithfully,

" BACKFAT."

Totnes.

Editor, "Harris Magazine."

SIR,—

May I, through the medium of your Magazine, thank the people of Calne for the splendid support given the Town Band since its reorganisation? Our library of music has been brought upto-date, and my colleagues and myself appeal for a continuance of the kindly interest shown by our fellow townsmen during the past year.

Yours faithfully,

C. Blackford.

The Editor,

" Harris Magazine."

7th February, 1927.

Dear Sir,

I should like to reply to Mr. Micawber's

Letter in the January issue.

Speaking on behalf of the Committee of the Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society, we should be only too delighted to see the social activities of the Company very much enlarged, and we are most anxious to receive suggestions from any of our members.

The suggestion that every employee in time should take part in some social field of activity is an excellent one; at the same time, I should like to remind Mr. Micawber that some of the things mentioned by him have been attempted by the Society. For a season or two we ran a Ramblings and Cycling Club; and many of us, I am sure, have the most pleasant recollections of some of the outings organised by this Club. The

only reason that it was discontinued was through lack of support. However, I can assure Mr. Micawber that this matter shall come before the Committee at their next Meeting. If Mr. Micawber will write me with any suggestions he may have I shall be much obliged, and will treat his communications confidentially if he so desires.

There are other things which the Society have attempted in the past, and which, in each case, have fallen through owing to lack of support. Here are a few:—

Sports Club.
Social Club.
Singing Classes for Girls.
Needlework Classes for Girls.
Orchestra.
Tennis.

All these were tried, but after a time the Committee had to abandon them as sufficient interest was not forthcoming, and this after much time and money had been expended in several instances.

I am afraid I cannot agree that the main thing is to get things started. I have found that there is nothing easier than starting new ideas. It is the continued support of members, and, above all, the help and assistance from members who are keen and able to run these various activities. I agree with Mr. Micawber that much could be done if only members would come out into the open and ask, in sufficient numbers, for these things to be started, and when started, to back them up.

In the meantime, I can promise Mr. Micawber that the whole matter shall be brought up, and members given every opportunity to express their wishes in this direction.

Yours faithfully,

W. G. GUNNING.

DEAR MR. EDITOR,

Is it true that the escort of one of the lady members of the Nigger Troupe arrived home somewhat piebald? Was this because the lady in question decided to postpone the removal of her make-up until she got home?

No. C. PARKER.

(Evidently the young man was not like Felix.—Ed.)

Photographic Notes.

"WINTER."

How often one hears the remark, "There is nothing to photograph in Winter!" The camera is accordingly put away with the pleasant memories of Summer days. It is quite true that the period of light is not long, and that many days are dull. Still, there are days when the light is sufficient for our purpose. Considering the many subjects around our picturesque countryside, one wonders there are not more knights of the Kodak. Winter scenes are always worth photographing. The snow, with its virgin whiteness, makes a very pleasing picture. The inclusion of animals in such a scene-I have in mind sheep on the Downs-brings its own reward. A windy day, the bare trees, standing out against the sky line, bending to the gale—can you imagine the resultant picture? To the venturesome there is always the world of sport. Patience, and, perhaps after a few failures, soon brings to the happy snapshotter a result that compensates for the trouble. Out-door portraits are worth trying, and some good results of head and shoulder subjects can be obtained. That young lady wearing her furs will make a picture to satisfy the most fastidious. Winter photography is always worth while. One's album, then, not, only contains memories of a brief Summer, but can truthfully be labelled, "All the Year Round."

Christmas Carnival.



BEST SNAPSHOT.

MISS IVY WHITE.

Heard This?

"Well, of all the nerve!" she said, as she slapped his face. "Don't ever try to kiss me again."

"All right," he replied meekly. "If that's how you feel about it, get off my lap."

"They say Robinson is becoming a great orator."

"Well, I've only heard him speak once, but it was certainly a treat to listen to him."

"What did he say?"
"What'll you have?"

Tommy: "Oh, dad, this watch you gave me won't go!"

Dad: "Won't go? Why, I paid quite a lot for it."

Tommy: "Yes, and it isn't as though I hadn't put all the wheels in the same place again."

A man was asked by a lazy employe, whom he had sacked, for a character. He thought for a moment and then wrote as follows:

"The bearer of this letter is leaving me after one month's work. I am perfectly satisfied."

Jack (feeling sentimental): "What is your favourite flower, Mary?"

Mary (without sentiment): "Self-raising for scones and plain for pastry."

"I've worked under the same boss for twenty years."

"I can beat that—it's my silver wedding next week!"

The captain saw a young recruit trying to cook his breakfast with an amateurish fire. He showed him how to make a quick-cooking fire.

"Look at the time you're wasting," he said. "When I was in the Himalayas I often had to hunt my breakfast. I used to go about two miles in the jungle, shoot my food, skin or pluck it, then cook and eat it, and return to the camp under half-an-hour." Then he added: "Of course, you have heard of the Himalayas?"

"Yes, sir," replied the recruit; "and

also of Ananias."

HARRIS MAGAZINE VOL. 1.—————————NO. 3.

MARCH, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

"IT IS THE LITTLE THINGS OF LIFE THAT ARE THE BIG ONES AFTER ALL."

A CORRESPONDENT in a recent issue of the "G.W.R. Magazine" called attention to a statement made some years ago that the late running of the 11 a.m. train from Paddington to Penzance on a Monday would cause the late arrival in Euston of a train from Perth on Wednesday. The letter proceeds to show how, one after another, other trains are delayed, reacting from Paddington to Penzance, up to Inverness, and thence on the lines South again to Euston.

In commercial and social life it is a lack of the appreciation of the importance of apparently trivial things in relation to life as a whole which causes much of the turmoil and complexity which exist.

Perhaps it is as well that fundamental truths are so difficult to grasp, or there would be no more worlds to conquer; but a truth which mankind must ever face, unless he desires a return to the jungle state, is that "no man lives unto himself alone." The action or the thought of to-day is something which has come hurtling down from the far-off reaches of time to us, but

how we send it on is our own grave power and responsibility.

It became known some little while ago that a once prosperous city in China was in a state of abject poverty because Western ladies had altered their mode of coiffure, thus obviating the use of hair nets.

Not alone in the world of commerce do causes make wide-reaching effects.

Some thoughts thrown into the Stream of Life by an unknown peasant may revolutionise the life of a Continent.

Important to the scheme of things as the isolated doings of individuals are, they must be co-ordinated into systems of policy controlled by master minds, but the importance of the individual remains.

Early in the late war, an officer of one of the Continental armies omitted to destroy several important bridges, thus allowing a whole army easy access to a strip of territory into which his H.Q. had relied upon delaying the entry of the enemy.

There were other times when things did not develop according to plan because the objects of higher commands were not fully appreciated by the individuals who were to strive for them.

Thus the responsibility of life is both collective and individual.

The systems of the world must be clear and concise; the individual must know the policy upon which he is engaged, and work loyally for its consummation, for the loss and error of to-day lays its toll and tribute on morrow after morrow.

Between Ourselves.

Some of the best words in the English language are sometimes robbed of their real meaning because of what may be an unpleasant association with some aspects of the truth they indicate.

Take the word "Economy," for example. This may call up memories of hard times when the layers of butter and jam were of the flimsiest substance, or when the much-desired hope of the child for the packet of favourite sweets was nothing more than a dream.

The word, however, is capable of a much wider interpretation, and I am sure that a proper understanding of it is the basic principle of success in life and business.

I have an idea that it represents the productive use of all we may possess.

Time is the period granted to us for the fulfilment of a life's work. We may be too apt in holiday and other rest-times to heave a sigh of relief that the daily work is dispensed with, and say, "Now my time is all my own"

This sometimes results in a squandering of time which, if used in a well-ordered manner, would contribute greatly not only to bodily refreshment, but also to mental progress.

Consider the physical powers of which we are possessed. There is nothing worse for the athlete than over-training; for the body, like, unfortunately, most human minds, has its limits of endurance and usefulness.

The true economy in the use of physical powers is to be found in the well-regulated use of every function.

What, then, can be said about the uneconomic use of the mind?

A gardener would be accused of bad economy in letting his fertile ground remain idle, or in the use of it in the attempted production of vegetation unsuited for the particular soil with which he had to do.

An idle mind grows its weeds rather

more prolifically than an unattended plot of land, and can only be recovered to its natural use by the sharp application of the spade of discipline and the long, cold, wintry nights of frosty self-examination.

The human mind is, in essence, a creative function; and I am not sure that it is wise to stupify it by over doses of the narcotic influences to be derived from much of the modern literature of present-day fiction.

The wilted childhood of our city slums needs the large, clean, open spaces for physical recovery, and the truest economy in the use of the mind is in the exercise it may find in the pure atmosphere of clean English and the pursuit of large principles and high ideals.

May I suggest, "Between Ourselves," that a meaning of Economy in the three aspects I have suggested will automatically lead to an understanding of the proper use of money and the opportunities of the daily task

It is said that "Nature abhors a vacuum"; it is equally true that a well-ordered life, based on natural generosity and kindliness of spirit, abhors the waste of moments, of physical powers, and of the power of initiative, due to mental excess or idleness.

I could say much to you on the need for economy, as we understand it, in the conduct of our business. I shall be content if anything I have said leads to a wider understanding of the term, because that knowledge will inevitably show itself in those things that we require of each other in relation to our mutual business concerns.

And now I am just about to take that holiday for which I have hoped for so long, and if I am true to my own theories about Economy, there ought not to be a moment in it that is not of service to me.



Environment.

AVE you ever observed how the features of a person may indicate the nature of his occupation or business interest? It is possible to make a very good guess at a man's walk in life by observation.

The writer has frequently become quite fascinated whilst waiting for a train by watching people on the platform and summing them up, speculating in his mind as to their peculiar callings.

Features are often very definite. Who cannot pick out amongst a crowd the hunting fraternity, or men whose chief interest is horses? Their facial features have developed a certain expression which one might term "equine" for want of better detailed description. We think this effect is the result of constant sympathy and study in terms of horse.

How about the "jolly" butcher? Is it the study of fat beasts, the muscular development in his early training in the slaughter-house, or the absorption of fat through the skin that gives the man the hearty appearance so much in contrast to the "horsey" man? It makes one wonder.

What a number of men can be recalled who are decidedly "fishy." The artist who designed "Happy Families" was well aware of definite features amongst fishmongers

Perhaps you have attended a dog show. Here, again, there is something about the enthusiasts which denotes their special interest; and the writer would reserve his remarks, for obvious reasons, as to his impressions gained at a goat show, where ladies were the principal exhibitors.

Coming nearer to business, a few years ago there was a pig dealer whose facial expression was most decidedly that of a middle white, and he was just as docile—this was constantly remarked on by those who knew him. Then the poultry expert; does he not often develop the bold eye and heavy ear lobe of a well-bred chicken?

Certain callings in life make a greater impression on a man's expression than others. There are exceptions, of course. It is not often that a typist looks like the machine she operates, even though she may be called a "typewriter"; or a ledger clerk

takes on the appearance of a ledger, except perhaps for the lines that are visible after extracting a trial balance.

Whilst penning this it makes the writer think that, as a pig supervisor, what will he look like in a few years time? Since he has been with Messrs. Harris (Ipswich), Ltd., he has become so enthusiastic in his work that he thinks pigs, talks pigs, and even dreams of them. Perhaps he is doing too much in conjunction with his colleague, Mr. C. Baldry, in order to keep the remainder of the staff going.

These remarks show the importance of everyone taking up some hobby in strict contrast to his usual occupation, and so ward off any evil effects that may accrue as a result of too great a concentration in one's sphere of thought and labour.

JOS. E. SMITH, Ipswich.

* * * SEA GUIDES.

I have been asked to contribute an article to OUR Magazine on the Sea Guide Ship, "Matthew," Bristol.

Perhaps I had better explain that the training in accuracy, obedience, caution, resourcefulness, handiness, steadiness, and unselfishness which the sea demands can be used for the development of character—the chief aim of the Guide movement. This Branch of the Guide movement attracts girls who have not been attracted by the other Branches, because of its relationship to the sea.

Sea Guides in Bristol were only formed last May. We have to adopt the name of a famous ship—of local interest, if possible—so we decided to take the "Matthew," Cabot's ship. We are each given a rating according to what we are most suited, which includes Skipper, Mate, Boatswain, Leading Sea Guides, Cook, Sick Bay Steward, Shantyman, &c. Since our existence the following Badges have been gained in the Company:—Sea Service, Decoder and Able Sea Guide Tests, Cooks, Pioneers, Boatswain, Swimmers, Artists, and Trade Badges. We are now working for the Astronomer and Ambulance Badges.

In adopting Naval customs we always remember that the primary duty of the Navy is to ensure peace throughout the world.

FIRST MATE.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

By The Way.

SPRING.

Eternally Spring's glorious praises flow, Songs of its verdant green so well we know; The warmth of youth's young heart aglow With bounteous seeds of joy, in love to grow.

Think, and behold the blessings which are ours!

The troubles which we have pass o'er like tiny showers,

We who see the country-side decked with its glorious flowers

Should find each day indeed made up with golden hours.

Age can recall sweet memories, which linger with it still,

Of troubles conquered, trials past, in climbing life's steep hill;

Youth still has the path before to conquer if it will,

For youth is Life's Springtime, and hath a place to fill.

Sow now in Spring the seed of Deeds, however small they be,

For age shall come, like Summer, its appointed time to keep;

The crop will then accumulate, God help us this to see,

And it depends on what is sown what harvest we shall reap.

THOMAS H. HARVEY, Totnes.

The ash-bins in one part of the town are having a peaceful time since the departure of a certain Alsatian wolfhound. This gentleman sometimes re-visits the scenes of his early crimes, chiefly when the lords of creation are at work, as the marksmanship in this particular district has considerably improved during recent months.

* * *

We should like to know the messenger who delivered a note, intended for the manager of a provision store, to a gentleman bearing the same name but a dealer in articles of attire.

Who was the recipient, later in the day, of the following message: "Regret no sweetbreads in stock, but have a special line in sweet ties!"

An interesting story reaches us from one of our departments, whose motto is "Accuracy."

It appears that one member failed to balance with the promptitude usually associated with that department. Each item was carefully ticked off; but, alas! the necessary figure proved elusive. Corrugated brows were noticeable, and reluctantly the order went forth, "Re-check." Success attended their efforts, and the daring use of an eraser enabled a certain secret to be well kept.

Mr. E. G. Down writes :-

"On January the 31st the moors near Glastonbury resembled an inland sea, thousands of acres being under water. On my way home I met three men on the bank of the river in a state of great excitement. I learnt from them that an otter was in the stream, and they had seen it raise its head from the water several times. A gun and some cartridges had just arrived, so I waited to watch the proceedings. At last I was rewarded with the sound of a sporting gun, but the "otter" turned out to be a heavy gate which had been swept into the flooded river. I made myself scarce, as I did not wish to figure in any further cases of mistaken identity made by these Zummerzet gentle-

Moonrakers must look to their laurels!

No sooner is one number published than we are badgered by one enthusiast who keeps on asking, "When will the next number be out?" If that particular person only knew the remarks of the Editorial Staff his ears would burn hard.

We've got a Harris Mag., I see;
I thought of it years ago,
But I didn't get past the thinking stage,
So I have no results to show.

I've thought of other things as well, Of that there is no doubting; One little thought I'll here reveal— Why not an Annual Outing?

"CATCHING THE OWL."

The above title will recall to the memories of the older employees of the Firm a method of initiation practised on beginners, when commencing employment, a generation or more ago. For the benefit of our younger friends the rites employed are recounted as follows:—The lad was told that a pair of owls were in the loft of No. 2 Factory, a place situated over the old Ice House, the floor being covered with oak bark tan as a protection against heat. During the dinner hour the lad was stationed at the foot of the step-ladder with a sieve to place over the owl as it fluttered down, chased by a man who had entered the loft. A great stir now commenced overhead, the man beating a pair of goose wings together to imitate the flapping of wings, and shouting to the lad to look out as the owl was gradually approaching. At last down came a bucket of water which had been placed near the head of the ladder earlier in the day, thoroughly drenching him. There was great merriment shown by the group assembled to see the fun, as the victim hurried home for a rub down and change. The mention of the word "Owl" was a sore point to the lad for some time afterwards.

C. PONTIN.

We have endeavoured to obtain a short article on "Rat Hunting Along the River." Our older friends seem chary of relating these episodes. We wonder why?

* * * THE GREAT FIRE.

'Twas Monday in the Pie Room, The day's work had been done; The watchman plodded on his way Clutching his faithful gun.

A sight there burst upon his gaze, For, leaping higher and higher, Were angry flames aroaring: The Pie Room was on fire!

Did our watchman lose his head?
Did he rave and shout?
He swiftly drew his trusty pistol
And shot the fire clean out.

R. HORTON.

A young gentleman, one Saturday, arrived at the Factory and was faced with the problem of how to "clock in" early and take his bicycle to the shed. Seeing a friend leaving for breakfast, he generously offered him the use of his machine. The offer was received with suspicion and accepted with alacrity. At twelve o'clock the bicycle was not in the shed. After the loss of many valuable seconds of the weekend, the person to whom it had been lent was discovered. "Oh," said that worthy, "I took it home and forgot all about it!"

We are not recording the dialogue which ensued during the journey home!

Apropos of our recent paragraph regarding strange friendships of animals, Mr. J. Drewett send us the following:—

In one of the pig pens, on a farm I visited, I noticed a hen sitting down amongst the little pigs, who were about twelve weeks old. Upon enquiring the reason, I was told that the hen spent most of her time there, and was, in her way, mothering the youngsters. Whilst I was watching the hen got up and clucked, as she would to chicks. To my surprise the pigs came along to see what she had found for them.

"Who is the Fighting Editor?" This enquiry was heard on all sides after the issue of our February number. The following conversation, heard by our Tame Eavesdropper, evidently reveals his identity. "Who is the Fighting Editor?" "Don't you know? He is lovely. He has the figure and beauty of Rudolph Valentino, the daring of Tom Mix, and the charm of Douglas Fairbanks. He is a darling!"—"So it seems."

The following problem was propounded by one of our friends:—"Why put in $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours overtime and lose $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours sleep the next morning?"

Even the allurement of time-and-a-half cannot compensate one member of our Staff for the loss of his beauty sleep.

* * * * DON'T FROWN!!

To produce a frown 126 nerves are brought into play. Far less energy is required to produce a smile, as only 48 nerves or muscles are used.

SMILE!!

E.S.

We accept no responsibility for the following, although it was told us on good authority:—

One of the young ladies was out with the 'flu. To add to her misfortunes she hurt her ankle. Her landlady, also a victim of the 'flu, told her to get a bottle of oil from the shelf and rub the injured limb. Coming into the room some time later, the landlady said, "How is the ankle? Any better?" "No," replied the young lady, "I cannot understand this oil. It has no smell, and it has not done any good." An inspection of the bottle revealed the fact that what had been used as embrocation was the landlady's 'flu medicine.

Applicant: I would rather remain here; but why should I be sure of a rise in the ——— Department?

Foreman: You would be able to rise at 5 a.m. then.

Leaving the factory for breakfast at 8 a.m. one day in February, a friend of ours lit his cigarette and then his bicycle lamp. While crossing the Strand he was pulled up for having his machine illuminated during prohibited hours!

One of the minor tragedies of the coal strike was the consternation of a little boy named Peter. He heard his parents solemnly discussing the fuel problem, and finally deciding to burn "peat"!

Why are people complaining that there is no draught in the Office when for the past few weeks they have had a 'flu right through it?

Id' rather be a Could Be
If I cannot be an Are;
For a Cannot Be is a May Be
With a chance of touching par.

I'd rather be a Has Been
Than a Might Have Been, by far,
For a Might Be is a Hasn't Been,
But a Has was once an Are.

ce an Are. A. E. KAY.

Reflections of a "Ref."

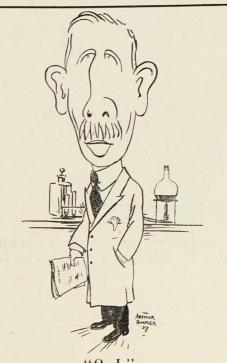
It has been my lot, for many years, tobe the "man in charge." Some of the remarks heard during the course of a gameare often amusing.

In a recent game I had to give a player his "marching orders." He subsequently appeared on the field and addressed methus: "I have apologised to so-and-so, and he says it is quite alright, so it will bealright if I go on playing."

The warning of players for rough play sometimes has a peculiar effect. One player, after a caution, was so extremely careful that he was afraid to tackle any of his opponents. They were soon aware of this, and the result was practically a walk through to the goal. Playing to the whistle is a maxim well worth remembering. Thinking the ball had gone outside, a player picked it up to take the throw in. It was amusing to see the expression on the poor chap's face when the whistle went for "hands."

In conclusion, I should like to bring to the notice of all players a motto that hangs in the dressing room of Cardiff City—"Don't Dictate to the Referee."

G. HALE.



Our Picture Gallery.

MR. WILLIAM FRAYLING.



R. WILLIAM FRAYLING has spent sixty-three years in the employ of the Company, having joined the Firm in January, 1864. This was before what is known as the Ice Age. His efforts, both in business and social life, have been

marked with efficiency and vigour, which attributes he still retains to a remarkable degree. Honorary Secretary of the Primrose League and Superintendent of the National Sunday School, offices which he has filled with distinction. He is the possessor of a fine bass voice, and his services as soloist were frequently in demand in the Parish Church Choir. Being an ardent cricketer, he was much in demand by his contemporary, the present Marquis of Lansdowne. Always of a versatile nature, it is a tonic to have a talk with William on the good old days.

FORTIS ET PRUDENS.

Wedding Bells.

MISS MARGARET BULL.



UPID has been busy in the Statistical Department, with the result that Miss Margaret Bull, who has been with us eight years, tendered her resignation and left us on February 12th. She was married on February 26th, at

Calne Parish Church; to Mr. Wright. Miss Bull was the recipient of a Cutlery Set, which was presented to her by the Staff with their best wishes for her future happiness

E.S.

MR. H. CLEVERLY and MISS E. KIRTON.

N the occasion of her marriage to Mr. Herbert Cleverly, Miss Edith Kirton was presented by her fellow employees of the Box Department with a Tea Service. Both Bride and Groom are employees of some years standing with the Firm, and were the recipients of many expressions of goodwill. The marriage was solemnised on the 12th of February, and the honeymoon was spent in London. We add our best wishes for every happiness to the happy couple.

D.A.



Enquiring Person: "Tommy, which is the best way to the football ground?"

Tommy: "How did you know my name was Tommy?"

Enquiring Person: "Oh, I guessed."

Tommy: "As you are such a good guesser, guess your way."

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

Bristol was invaded recently by a fierce-looking horde of pirates. Sailing up the Avon in a couple of craft with the skull and crossbones nailed to the mast, a landing, which was desperately resisted, was effected at St. Augustine's Bridge. Four prominent citizens were speedily captured, and subsequently sold by auction at the Council House, realising the handsome sum of £20 5s. 0d. The raid was continued throughout the city, the "Pirates," assisted by members of "The Mustard Club" and a number of "Froth Blowers," holding all and sundry to ransome. The procession was augmented by a number of tableaux and emblematical cars full of that rich humour which "University rags" provide. It is hoped that the booty, which will be handed over to the Lord Mayor's Hospital Fund, will exceed last year's gratifying total.

SPECTATOR.

CHIPPENHAM.

We are very glad to have had the 6d. Stamp Collection System extended to Chippenham, and our best thanks are due for these facilities. It certainly should be an incentive to everyone to try and save a little for the proverbial "rainy day," which generally comes to everyone sooner of later. When £1 worth of stamps have been purchased, the amount is transferred to the Savings Bank, and will at once commence to earn interest at the splendid rate of 6 per cent. Our motto must therefore be: "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

W.V.L.

We read it with delight. It was beautifully painted on blue—a favourite colour with so many of us, especially in these grey February days.

It wasn't a notice calling the "League of Nations" together that locally we might save any damage to some very delicate "China." No, it was nothing of this; it was on the door of a chemist's shop, not a hundred miles from Calne. We read it

again with tears of joy trickling down our cheeks, and with eagerness we read it daily—with emotion, but without tears. Would that all our readers could do so. Very many would rejoice, as we do continually.

"LET THERE BE PEACE!"
TRY OUR

"Infants' Corrective Minture."

The originator of this lovely notice had evidently "had some"—not of his own remedy—but the cause had, without doubt, disturbed his slumbers and given him cold feet.

The writer will be delighted to point the way to any of our readers who, perhaps, night after night, are thus tried, so that they may reach this beautiful haven of peace.

E.W.

* * * DUNMOW.

We at Dunmow welcome the opportunity of contributing regularly to the pages of the Magazine; and, although our numbers are but small, we mean to do that for which we are noted, namely, "Keep our ends up."

If the Editor will permit, we are going to introduce ourselves, two or three at a time, in this and the issues to follow.

This month we propose that our "Friends Elsewhere" shall have, right away, some idea of what we at Dunmow are like, and to facilitate this we have sent along a group photograph for Mr. Editor to kindly reproduce.

Here it is, and a happy band you will



At times we hear all kinds of things attributed to sides, such as "Slime," "Taint," "Thin in the Streak," and so on, but at Dunmow they evidently ache!

The one who is responsible for these notes might mention here that he had not consulted any member or members of the

Staff as to the publication of this photograph, and he is hoping very much that their laughs will not turn to scowls when they see it in print.

Now for a little story which is quite genuine, but, to quote our old friends, Gilbert and Sullivan, "The task of filling in the blanks I'd rather leave to you."

The occasion was one of a party of agricultural students being shown over the Factory of one of our subsidiary Companies and, quite naturally, this tour was conducted by the esteemed of this Factory.

A start was made at the styes, the slaughter-house was inspected; the scalding tank and de-hairer were both viewed with increasing interest; then came the singer, and after that the *water spray*.

There is no need to follow the tour beyond this point, for the gentleman in question, in his eagerness to give a really good demonstration, stood directly beneath the spray, and, addressing the students who were gathered around wanting to know all, said:—"This is how we wash the pigs." Quite a harmless remark, you will all agree, but as he uttered the words he looked up, almost lovingly as it were, at its mechanism, and pulled the chain which operated it, with the result that he received the full deluge of water.

What happened after that is not recorded, and perhaps very wisely, too.

We are happy to report that the whole of our representatives welcome the advent of the Magazine. One enthusiast writes: —

"Will you be good enough to send me about a dozen copies as soon as possible of the last issue, the cost of which I will remit by return. Do I understand the Magazine is for the public?"—[Not at present.—ED.]

Although we do not happen to have a status report concerning this gentleman, we are going to risk sending the dozen copies if the Editor will let us have them.

—[Regret very much oversold.—ED.]

Several have promised "Tit Bits" from time to time; while another, writing from the North, must feel that the daily round on the broad highway would be considerably brightened if there were a "Nellie" in every refreshment room. This is what he says:—"In company with the

post-office, it used to be the general habit of the servants in the railway refreshment rooms to treat all patrons to a 'wait,' and then a condescending sort of attention, whilst 'Thank you' was very little heard; indeed it would appear that the servant was conferring a real favour in allowing a patron to enter the room."

"It is pleasing to report a very different attitude on one station of my acquaintance. I refer to Oxenholme, the junction for Kendal, where Nellie has always a smile for even the unknown, and the known can always look forward to a pleasant wait. Every effort is made to make life more cheerful, even when the outlook is most black. A blank day has been turned into a less cheerless outlook before the 4.40 p.m. North train has departed, and many quiet words of thanks must have been uttered by despondent spirits as a result of 10 minutes in the refreshment room, and 'A cup of tea, Nellie, please.'"

Before going to post, a dip into our mail bag reveals another good story, which we pass along, hoping that, although we have already taken up rather more space than the Editor may care to allow, he will give us just another half column:-"Walking over London Bridge one night, an Army ex-Captain patronised a poor down-and-out, who was holding a tray with his stock in trade of matches displayed thereon, when, to his great surprise, he recognised in the poor fellow an old Army acquaintance. The ex-Captain, being very sympathetic, promised to assist him, and, handing his card, told the man to call in the morning at his office. The following morning the man kept the appointment, and was started in the warehouse. In the evening the ex-Captain was surprised to receive a visit in his office from the new employe who, apologising, said, "I am sorry I cannot work in your warehouse, for, owing to an old war wound, I really haven't the strength to do any manual labour." The ex-Captain, not wishing to turn the man away, called in his chief clerk, and told him to start the fellow on one of the ledgers the next day and report progress in the evening. The next evening duly arrived, and brought to the ex-Captain's office both the chief clerk and the man; the latter, again apologising, said, "I am sorry, but I cannot manage

igitised by Calne Heritage

this clerical work. Since having been wounded in the head during the war I am very forgetful, and I fear I might let you down badly. "Well," said the ex-Captain, "I don't know what to do with you"; then, turning to his chief clerk, said, "Send Wilson, the Sales Manager, to me." When this worthy arrived, the ex-Captain said, "Look here, Wilson, I've an old army acquaintance here whom I want you to send out on the road—he has neither strength nor brains."

[If any of our friends on the Broad Highway would like to have the name and address of the gentleman responsible for this story we shall be pleased to supply it].

E.W.W.

HIGHBRIDGE.

The prosaic task of checking Railway accounts is not usually productive of thrills: but when one encounters such an entry as ONE CASK OF SHERRY, 6s. 9d., looming large amid bacon, lard, and such like, can one fail to experience a palpitating moment? Doubting at first the vision, the checker rubs his eyes, and wonders whether SHERRY is the cause or the effect of his bewilderment. He looks again. Yes! it is unmistakably SHERRY. He grabs the receiving book, but, alas! no entry. What a careless omission. But wait! perhaps the cask has still to arrive. Everyone knows how lengthy transits are now-a-day. Still the entry seemed to shout SHERRY. 6s. 9d.! SHERRY, 6s. 9d.! and must, of course, be dealt with. Which is the department most likely to be involved? It might be Engineering Stores; but a search reveals nothing save such commonplace things as liquid disinfectants, petrol, or lubricants in casks. Although the task seems so hopeless, yet is it too tempting to drop. Order books are searched-still no trace. Ah! can it be the Welfare Centre distributing antidotes to influenza or tonics for partially recovered victims? Lips grow moist; faces beam expectant; first-class thirsts develop; hopes and fears alternate; and-

Must the entry die?

There will be lots of Wiltshire men

To question reason why."
Then, in a whisper: Is there a staff beano pending? It surely can't be what was

left over from the last Manager's Meeting!!! It would not have kept so long. "The suspense might have continued ad infinitum, but the cold calculating costing demon interposed with, "Strike it out! Kill it! It is plaintly meant for someone else; nofear of anything more tangible than an entry drifting this way. Don't you realise that such errors are the outcome of the General Strike, and that they are likely torecur until the railways recover their equilibrium? More than this, your speculations have added '000679437 pence per hundredweight to the cost of bacon." Then the precocious office boy suggested putting part of it on polonies, whereupon Bernard objected, as in this debate his department had, for a wonder, not participated. The only question now is whether the G.M. will regard the office boy or the costing clerk chiefly responsible for bringing the waste of time to an end. Obviously someone earned a point for bonus consideration.

Pons Altus.

In the lovely old Churchyard of Huntspill was laid to rest, on Saturday, the 12th of February, 1927, Hilda Dickox, aged 21 years.—Requiescat in Pace.

* * * IPSWICH.

The February issue of the "Harris Magazine" is a great advance upon the first, and if this continues each month, we fear we shall have to make application for shorter working hours in order to be able to read it comfortably.

On the occasion of the arrival of the consignment of February Magazines, which was about noon on Saturday, the office assumed the appearance of a library—for a few moments only.

It rather occurs to the writer that this Magazine before long will assume the features of a competition, each Branch vieing with the other to produce the most interesting articles and paragraphs, although we fear it will take a little time for us at Ipswich to get together a minstrel troupe to compare with the Calne troupe, in which we have been so interested in the February issue.

In looking at the picture of the Fancy Dress group on the stage, it does occur to us that the individual clothed in white, whose facial expression is (may we be pardoned for saying this) expressionless, must have originated in the Boning Department. If the rest of his anatomy corresponds with the visible portion, we are indeed sorry for him, and think he had better have a rest cure at Ipswich.

Members of our Staff are still rather anxious as to the fate of the gentleman who wrote instructing the Offal Department not to send him any inwards this week as "I am killing myself."

Harris' bacon is stated to be the mildest bacon obtainable; and usually we are quite ready to acquiesce in this. The writer, however, has a distinct recollection of a customer writing many years ago (too many to dwell upon), stating that he required milder bacon for the next order, as the last was as salt as Lot's wife.

This is not the same customer who wrote that he would be glad if the Firm would see that in future the pigs were well shaved, as his customers did not like hair!

H. LUDGATE.

THINGS WE SHOULD LIKE TO KNOW.

What the gentleman responsible for Seager hams says when he receives an order for fifty 10lbs. to 12lbs. and his stock consists of 14lbs. to 18lbs. average only.

We can only add that in such instances his arithmetic is wonderful.

What Shop Managers murmer under their breath when the price of Pork is advanced.

"Where do flies go in the winter time?" is a well-worn phrase, but we would like to know where certain motor-cars go in "fog time."

BUSINESS PHRASES AS WE KNOW THEM.

FIXED AND CIRCULATING CAPITAL.— Fixed when you receive it, but circulating on arrival home.

WINDING UP.—Motorists have that feeling sometimes, but most of us feel like it about the 28th of each month.

PROMISSORY NOTES.—Plenty about, but they rarely get further than the promise.

ALLOTMENT BOOK.—This, apparently,

has something to do with shares. One would have expected it to tell us "how to grow cabbages."

REGISTER OF COUPONS.—Presumably something to do with Football.

BLANK TRANSFER.—Something to fill up in your own language.

IMPRESSED AND ADHESIVE STAMPS.—Insurance stamps, of course.

Official Receiver.—The Wife.

Common Seal.—Is that which one has to remove before drinking the contents.

* * *

It is said "that primroses and violets are flowering near London." It must be this blooming weather.

H. S. BROCK.

The "Harris Magazine" has fulfilled, from the outlook of its workers in the Subsidiary Branches, a new interest in being able to read monthly the main chronicled events of its Head Office.

We, in Ipswich, have been honoured on several occasions with a visit from our chief, Mr. Bodinnar. The extraordinary impressions those personal visits leave behind helps to cement the loyalty that should be shown by all workers to their employers.

In the industrial world of to-day a great deal of trouble and unrest is caused by the soulless attitude that is displayed by its leaders, human beings treated as meer pawns upon a chess-board in the grab for f, s. d.

The open speech delivered by Mr. Bodinnar at the Bonus and Savings Scheme Meeting must have eradicated any smouldering embers of distrust as to the fundamental principle upon the working of the Savings Scheme

All wishing to pay a visit to the Ipswich Factory, don't forget to change into Wellingtons at entrance to drive.

THE HAND OF FRIENDSHIP.

Give me the hand that is warm, kind, and ready;

Give me the clasp that is calm, true, and steady;

Give me the hand that will never deceive me; Give me its grasp, that my soul may believe thee.

S. B. FULLER.

LONDON.

On Thursday, February 17th, we had a little gathering all to ourselves. The occasion was to give a "send off" to Mr. J. W. Harris, to whom we presented a Travelling Trunk. The presentation was made by Mr. Gilbert Coles, who very neatly brought out the outstanding traits in Mr. J. W. Harris' character. Young men of his type are just the sort to take up and carry on the "White Man's Burden" in distant outposts of the Empire. We wish him God-speed and success and happiness in his new work in Kenya Colony.

LONDON REPRESENTATIVE CONFERENCE.

This event, now annual, was held at Cowcross Street on Saturday, the 19th February. All representatives connected with the warehouse attended the Conference; and, in addition, we had the benefit of Mr. F. J. Kington's presence, and were very pleased to have him with us, the more so because his years of experience were freely drawn on in the interesting talk which took place.

It was a successful meeting. Views were freely expressed and valuable suggestions were made, both from the Warehouse and Representatives' points of view.

So, after the Dinner and Conference, we return to the daily task and common round of life much fortified and encouraged by having met together in that real spirit of comradeship which marks the relations that link together the Parent Company, the Branches, and the Representatives.

FOURTH ANNUAL DINNER.

This event, always eagerly looked forward to, took place at the Coventry Restaurant, Rupert Street, on Friday, February 18th. Present:—Mr. J. F. Bodinnar (chairman), supported by Messrs. R. P. Redman, S. North Smith, P. T. Knowles, and J. H. Gillett; Mr. H. W. Ludgate, representing Ipswich Factory; Mr. R. E. Harris, Cowcross Street Manager; and Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Adams, guests; Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Baker, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Branscombe, Mr. and Mrs. G. Coles, Mr. J. Cole, Mr. H. W. Fry, Mr. J. W. Harris, Mr. A. H. Hasler, Mr. G. Holley, Mr. and Mrs. A. K. Hopkins, Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Kington,

Mrs. Larcombe, Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Moulder, Miss Long, Mr. Colyer, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. K. Perkins, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Chidgey, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Robinson, Mr. and Mrs. L. Scull, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Wallis, Mr. A. E. Wade, Mrs. Darter, Mr. F. J. C. Read, Mr. T. S. Stewart, Miss D. James, Mr. G. Ward Willis.

The "Coventry," as always, did us extremely well. The Dinner itself, and the care and interest shown by the Restaurant Staff, provided a most pleasant feature, and at the outset assured a most enjoyable evening.

Mr. Bodinnar presided, and, as usual, was the prime mover in setting the note of harmony and jollity essential to such occasions.

We missed Mr. J. F. Kington, and Mr. Wade was not able on this occasion to bring Mrs. Wade, but to make up we were glad to welcome Mrs. F. J. Kington and Mrs. L. Scull.

On this occasion there were two guests—Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Adams—of whom more anon.

A very high class Entertainment was provided, the vocal and instrumental music and Mr. Wade's recitation all being exceptionally good; and, had we let ourselves go on deserved encores, it is impossible to say how far into the morning of the 19th we should have gone ere we parted. Mr. Branscombe, a host in himself, provided the comic element. We had a disappointment, as Mr. Stuart was suffering from a cold and loss of voice, and he could not carry out his promise to entertain us with costume songs of the Sir Harry Lauder style. The Community Singing, led by the irrepressible Branscombe, was a novel and greatly successful feature in the entertainment.

Nowadays we rather concentrate on the more social side of the evening. Speeches are within reasonable limits, and it is remembered that "brevity is the soul of wit." Anyhow, although brief, the speeches were to the point, and as good as ever. Mr. Bodinnar's speech was one of great encouragement, and a happy blend of common sense, wit, and good fellowship; in fact, a perfect model of the ideal after-dinner speech.

A novel feature of the evening was the presentation of the "Bodinnar Challenge Shield," which was first put up for competition by Mr. Boddinar in the year 1920 at

the London Grocers' Exhibition for bacon cutting and bacon slicing, &c.

This has since been an annual feature at the London Exhibition, one of the conditions of the competition being that in the event of any competitor winning the Shield for three years in succession it would become his absolute property.

Several names appear on the Shieldbut Mr. Adams entered as a competitor at the Grocers' Exhibition of 1924, and won the Shield. He repeated the success in 1925; and finally, in 1926, won the trophy a third time, and in so doing made the Shield his own.

In a few well-chosen words Mr. Bodinnar presented the Shield to Mr. Adams, together with a chaplet of beautiful flowers to Mrs. Adams. Mr. Adams' reply in accepting the Shield marks him as a man whose modesty of disposition is as praiseworthy as is his ability.

And so home with the words of "Auld Lang Zyne" mingled this year with the words from the Community Singing:—

"Together, together, the more we are together the merrier we shall be."



London Outing, 1926.

REDRUTH.

It gives us great pleasure to record the visit of Mr. Jesse Bullock to the factory here. "Sweet Calne," undoubtedly, has a remarkable hold on its people, as it is rare indeed for us to see any of their smiling faces. Even the prospect of "Blue seas and golden sands" fails to lure them down. We shall have to send on a few snapshots setting forth the attractions of Redruth, and see if that will have the desired effect.

The shades of night were falling fast As a youth into Moore's sweetshop passed; "Give me," quoth he, with a voice of might,

"A bar of your Turkish Delight."

Next day our office staff aghast Watched that bar diminish fast; He crammed and crammed, and crammed again,

Until his face gave one a pain.

But, alas! that Turk's Delight Placed him in a sorry plight; "Help! Hit me hard, or I shall choke," He, with much pain, was heard to croak.

You should have heard the awful whack The cashier gave that young man's back; Then, as reward, they helped him eat The rest of that delicious sweet.

In this tale a moral doth lie, One can see it with half an eye; A policy that is wise and sound Is first to pass the sweets around.

STEVE.

Hanging tongues and bulging eves greeted the appearance, at our unloading platform, of three large jars labelled "Glorious Beer." Was there to be a com-Our Foreman, ever to the fore, bravely uncorked the vessels. A sharp intake of breath was noticeable among the unlookers as the corks were being withdrawn. This, we understand, was necessary to perform the rites of the abovementioned clan. Alas! the said breath was expelled in a deep sign; the beverage proved to be flat and very stale. Expressing their keen disappointment, the staff took up "the common round, the trivial task," and left the consignment to its rightful owners the mechanics, who required it in course of their work.

It may not be known to our friends in other Branches that we are in the habit of selling pigs at so much per week of age. A keen young man wrote to us as follows:—
"Will you kindly send me on a pig and I will send on the money each week. I enclose 5s. for the first instalment."

Anticipating inquiries, we hasten to add that the young man's name was not Mr. Everyman.

CORNUBIAN.

TIVERTON.

We are sorry to say there has not been anything of special interest happened at our Branch this month. We are such a small staff that our social activities are very limited, but we are all very interested in reading about your doings at Calne and elsewhere.

We are pleased to report that we have been more busily engaged this past month than we were in the previous two months, and we hope for still better results in the near future.

As Totnes has taken "Devonian" as their *Nom de Plume*, we think we will write under the name of "Dumpling."

As we go to press we hear with sorrow of the bereavement Mr. Ash has suffered in the death of his mother. He has our sincere sympathy.

I.F.B.

* * *

TOTNES.

We received the welcome news early in February that by the will of an old Totnesian a considerable sum of money has been left to the Borough, the interest from which is to be used for the reduction of rates, or any other purpose beneficial to the residents.

This prospect of lower rates has already led to some of the Office Staff seriously considering the advantages of matrimony; in fact, one of the members has definitely decided to take the plunge at Easter.

The date of our Annual Outing was decided at a meeting of all the employees, the selected day being the 25th June, and we are looking forward to a repetition of the glorious time we had last year.

We overheard the following last Market Day:—

First Farmer: "Well, Garge, wot did yer pigs fetch?"

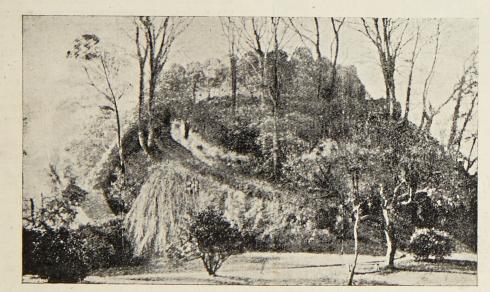
Second Farmer: "Not so much as I thawt they wid, but, thur, I thawt they widn't."

Anxious Employee: "Please, sir, have my new clogs arrived?"

Manager: "Not yet."

Voice behind: "They ain't cut the trees down yet."

The Annual Meeting was held of the Totnes Horticultural Society, in which the majority of our men are keenly interested. The date of this year's Show was fixed for August 6th. There are already signs that "Spades will be Trumps" with our men on Saturdays for the next few weeks.



TOTNES CASILE.

During the early part of the month the Factory boiler was re-seated, and for about ten days we were without the use of steam. This was not altogether appreciated by the Office Staff, as the weather was decidedly Arctic, and cold feet are not conducive to attaining extra marks for efficiency. We obtained a rather better supply of pigs, but not near our requirements. We are, however, looking forward to an improvement shortly.

We have now to touch on a very sad note, as it is with great regret that we have to mention the passing away, on Friday February 18th, of Mrs. Powney, who recently attained the age of 90. The funeral on February 21st was attended by the whole of our employees, with the exception of two, who were ill. Amongst the wreaths

sent were two very nice ones by Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Bodinnar and the Totnes employees. The sympathy of all members of the Firm will, we know, be extended to our Manager in his bereavement. Mrs. Powney was well known at Calne, and was beloved by all, being one of the type of English ladies who have helped to make our country what it is to-day. We are sending a photograph showing Mr. Powney and his Mother at their home, which was taken in 1925.

W.J.T.

All who knew Mrs. Powney were struck with her wonderfully sympathetic and humorous personality. She was an ideal mother and friend. Our visits to Totnes will not be the same now that she has gone.

J.F.B.



A recent photograph of Mrs. Powney taken with her Son, Mr. J. N. Powney.

Pig Paragaphs.

Housing.

SUCCESSFUL pig-keeping, whether breeding or fatting, depends to a very great degree on the suitability of the housing accommodation provided. It is frequently fuond that any dilapidated shed or sty isconsidered good enough to keep pigs in ;and doubtless, in some cases, under these conditions fair results are obtained, but eventually chills and disease are encountered, with consequent loss, which very materially affects the financial result, and the would-be pig feeder gives up in disgust, declaring that pig feeding does not pay. He has nobody to blame but himself; a little forethought and capital outlay at the commencement would probably have made all the difference between failure and success.

There can be no doubt that a little extra expense and care in the provision of comfortable and sanitary accommodation results in pigs paying better and fatting in a shorter time, thus effecting a saving in food, labour, and rental charges, &c.

The selection of the building site is of the utmost importance. Choose the highest ground available, so that all drainage of surface water may be away from the buildings and not towards them. There is more treading close round the styes than elsewhere, and in wet weather the advantage in building on the highest ground will be considerable.

The next important point is to choose the correct aspect. This should be due South, if possible, or, at all events, South-West, so as to take advantage of all possible sun and to obtain protection from North and North-East winds.

The inside dimensions of the sty must depend upon the number of pigs it is intended to fat, 10 feet by 7 feet being suitable for six to eight pigs or for a farrowing pen. For ease of construction it is advisable to slope the roof from front to rear, and guttering should be fixed to take the rain-water to the liquid manure tank. The height of the roof in the front may be 6 feet 6 inches, with a slope of 15 inches to the rear. Corrugated iron or asbestos sheets on pieces of quartering, with a lining of thin match

board inside, makes a satisfactory roof, giving protection from cold in winter and heat in summer.

The walls are best built of concrete up to a height of from 3 feet 6 inches to 4 feet, finished off with timber for economy. If timber is used throughout, it should be lined with corrugated iron inside up to the height given for the walls, to provide freedom from draught and to keep the pigs from gnawing the wood.

The door should be halved, so that, when required, the top half may be left open. Shutters should be provided at each end of the sty just under the highest part of the roof for ventilation.

There is considerable difference of opinion as to what material makes the best floor; but, on the whole, concrete is most suitable, and wooden staging can be put down to provide warm and dry lying for the pigs. The slope of the floor should be sufficient to secure good drainage, and should be from rear to front, with a gutter running along outside the sty to take the manure to a liquid manure tank; this will provide a valuable fertiliser for the allotment or garden.

The sty-yard should be large enough to allow 18 inches of trough per pig for feeding.

C. & T. Harris (Calne) Ltd.. Pig Feeders Club.

R.P.R.

THE Annual General Meeting of the Pig Feeders' Club was held at the Company's Hall on Thursday, the 27th January, 1927, with Mr. R. P. Redman presiding. Mr. Bodinnar was, to the regret of all, unable to be present.

The report and accounts for the year 1926 were presented, and showed that the Club is steadily increasing in favour amongst pig feeders; and the report also showed the keen interest which has been taken by the members in the Competitions which have been arranged by the Committee, both in connection with the Summer Show and that Competition which runs from January to December.

In this latter Competition entries may be received at any time during the year,

and the judging of the pigs is effected by actual measurement and weight.

The following are the names of the winners of the 1926 competition:—

Prize. Value. Awarded to. Marks.

1st ... £2 ... Mr. W. Henley ... 654

2nd ... £1 ... Mr. R. P. Redman ... 653

3rd ... 12/6 ... Mr. A. H. Gale ... 644

4th ... 10/- ... Mr. F. Edwards ... 639

5th ... 7/6 ... Mr. F. Edwards ... 634

6th ... 5/- ... Mr. F. Edwards ... 633

Following the Annual General Meeting, a Supper and Smoker were held, and from the accounts which we have heard from people who were present, an exceedingly pleasant social evening ensued.

Maximum Marks obtainable—800.

At the conclusion of the musical programme Mr. W. R. Weston asked those present to rise and drink the health of their President and Mrs. R. P. Redman. Mr. Weston remarked on the very great interest which the President had shown in the various pig-feeding activities of the Club members, and was sure that it would be impossible to find anyone who was more sympathetic with them when difficulties arose in this connection. The toast was heartily drunk with musical honours and cheers for Mr. and Mrs. Redman.

Poultry Notes.

A generation ago the winter months were almost destitute of eggs. We owe our thanks to experiment and systematic study by professionals and amateurs that the former state of affairs does not exist to-day. Undoubtedly, those stalwarts who plead for non-intervention with nature have considerable weight on their side, given the fact that natural conditions prevail. Any keeper whose birds are allowed freedom must have noticed from time to time the disappearance of hens to complete their sitting of eggs, returning for a brief period at feeding time, hurrying away again, and at last making a triumphal return to the homestead surrounded by their fluffy broods. This may be charming, but in cases where the possibilities of the egg market are not to be ignored and the unproductiveness of poultry during several months of the year means a direct loss to the farmer's wife and the smaller keeper alike, a study of modern methods and feeding is essential.

Maize.—Maize is a comparatively new addition to poultry feeding in this country. Upon its introduction there was the usual tendency to abuse a good thing. In spite of the cloud which temporarily settled over this very useful and economical grain, practical men now confirm that, as a basis, properly balanced with wheat and oats, it is the ideal feed both for the production of good table birds and ensuring an abundant supply of eggs. Experts advise the use of cracked or kibbled maize in preference to the whole grain.

Litter.—The dry feed should be given early, and scattered in litter. The importance of making the birds work for their food cannot be too strongly emphasised. The miserable appearance of a brood with inadequate litter speedily vanishes. When this is forthcoming the cold claws become blood warm, indicating healthy birds.

Other Feeding.—A mid-day ration of green stuff is essential; and about half-anhour before sunset give warm mash containing a good proportion of maize or maize germ meal. The water should be changed daily, and the supply of grit and oyster shell never be allowed to run out. Highly concentrated meat and fish meals should be used very sparingly; this caution applies specially to the latter. If used indiscriminately, a fishy taint will appear in the flavour of the egg. House scraps (which should be cooked) supply some of those elements which the ordinary feeds lack, and this source of supply should never be despised, especially by the man with his small run in the back garden.

Attention Essential.—To get the best out of the fowl-run anything in the nature of haphazard treatment should be rigorously avoided. Everything which helps to make the birds healthy means comfort for them, and, incidentally, more eggs and a better price for table birds. This can only be done by a systematic attention to their comfort and feeding. The Calne Milling Company have built up a considerable reputation, not only by their own proprietary mixtures branded as the Camilloo, but by the excellence of their feeding stuffs sold in bulk; and old hands at poultry keeping, as well as novices, cannot do better than place their orders in the capable hands of this old-established and trustworthy firm.

YEVRAH.

The Life-Boat Service.

IT'S RECORD OF 103 YEARS.

TT is 103 years since the Royal National Lifeboat Institution was founded at a Meeting in The City of London, its object being "The preservation of life in cases of shipwreck on the coasts of the United Kingdom; to be supported by donations and annual subscriptions, and subjects of all nations to be equally objects of the Institution, as well in war as in peace.

Everyone has heard of the Lifeboat Service, which celebrated its anniversary on March 4th, but how many realise what its work means? How many even realise the extent of the coasts from the perils of which it guards seafarers?

It is the busiest coast in the world. In one year over 150 million tons of shipping approach or leave it. Round all that immense and busy coast the Lifeboats of the Royal National Lifeboat Institution are stationed. Wherever a Lifeboat is shown to be necessary, and a crew can be found, there the Institution is pledged to place one. It gives rewards for every rescue, or attempted rescue, from shipwreck round our coasts by whomever performed. It compensates Lifeboatmen who are injured on service, and it pensions the widows and orphans of those who may lose their lives in saving others.

The most remarkable feature of its work is that it is voluntary. The Institution neither asks for nor receives a penny from the State. It is maintained entirely by voluntary contributions. It is controlled by a voluntary Committee of Management. Its stations, numbering over 200, are ad ninistered, under the control of the Committee of Management, by voluntary Committees and Honorary Secretaries. In addition, it has over 600 Financial Branches, with thousands of voluntary workers attached to them who, without reward, help it in the task of raising the funds to carry on the service. A Branch has recently been formed in Calne, under the Presidency of the Mayor, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar; the Treasurer being Mrs. M. P. Clarke; and the Secretary. Mrs. C. O. Gough.

The men who man its lifeboats, and the men and women who launch them, are also

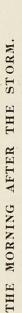
volunteers. Although the Institution re wards them for every service which they perform, they are not its paid servants. They earn their living in other ways, and voluntarily accept the often terrible exposure and dangers of the service as the natural duty of men and women who live on the coast.

All the year round the work of the service is going on. Hardly a week passes without lives being rescued from shipwreck somewhere around our coasts. Here is one typical story, the story of a gallant service performed a few weeks ago :-

On the morning of January 26th the whole of the fishing fleet at Newbiggin, on the coast of Northumberland, had gone out in fine weather, but while they were at sea a sudden gale sprang up. By eleven o'clock the wind was blowing with great force, a very heavy sea was breaking on the shore, and the coxswain decided to launch the Lifeboat in order to stand by the boats which, as they returned, would be in great danger rounding Newbiggin Point. The weather was very cold, and it was raining heavily.

Nearly all the regular members of the Lifeboat's crew were out with the fishing boats, but the Coxswain got together a scratch crew, consisting chiefly of miners who had just come off their shift in the mine; and, with the help of twenty-five fisher-women, wives and daughters of the men who were at sea, the Lifeboat was, with great difficulty, launched. But for the help of the women it would have been impossible to get her afloat through the heavy surf. As it was, she was thrown back on the beach, and to straighten her up many of the women waded out waist deep. The Lifeboat remained at sea off the Point for three hours, until all the fishing-boats were safely in. During the whole of that time many of the women waited, although they were wet through, and then helped to re-house the Lifeboat.

That is an example of the work which is being done. In order to do it, the Institution has a fleet of 217 Lifeboats, of which number 61 are powerful Motor Lifeboats. Each year it needs £250,000. It is a large sum to raise by voluntary means, but very small when it is remembered that for this sum—the fraction of the cost of one battleship—the Institution provides and maintains the Lifeboat Service round 5,000 miles of coast.





Just Between Ourselves.

THE absorbing topic this month is, of course, the "Needlework Competition," the preliminary announcement of which appeared in our February number. The list of Classes and Rules, together with Entry Form, will be found inside your Copy.

I have been congratulating myself because the first Competition launched in connection with the Magazine emanates from this page, although it is announced a little earlier than was at first anticipated. But when an Editor insists, well, all one has to do is to sharpen one's pencil and one's

wits and get down to it!

In order that all needlewomen may have a chance of winning a prize we, have tried to divide the Classes so as to give as wide a choice of subjects as possible, and I feel sure Class "D" for the youngest members of our big family will be appreciated. We shall, of course, be delighted if our young girls compete in either of the other Classes, if they are interested (and I hope they will be), but it was thought advisable to give them a Special Class as they might not feel they are able to compete with some of the older folk.

We have made the Rules as simple and few as possible. Don't forget to send in your Entry Form with your fee by the 4th April; and when you send the competing article, be sure you attach your name and address securely to the back. This will make the work of returning the

articles so much easier.

If any point is not clear to any Competitor, and they will write to me, I shall be most pleased to answer to the best of my ability.

The main points which will be taken into consideration in judging work are

neatness and good stitchery.

In the White Embroidery and Knitting Classes, remember the Judges look at the back of the work as well as the front. In coloured embroidery the blending of the colours will also be taken into consideration.

Nothing, of course, must be washed

before it is exhibited.

I am particularly pleased to announce that Miss Hulbert and Miss Aspinal, of Chippenham, have kindly consented to officiate as judges. These ladies are themselves excellent needlewomen, and, in addition, have on many occasions undertaken a similar task. I feel we are very fortunate in having secured their kind help, and we appreciate immensely the fact that their services are given quite freely on this occasion.

I am going to make a special appeal to the members of our Travelling Staffs to use their well-known persuasive powers on the ladies of their own households to enter for this competition. We shall be so pleased to know that they also are taking

an interest in this venture.

With life so full of interest for women as it is now-a-days, needlework no longer holds the position of being almost their only pastime; and many girls have told me they "have no time to do sewing." This seems a pity, as the ability to use a needle when you have a home of your own its, in its place, as essential to the general comfort as cooking utensils and the ability to cook.

It is with a view to stimulating interest in the essentially feminine occupation of needlework that this Competition has been launched, and I hope the results will be such that we shall be able to announce later that the First Competition in connection with the "Harris Magazine" was an unqualified success. It is up to all of you to make it so, and I feel sure, if you only commence with the idea of winning a prize, before long you will be working just for the love of the pastime and the beautiful articles you will be fashioning.

I am very pleased to tell you that Messrs. Weldons, Ltd., the well-known firm of Fashion Publishers, have promised me a supply of their Dressmaking and Needlework Books, which will be available for the future to all our girls who are interested. I am sure we shall all appreciate immensely the opportunity which will be thus afforded of seeing the very latest designs; and we should like to place on record our sense of indebtedness to Messrs. Weldon for their kindness in the matter.

"MARIAN."

LIST OF WELDON'S PUBLICATIONS NOW AVAILABLE.—

Weldon's Catalogue of Fashions; Weldon's Illustrated Dressmaker; Weldon's Ladies Journal; Weldon's Children's Fashions; Weldon's Coat Frocks; Weldons Coats & Skirts; Weldon's Girls Dresses for all ages; Weldon's Knitter (Socks & Stockings, 18 mths. to 8 years); Weldon's Book of the Bride and her Attendants; Weldon's Jumpers.

I am pleased to have received the following Letter from our friends at Chippenham:—

DEAR MARIAN,

It was with great interest that we read your Letter in the first issue of the Magazine.

We, at Chippenham, although few in numbers, are looking forward to particulars of the promised Sewing Competition and Cookery Corner.

We hear that we are to meet at tennis, and are looking forward to meeting some members of the Calne Staff in the sunny days to come.

As we rarely have the opportunity of visiting the London Stores, we are anticipating the glowing descriptions from the "London Girls."

Yours sincerely,

M.H., L.W.

OUR COOKERY CORNER.

CORNISH PASTIES.

Ingredients.—Make a short-crust pastry. Prepare potatoes, also turnip, onion, or parsley for flavouring, meat, and seasoning to taste.

Method.—Roll out some pastry to about half-an-inch thick, finely cut the vegetables and lay on, add a little seasoning. Cut meat into small pieces and put on the vegetables, add remainder of seasoning. Close pastry by pinching the edges firmly together and crimping, cut small whole on the top. Sprinkle the sheath with flour, put the pastry in a fairly quick oven and bake for one hour.

M.W. (Redruth).

GINGER BREADS.

Ingredients.—1lb. flour, 2 large teaspoonfuls of ginger, $1\frac{1}{2}$ ditto of carbonate of soda, $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. coarse sugar, 2ozs. lemon peel, 7ozs. butter or margarine, 1 large teaspoonful of cinnamon. Sufficient cane syrup to mix.

Method.—Mix flour, cinnamon, soda, ginger, and peel together, and add to the

butter and sugar beaten to a cream. Make to a thick paste with the syrup. Roll into little balls, put on a greased sheath, and bake in a moderate oven from 15 to 20 minutes.

M.W. (Redruth).

Next Month:—Scotch Eggs. Saffron Cake.

I have received a very interesting letter from the girls at Ipswich, but I regret that pressure of space precludes its appearance in this issue. It will, however, make very interesting reading next month.

I have received the following request from Miss Edwards, of Totnes:—Perhaps Miss M. Williams will give us the Recipe for Potato Cake at some future time. Although I have had this in several places, it has never been as nice as that made at Redruth.

BEAUTY HINTS No. 1.

How to Keep your Youth.—Don't introduce him to your lady friends.

A farmer was celebrating his fourth marriage, and it being no novelty to him, he merely had a wedding breakfast, and afterwards showed his latest bride round the village, pointing out to her the peculiarities of the principal buildings, and remarking on the very ancient church and churchyard.

One elaborate, and comparatively new, tombstone attracted her, and she drew her husband's attention to it. He explained that it was his family burial ground, and raised his hat.

His new wife then read out the inscription:—

Mary, beloved wife of John — also

Being unable to decipher the inscription at the base of the monument, she asked its meaning, and in solemn tones her new husband answered:—

"BE YE ALSO READY."

BACKFAT, Totnes.

The Broad Highway.

We are sorry that, up to the moment, there has not been a very great deal of response to our appeal in this column in the February issue for copy from our friends on the road. Just as you are interested in the happenings at Calne, so we are interested in your experiences, and we hope to have a big selection to choose from for our April issue.

At the time of writing these few notes it is rather early to say whether March is going to show a turn for the better in trade conditions. Generally, however, things seem to be more hopeful all the way round; and with Easter approaching we hope to see the material improvement in demand for which we are all looking.

We have had an exhibit of bacon, hams, and lard at the British Industries Fair at the White City, on the stand for which the National Farmers' Union were responsible, which also comprised a display of cheese, eggs, and other dairy produce. The exhibit was honoured by a visit from their Majesties the King and Queen, when the King was heard to express a special preference for dark brown eggs.

We also have a small display at the Ideal Homes Exhibition at Olympia, where Harris' sausages and bacon are used in connection with the cooking demonstrations.

We are now busy getting ready for what we hope will be a real "bumper" Exhibition at Hull.

On behalf of the Editor we should like to take this opportunity of thanking the very many of our friends who have written letters of appreciation and suggestion respecting the first two issues. All he wishes to add is that now we want to see some real practical contributions from you all

Coming home the other evening I got inside a tramcar. An elderly gentleman sat down beside me, and his little Cairn terrier lay down at his feet. The conductor, in taking my fare, dropped a coin, and the terrier at once pounced after it. As I remarked, "He is a Scot, isn't he?"

And that reminds me of the Aberdeen dog which was in the habit of getting a penny every morning from his master, with which he ran along to the baker who supplied him with a bun. The baker missed the dog's visits for a week, and wondered what had happened. But on the Saturday morning the dog trotted merrily into his shop and laid down six pennies. He thus became entitled to seven buns, as these are sold in Aberdeen at seven for sixpence.

Here is a tale with a moral, for which I am indebted to the "Daily News":—

Injured Lady: Waitress, I asked for China tea——

Waitress (harassed and on the defensive): I gave you China tea, madam.

Lady: Excuse me, I ordered China tea, and——

Waitress: If you ordered China tea, I gave you China tea.

Lady (in burst—her patience exhausted): If you'll only let me finish, I asked for China tea, and this is coffee!

G.S.C.

"What are the prospects of the Pig Market?" We wonder how often this question faces our friends on the road. It is always a difficult one to answer, even with a most intimate knowledge of the trade and of possible supplies and demand, and whatever reply is given it is apt to be upset by many unforeseen circumstances, such as outbreaks of foot and mouth disease, heavy killings in the foreign markets, heavy supplies of foreign bacon, and the alternative rises and falls which occur in the auction markets, to say nothing of the many other factors which affect the price of pigs.

The principal factor to which the present high price and poor supply of bacon pigs must be attributed is, of course, the embargo on fresh pork; but if reports are of any value, it seems that there is every hope of a brighter future.

We are told that, whilst pigs of bacon weight are at present in short supply, there are large numbers of pigs of heavy pork weight which will, in all probability, be fed to bacon size. It is to be hoped that these reports are true, and that we shall have a much more plentiful supply of pigs of the correct weight and type.

It appears probable that the present level of prices will be maintained for some time, and those feeders who can market their pigs before September have every prospect of getting a good return for their produce.

Photographic Notes.

SPRING.

Have you considered the varied subjects at this time of the year that cry aloud for reproduction?

Take, for example, the sheep folds on the Cherhill Downs. One could spend hours up there with a camera. Lambs always seem to make good pictures. Then, again, shepherds and sheep form a happy combination.

Many an interesting picture can be taken of farm life. One need not particularise on this subject, as the words "Farm Life" will immediately conjure up pleasant recollections.

One hesitates to recommend studies of bird life. It is interesting, and the results compensate one for the time and trouble spent, but a vast amount of patience is required.

Spring flowers provide pleasing pictures, and are well worth the trouble. Wood anemones, in their natural surroundings, daffodils tastefully arranged in bowls, give us pictures that are a constant delight.

To conclude, the countryside abounds in subjects at Springtime, and one is indeed fortunate if one possesses a camera and can catch Spring in its many moods.



"Snapped" behind the "Stumps." (Kindly loaned by The Kodak Co.)

Round The Town.

The Borough's Second Annual "Boost" Week will take place from May 19th to 25th inclusive.

A remarkably attractive programme is being arranged, and next month we intend to present the full time-table of events for the week to our readers. To arouse curiosity, we may say that the business and residential parts of the Borough will be decorated on a scale never before attempted. Many special novelties will be introduced into the carnival procession. There is to be a comic band contest, a battle of confetti, community singing, and on one of the days thousands of oxygen-filled balloons will be released; and there will be prizes for the senders of those making the longest flights. To give Darby and Joan a sporting chance of success, we whisper to them that there is to be a Dunmow Flitch Trial, so don't be cross with one another between now and May, or the Counsel for the Flitch will spoil your chances of success.

The Industrial Exhibition in the Town Hall will eclipse last year's effort; and Empire Day, with its special programme for the children, will remind us of "those bonds, thin as gossamer, strong as tempered steel," which bind our Empire together.

"The Little Irish Girl," which will shortly be showing at Calne, holds an audience in suspense to the end. It is a tale of mugs and gambling dens, real estate sharp practice, and rogues outwitted by Grannie Weaver, who "doctors" the springs on her property, gets a good sum for it as a prospective spa. "The Little Irish Girl" and her admirer, Johnny Hayes, receive a nice little sum from the proceeds, and wedding bells follow.

Tell us not in mournful numbers life is but an empty dream; that we blokes get all the skim milk and the trusts get all the cream. Life is earnest, so get busy; swing your uppercut and jab; when good things are flying round you, just reach out and make a grab.

Our Post Bag.

The Editor, "Harris Magazine."

DEAR SIR,

I think Mr. Gunning is running wide of the mark when he says that he tried to form a Sports Club for the Firm. I am quite sure to-day it would have been a reality had the scheme which had been put forward gone through, but it was smothered in its infancy. The same old horse was trotted out: "We have tried this and tried that, and it has always failed." So would all things if done in a half-hearted manner.

As Mr. Gunning must remember, one of the Committee suggested at the Meeting that you would not open a shop with nothing to sell and expect customers to come in when you had nothing to offer them. Further, you would very soon have to close down if that were the position. On the other hand, it was suggested that if we laid a Sports Field out for tennis, cricket, and bowls, we should be able to open our shop with a good show to offer our clients; and after getting a good sports fixture, to entice our clients up to the ground for the opening, I have no hesitation in saying to-day that we should have had something to look back upon.

I say that the Committee did not do justice to the offer made; as, although up to the present we have had help for the Cricket Club, we are still in the same position as we

were five years ago.

With one Central Committee and Sub-Committees for the various sports sections, as in other firms, I feel confident that it is not too late now to make this a reality.

OLIVER TWIST.

DEAR SIR.

I was pleased to see Mr. Gunning's reply

to my Letter.

One is quite certain of the interest and real hard work of our Committee. The various members have far too much detail work to do—work that should be undertaken by our members. The pity of it is that our people have not shown a greater interest in its activities. I would, in all earnest, ask Mr. Gunning and those he represents not to dwell on the past. We must admit the

failure, but a far different spirit animates our members from that of a few years back. There is an old proverb, "Try, try again." If the Committee keep at it they are bound to win through in the end.

I must repeat my previous remark, that the "main thing to do is to get things started." That is what we elect a Committee for. They should not wait for suggestions, but consider the possibilities, and place the result of their deliberations before the members. There is such a thing as creating a demand. I will go further, and say that, even if something is started and eventually fails, the Committee have the satisfaction of knowing that for the period of its life it provided pleasure for someone.

Now that we have a Magazine, there should be no difficulty in keeping our various activities before the members, and so maintain interest. The main thing is to get started.

MR. MICAWBER.

MR. J. KENNETH BODINNAR.

It will be a matter of general interest that Mr. J. Kenneth Bodinnar, the only son of our Managing Director, sailed from Southampton on the 4th March, on the Union Castle liner "Armadale Castle," for Cape Town, en route for Limbe, in Nyasaland, where he has gone to take up a very important appointment.

While all of us will join most heartily in wishing Godspeed and all health, happiness, and prosperity to him, our good wishes cannot but be tinged with a marked sense of regret and loss, for Mr. Kenneth had, by his charming personality, won the heartfelt goodwill of us all, and we had long hoped that he would some day join the Firm.

Mr. Kenneth takes with him, on his great adventure, all our best hopes and wishes.

EDITOR.

Old Lady, to Tramp: I am giving you this sixpence, not because I think you deserve it, but because it pleases me.

Tramp: Then you might as well make it a shilling and thoroughly enjoy yourself.



APRIL, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

THE president of a great American corporation acquired chronic dyspepsia in addition to a huge fortune. A part of the cure ordered by his European physician consisted of an early morning ride and copious draughts of hot water during the day. Feeling convinced that he had derived great benefit from this treatment, he decided to experiment on his executive staff upon his return to the United States.

Accordingly, for many months, the heads of departments were marshalled before the works at an early hour and proceeded on a five mile jaunt, led by their chief. Mutiny broke out, however, when morning and afternoon each employe was required to drink a cup of hot water.

The whole aim of the Welfare movement is thwarted when it crosses the individuality of those for whose benefit it was started. The true basis of welfare is help for the individual to realise to the fullest extent his individuality.

Although quite young as an organised movement, yet efforts in the direction of Industrial Welfare were made even in the darkest days of "laissez-faire." Too often these were tinctured with either the "Lord and Lady Bountiful" or the "I'll larn yer!" spirit, and much of the suspicion of

movements for social elevation dates from those days.

The expression, "The Dignity of Labour," is meaningless if the labourer is treated in an undignified manner, implying total incapability of attending to his own wants.

Whilst recognising the right to personal choice and action, there are many things which can only be obtained by outside help. It may be educational facilities, a system of saving, provision for hard times, or means for recreation and entertainment, all of which are obtainable much more easily and efficiently by collective than individual effort.

It is at this point that the Welfare and Entertainment Society helps. The Committee are anxious to discover the varying needs of their members, and for this purpose our columns have been open to correspondents from the first issue.

We hope to receive many letters, so that every avenue of this movement may be explored. We shall also be pleased to hear from employees who are not ambitious "to appear in print" what their favourite recreations and sports are, and how they think the Welfare Society can help them.

The replies to this latter invitation will be carefully tabulated and handed to the officers of the Society for their consideration.

Between Ourselves.

OTNES on a Spring day is something to be remembered, especially when one's official visit coincides with the wedding of a member of the staff. I expect the beauty of the sun and sky, with the unusual fulness of the Dart, all had their messages of cheer and hope on April 16th for R. J. Tozer and his bride. One hopes that the uninvited presence of the Managing Director in the Church did not spoil the joy of the happy couple. Business done in the Factory, we drove across the Moor to the old Benedictine Abbey at Buckfast. There, for many years, only a few ancient apartments had remained of the stately pile. Then a vision of what might be came to the handful of faithful followers. They conceived the possibility of building an edifice on the old foundations by their own hands that should represent for ever the practical embodiment of their ideal and sacrifice. One man alone knew anything of the art of a master builder, but his few pupils were apt learners, and, impelled by the might of their purpose, they began their work. For years the Monks, and the Monks alone, have done the building. Little by little the structure has grown, until already the simple grandeur of its conception stands in Dartmoor as a monument of the small beginning with f1 of working capital to the courage, loyalty, tenacity, efficiency, and love of those who began and mean to finish their great endeavour.

The dream of the Monks of Buckfast, harnessed to a single £1 and backed up by consistent effort, will one day witness the re-established glory of noble buildings that for all time, to those who understand, will speak of a great ideal translated into permanent achievement.

When science had not yet demonstrated all her modern wonders, a man of thoughtful mind, sitting by a fire, saw how hissing steam arising from boiling water forced the lid of a kettle into quick movements. A little patience, a few rough tools, and a selection of scanty material, saw the harnessing of steam power with the miracles of transportation following in its wake.

And so in all the history of human progress there have been the vision, the will to work, the opportunity which always comes to those who follow the gleam; and

finally, even if fulfilment be sometimes incomplete, achievement.

Business may also possess the charm of these qualities; indeed, business without them would become merely the avenue for the earning of the pittance necessary to support the claims of natural existence, or the battle ground for securing petty gain and advancement. But a proper understanding of the daily work means more than that. The Monks of Buckfast are resurrecting an ancient glory by modern sacrifice. A middleaged man may find it necessary to pull down his ill-conceived notions of life, and with the fuller knowledge of experience and failure to re-erect the structure of his hopes so that he may stand four square on sure foundations against the winds of chance. The employer may learn, when almost toolate, that to trust and encourage is better as a general principle than to doubt and to drive by bit and spurs. The employee may realise when, through the strain of modern competition, his occupation is threatened from without, that it is intelligent, enthusiastic co-operation and the last ounce of effort which counts in making for the mutual prosperity of those who serve and those who direct.

To everyone amongst us, then, our vision, our determination to seize our opportunity, our steady purpose to pursue, and certainly in due form and in due course, according to our deserving, the finished building enshrining all the hope we may have for that which is to come.

In such fashion has one's thoughts run from a visit during the full-tide glories of Spring to the Devonshire Moors. For there the granite mingles with the pasture lands and the prickly furze hedges in the springing corn. For there the unwary traveller may miss his way in sudden fog or hidden bog, but there the souls of men are nursed in pure air, and the granite qualities of men are accompanied by the soft cadences of musical dialect and the true kindliness of an unspoiled humanity.

And in the midst of the Moor is a great convict prison, where life's failures long for liberty.

Carnival Dresses.

Useful Hints.

T is only within the last few years that English people have "cottoned on" (as the Americans say) to the idea of carnival; although, who has not read of the fun and frolic, laughter and dancing, of the days of carnival in many of the cities and towns on the Continent, the gaily-decorated carnival cars, ribbon streamers, masses of flowers, fairy lights and fireworks, and, one of the first essentials of any carnival, the fancy dresses.

This year Calne is incorporating in its Empire Shopping Week a Fancy Dress Carnival, and it will, I hope, be of interest to readers if I give them a few hints on the art of making fancy dress costumes. In this, as in most other things, "it's so easy when you know how."

The prettiest and most inexpensive material is, of course, crepe paper, and we can thoroughly recommend that specially manufactured by Messrs. Dennison, of London, for this purpose, and sold by Mr. Robert Heath, of The Strand, Calne; and Mr. S. Carpenter, Church Street, Calne.

The initial procedure, after choosing your costume, is to make a slip of some kind of material (muslin or sateen are very good mediums) on which the paper costumes are sewn or pasted. The slip should fasten at the back and fit fairly closely. Sleeves are usually unnecessary.

Having made your slip, it is the easiest possible task to arrange the lengths of paper forming the costume (using long stitches in a mercerised thread, a fair way from the edge of the paper).

In making skirts with several flounces you would, of course, arrange the lowest flounce in position first, and place the others over until the waist is reached.

With regard to hats of all kinds, it is usually unnecessary to sew these, the paper being gathered up with the fingers and a piece of wire twisted tightly round it. If a plain hat is required, such as is used in "Mother Goose," or a crown, as in "The Queen of Hearts," plain cardboard is cut into shape required, and decorated with black, gold, or silver paper as the case may be.

These hints are, of course, merely the preliminary guides, and the finished dress may require all sorts of little devices, such as wiring the petals in flower dresses, fringe in elf dresses, which is cut several thicknesses at a time, and wings of all kinds in butterfly dresses, &c., which are usually made of two thicknesses of crepe paper and wired, and decorated with coloured crepe paper or with coloured and gilt paint.

I understand the Editor has a supply of Leaflets issued by Messrs. Dennison on "How to make Fancy Costumes," together with a shade card giving suggestions for combinations of colours, which he will be pleased to issue to any girls in the Calne Factory or Offices who are interested in the Competition. Messrs. Dennison also issue a very descriptive book, price 6d., on the same subject, with very full directions on the making of all kinds of crepe paper costumes, amount of materials required, and each costume described is illustrated.

Our Children's Christmas Carnival gave evidence of the many clever fingers amongst us, and there should be no lack of entrants for the Competition organised by the promoters of Empire Shopping Week,



Early Victorian Costume.

Made with Dennison's Crepe Paper.

By The Way.

A WILTSHIRE VILLAGE.

Outwardly, perhaps, the village looks much the same as it did a century ago, and yet the life of the village has greatly altered. Then your only means of getting about was by coach or horseback; you killed your own pig and made your own bread.

Christmas was not regarded then as it is now; the great day of the year was the "Veast Day," on a Sunday in Autumn. All those who were away came back to their old homes that day, if they possibly could, and the dinner would be sure to include a monster fruit pie—damsons would be ripe now. The next day was given up to sport.

The only other holiday was when the Autumn Fair took place away over the Downs.

Nowadays motor 'buses run nearly everywhere; aerial poles rise beside many thatched cottages; on Saturday night there are the "pictures" to see in the nearest town; and nearly all villages have an Institute of some kind for social Entertainments.

VERDANT.

* >

There is no doubt that our Magazine is eagerly read. The following true story emphasises that well-known proverb, "Moderation in all things:"—

Scene: Suburban Villa. Time: Evening of publication day.

The scene opens with husband seated in the most comfortable chair, deeply absorbed in the Magazine. The wife, who has recently recovered from a sharp attack of influenza, is seated in another.

Wife: I don't get anything like so tired and sleepy in the evenings now as I did a short time ago.

Husband: Er (irritably). No? Wife: 'Um, suppose you wish I did?

We understand that a domestic tragedy was averted by the husband meekly handing over his copy of the Magazine.

The Editor has been invited to join the "Pig Club." We should like our readers' opinion of this, as we are inclined to think it is a doubtful compliment.

One of our energetic workers turned up at five o'clock one morning instead of the usual hour of six. He returned home; the door was locked, and his efforts to get in alarmed his wife. Thinking it was burglars, she roused her two sons, who quietly crept downstairs and unchained the dog. The dog bounded round to the front of the house. Unfortunately, our informant breaks off at this interesting point, and we are left guessing as to what happened when the two met.

TRUTH IS STRANGER THAN FICTION.

We are reminded by one of our contributors in St. Dunstan's Factory of a strange occurrence which has happened with uncanny frequency and slight variations. His story runs as follows:—

"Many years ago he attended market in a county town on Saturdays. Being the first man in and the last man out, his trap was always stationed at the back of the hotel yard. One Sunday morning an early visitor suggested that he had brought the landlord's fowls away with him on the previous evening. Our friend was astonished at this charge; to gratify the enquirer, however, he took him to the coach-house, and there, on the floor, were the fowls. The theory is that the fowls, having perched on the axle, remained there during the journey home, a distance of four miles. which was covered in the short space of twenty minutes.

Our contributor asks, "Can any employee beat this?" We hope not.

We are asked to guess the identity of the young lady who was in such a hurry to meet her young man that she blew up the tyres of somebody else's cycle instead of her own. We give it up, but would add that it is an ill wind that blows no-one any good.

Who was the carter who, instead of changing his horse over to another waggon, turned to the empty shafts, and said, "Gee up"?

* * *

In reply to an enquirer, we can definitely say that it is not correct that one of the first qualifications of an accountant is a thorough knowledge of a chef's duties.

One of our Midland friends suggests that we run a Matrimonial Agency in connection with the Magazine. We regret we cannot adopt this suggestion for several reasons, one being that we are unable to find an Insurance Company who is willing to cover the Editor against the necessary third party risks.

AQUATIC DISPLAYS.

Some years ago the stretch of water which runs past St. Dunstan's Factory was the scene of regular demonstrations of the art of natation.

A young and sprightly member of the staff, desiring to awaken memories of those far-off days, provided a treat recently to many interested onlookers. His particular method was to briskly and cheerfully leave work one evening, resplendent in a new suit, run across the road, perform what is known in gymnastic technology as a "short arm balance," and disappear head first into the stream below.

This effort having aroused nothing but the paternal home to action, our young friend, who is an enthusiastic Scout, decided to make another attempt, which was to be his good deed for that particular day. On this occasion he fell on his feet, which fact is considered a happy augury for the future of swimming in the town.

Perhaps, once again, swimming sports on August Bank-holiday in the River Marden will become an annual fixture!

* * * THE SUMMER FLOWER SHOW.

The Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society has definitely fixed on August 6th, 1927, for the Annual Summer Flower Show.

Full particulars of the many attractive classes for flowers, fruit, and vegetables will be given in subsequent issues of the Magazine. In view of the success attending the needlework and handicraft sections last year, it is hoped to extend considerably these features.

The Pig Feeders' Club will hold their annual competitions, including the special class for the Championship Cup.

Favourite features will be retained, and many original and striking ones introduced; and it is hoped to make this year's Show the most successful one in the history of the Society.

Members of the Welfare and Entertainment Society are invited to send suggestions of new features which can be incorporated with the Summer Flower Show.

Prizes, value 7/6, 5/-, and 2/6 respectively, will be awarded to the senders of the three best ideas which are adopted.

Any schemes submitted should be simple, and the cost of carrying them out not prohibitive.

The right is reserved to use any idea sent in.

* * :

We found the following gem in a recent number of the "West Somerset Free Press." A schoolboy was asked in an "exam." to say what he knew of Queen Elizabeth. This was the extent of his knowledge: "Queen Elizabeth was a very good queen, but she was much addicted to riding about on a horse without any clothes on. One day she met Sir Walter Raleigh, who took off his hat and said, 'I am afraid you must be very cold.' She replied, 'Dieu et mon droit,' which means, 'My God, you are right'!"

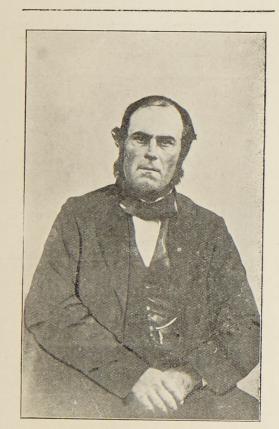


HARRIS' SAUSAGES.

Mrs. Archard has sent us the following, which we feel sure will interest all our readers:—

"My uncle, Mr. William Webb, was, I believe, the first man to make sausages for the firm. He came to Calne from London somewhere about 82 years ago. This was before the days of the Chippenham to Calne Railway, and his goods were brought from Chippenham in one of Harris' waggons. The two boys in his department were the late Mr. 'Ted' Butler, of Mill Street, and the late Mr. Henry Bennett, of London Road. After serving the Firm for twenty years he left to start in business on his own, and took the premises now occupied by Mr. Gross in Church Street, where he lived until he passed away on March 19th, 1880."

We are very much obliged to our good friend for her very interesting paragraph. She has forwarded a photograph which appears in this issue.



Mr. William Webb.

Our thanks are due to Mr. S. J. Veysey for the loan of photo blocks of Totnes. Our last number contained one of the Castle.

The type for this Magazine is supplied by a well-known firm in Somerset. Our last consignment of type was labelled, "DONT THROW ABOUT." When we mention that the type in question weighed about $2\frac{1}{2}$ cwt. one comes to the conclusion that the firm have a humorist on their staff.

Whilst consuming an evening refreshment out Cherhill way, two young men espied a saucepan on the fire. In reply to an inquiry as to its contents, they were told it was chickens' food. Lifting the lid, one of the young men said, "This smells too good for chickens' food, so let us help ourselves." The lid served as a plate, and pocket knives were brought into play. The landlady appeared to attend to her supper, and enquired as to the whereabouts of the lid. One of the young men handed it over with the remark, "I am one of the chickens," and promptly made himself scarce.

IF.

(With apologies to Rudyard Kipling). If you can keep your ledger when those about you

Are wanting it, and calling for it, too,

If you can post correctly when all clerks
doubt you,

And make allowance for their doubting, too, If you can dream—and look as if you're working.

If you can "balance" without "check" or "cast,"

If you can meet with "Van-men" without shirking,

If you laugh, and yet be working fast, If you can gather heart and nerve and sinew, To carry ledgers to the "Safe" abode,

If you can post "Cash" well, and so continue 'Till you have reached the "Six months balance" road,

If you can fill the unforgiving minute With sixty seconds worth of distance run, Yours shall be the Office and all that's in it, And—which is more—you'll make a "Clerk," my son.

M.E.B.

Our Picture Gallery.



UR congratulations to Mr. Charles T. Frotherby, of Newcastle-on-Tyne, who completed sixty years of active business life on the 12th inst.

Born in Leeds in 1853, he entered the service of Messrs. Vickers & Sons, Dry

Salters of that city, on March 12th, 1867. After twenty-three years' service with that firm he decided to go upon the road; and after several other engagements joined the Wiltshire Bacon Co., of Chippenham, in 1908.

Mr. Frotherby has a large circle of business friends in the north of England. He is of a bright temperament, and has a good fund of humorous stories with which he enlivens his business talks. He has filled almost every office open to a layman of the Wesleyan Methodist Church. A keen musician, he was, in his younger days, a member of the Leeds Philharmonic Society. Being blessed with good health throughout his long life, he still carries his mature years remarkably well.

* * * CREATION.

Creation's voice!—my soul attend— Its speaks, as doth no other friend; Her silence mark! Her power profound, Her obedience complete, with never a sound.

The law she owns in her domain
Proclaims its Giver, confirms His reign;
Responsive, renewing, her jubilant mirth,
Adorning and gladdening the face of the
earth.

To provide such delights and supply our needs,

Nature's eloquent charms and loveliness pleads;

And evokes or invites our adoring praise Of Him, Who thus crowns our lives and days.

Of daintiest shade, and exquisite form, Surviving alike the heat and the storm. Flowers golden and purple, ruby and red, And sometimes a daisy path we tread.

A. Davis.

Wedding Bells.



PRING is generally recognised as an ideal time for an honeymoon, and perhaps it was for this reason that Mr. R. J. Tozer (a very popular member of the Totnes staff) decided upon April 16th as the occasion of his wedding with Miss

Jessie Scoble, of Totnes, the marriage being solemnised at St. John's Church, Bridgetown.

Mr. Tozer joined the Firm from school in January, 1915, and the happy couple were presented with a dinner service by the Totnes employees, with every good wish for their future happiness.

J. N. POWNEY, Manager.

The marriage took place on Easter Monday, April 18th, of Miss Kathleen Ludgate, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Ludgate, of Ipswich, to Mr. Edward Law, of Chingford.

We all wish to express our interest and heartiest congratulations.

W.S.

We are happy to have the opportunity, through the medium of this page, of congratulating Mr. H. Pearl Cross on his marriage, which took place on the 26th of February. Mr. Cross, by the way, has not been with us many months, and appears to be a "dark horse." Some of us did not suspect until the day before the deed was done. A hearty welcome to Dunmow is extended to them both, and we wish them "long life and happiness." It would give us all very real and great pleasure to find, later on, that as the outcome of their connubial felicity, the coveted "Flitch" is within their grasp—and who knows!

We omitted to mention in our last number that Mr. Herbert Cleverley was presented with an eight-day clock by the male employes of the Kitchen, Retort, and Sausage Departments on the occasion of his marriage.

Round the Town.

Concert in the Picture Palace.

THE performance of the Harris (Calne)
Minstrel Troupe at the Picture Palace
on March 25th had just those subtle
touches of humour and comedy requisite for
success. The buffoonery so often present at
such shows was lacking, and the result was an
evening of sterling entertainment and
wholesome fun. Much of the evening's
success was due to the manager (Mr. Walters),
who introduced special lighting effects, and
arranged a change of scenery at the interval.
During spare moments he manipulated the
bones in a manner which showed no recently acquired acquaintance with this
indispensible adjunct to a Minstrel Troupe.

The star turn of the evening was undoubtedly Mr. "Herbie" Webb. He went straight to the hearts of the audience with the old Christy Minstrel favourite, "Polly, Wolly Doodle." After replying to a vociferous recall with "Oh! dem Golden Slippers," his appearance was again demanded, when he gave a recitation in his inimitable style. An outstanding feature of the performance was the keenness with which the concerted items were attacked. "Sing us an English Song" went specially well, Mr. G. Patterson taking the solo lead. The first part of the programme concluded with a song scena, entitled, "Nelly Kelly's Cabaret." The comic business in this act was ably sustained by Messrs. Hudson and McLean, whose efforts were thoroughly appreciated by the audience. Special mention must be made of the graceful dancing introduced into this turn. During the interval a letter was read from Mr. Bodinnar, President of the Society, expressing his regrets at being unable to be present. but hoping the evening would be a successful one. Miss Davis was recalled for a very charming rendering of "Dancing Lesson," when she captured the audience again with "Silver Threads among the Gold." Messrs. W. Prior and H. Stephens won golden opinions for their renderings respectively of "The Garden of Forgetting" and "While the Sahara Sleeps." Mr. Ashman, as Massa Johnson, carried out his duties with dignity and restraint. Mr. A. Flay is an old hand at the type of work demanded of members of a troupe, and he entered into the team work with spirit and scored with his solo, "I never See Maggie Alone." Both Mr. A. McLean and Mr. G. H. Hudson caused delight with their songs "There ain't no Flies on Auntie," and "Wi-Ki-Walla-Walla."

Miss Fennell accompanied in her usual tasteful manner, helped the chorus, featured in a duet with Mr. Flay, and had a part in the "Cabaret" scene. Mr. Hudson is lucky to have had so much talent ready at his right hand. We shall hear more of these ladies and gentlemen, whether as a Minstrel Troupe or Concert Party, we know not; there is even enough talent to run a revue, or perhaps a pantomime; why not be ambitious and stage one at next year's Christmas Carnival?

All the members of the Troupe are to be congratulated on the marked success of this their first appearance at the Picture-House.

Empire Shopping Week.

AN has celebrated from earliest times. Personal and social happenings of a special nature have always proved an excuse for those junketings which relieve from the routine of life and serve as a stimulus to its further pursuit.

Apart from national and calendar holidays, merrymaking was a great factor in the old fairs. The modern shopping week is not a new venture as so many suppose, but is really a variation of the old joyousness of fair day, when business and pleasure were combined.

The programme of events arranged by the Calne Shopping Week Committee certainly caters for all tastes, and presents, under modern conditions, the spirit of St. Bartholomew's and the other great fairs of olden days. For the convenience of our readers we are outlining the main events and features as a guide to those desiring to prepare for and enter the various competitions and contests.

THURSDAY, MAY 19th. — Opening Ceremony.

Baby Show.

Class 1.—Babies under 1 year old. Class 2.—Babies 1 to 2 years old.

Class 3.—Babies 2 to 3 years old.

Three Prizes and Certificates in each Class. Silver Cup (presented by the Mayoress) to champion baby.

Whist Drive and Dance at the Woodlands. Aggregate Prizes: — 1st, Cycle; 2nd, Silver Rose Bowl.

FRIDAY.—Beauty Show and Ankle Judging Competitions.

Whist Drive and Dance at the Woodlands.

SATURDAY.—Concert and Bands. Bowling for a Pig.

MONDAY.—Grand Procession.

Prizes for Decorated Private and Advertising Cars, Horse-drawn Vehicles, Tableaux on Cars or Waggons, Fancy Dress Costumes, Comic Bands, and Decorated Cycles or Prams.

Concluding with a Battle of Confetti.

TUESDAY (EMPIRE DAY).—— Special Programme for the Children. Flight of Prize Balloons.

WEDNESDAY.—Wiltshire Flitch Trial.

(Added interest is lent to this, for we hear that the B.B.C. is Broadcasting the proceedings).

Push-ball Matches.

Distribution of Free Gifts.

Every evening during the Shopping Week the Calne Town Band will play selections in various parts of the town.

TOWN DECORATIONS.—Prizes will be given in the following classes:—

1.—Business Premises.

2.—Private Houses, assessed for rates over £15.

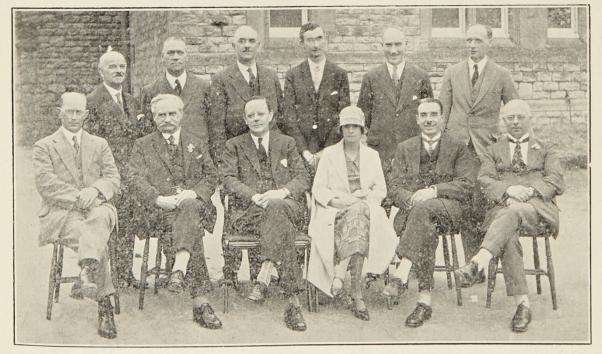
3.—Private Houses, assessed for rates under £15.

The First Prize in each class given by their Worships, the Mayor and Mayoress.

Other attractions and contests include an Essay Writing Competition for children, Exhibition of Arts and Crafts, and the Window Free Gift scheme, under the same rules and regulations as last year.

There is always room for the man who can be relied on to deliver the goods when he said he would.

Just as soon as hate and spite and venom and prejudice get into the private tool kit of an industrial manager, he fails.



The Mayor and Mayoress and Committee responsible for last year's Shopping Week.

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL

We are sorry to lose the congenial company of Mr. A. B. Fortune, who has been transferred to Calne Office. He has been with us since his school days, and leaves us with our best wishes for his future happiness and prosperity and the hope that he will find the Shire of Moonrakers to be as fair and pleasant a county as the name of Wiltshire implies.

J.B.S.

CHIPPENHAM.

We were all very interested in the March number and to read the many interesting items contributed by our friends in other centres. There is no doubt the Magazine will be the means of linking up and binding more closely together the several interests so that we can feel we are all members of one happy family, all working for one common cause—the continued progress of the Firm. Each and everyone determined to give of their best in whatever capacity they are called upon.

Pigs have been more plentiful with us during March, and we are hoping good supplies will continue so that our staff may be kept fully employed. With the better and brighter weather coming on we are looking for an increased demand for our "Royal Wilts" Brand. Here at Chippenham we are proud to have the distinction of being the sole curers of the celebrated coalblack "Bradenham" Hams. These Hams are sweet, mild, and of delicious flavour, and were recently described as the "best Hams in the World."

"HOW TO LIVE LONG."

An old Cornish labourer went into a draper's shop at Launceston and asked for a pair of woollen stockings. "Zame soart, young man, as thease I bought here some six months agone; ther'e a wored we'l, an no mistake—I ain't tooked 'em off wance since I fust put mun on—I never takes 'em off till they be properly weared out; always wears 'em in beyd for fear my feet will bissle (soil) the sheets."

What do 'ee zay young man, I ought for to wash my feet? No thank 'ee; I don't hold wi' so much splashin and scrubbin. Old 'Squire Archer used vor to zay that volks shud waish thereselves all awver wance a month, but tidden no gude, I tell 'ee.

'Squire Archer have a been daid these tain years, an I be ein my sebbenty vourth 'ear. What use was waishin to 'ee? Cudd'n zave un from the gapin grave.

Plaize look sharp n'let me have a pair of wool stockins zactly like the last, young man; they've a stood well."

From "West Country Tales." E.W.

* * * DUNMOW

As a preliminary, we would like to express to those of "our" readers for whom we were unable to obtain the January and February issues our deep regret.

The demand has been greater than the supply, which suggests a compliment to the Editor and all those who contribute to the pages of this Magazine.

Progress at Dunmow has been remark ably good. We remember reading in the January number that there was only one to be found willing to risk "two bob"; this may have been, but in February half a dozen more took "risks," and to-day the number we require totals twenty.

We had only three copies of February issue to distribute among eleven new readers, and so that they should all turn over its pages, these three were despatched on a tour extending from Carlisle to Wales.

These readers will understand from the foregoing that we did our best for them, and they may feel assured of receiving each publication regularly in future.

In last month's number, under the heading "Round the Town," we were very interested to learn that the holding of a Dunmow Flitch Trial is contemplated during next month.

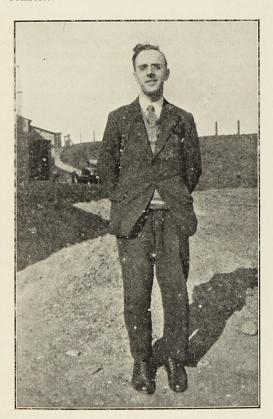
That you will have successful claimants is a foregone conclusion, but if you try to tell us, later on, that the "Happy Couple" win the "Flitch" in an honest, truthful, and legitimate way, we shall find it hard indeed to believe, even if they be "Moonrakers." (The writer knows a thing or two about the Wiltshire man—he's one himself.)

We are told that people in Aberdeen are frying their bacon in Lux. Some readers may wonder why, but we all know how our friend the Scot aims at making the most of a good thing.

"A Scot, we are told, fries his bacon in Lux; Make the most of a good thing, he's thinking;

We venture to suggest his brand is the best, Namely, Priory, which he hates to see shrinking." E.W.W.

In last month's issue we promised to introduce ourselves, a few at a time, if the Editor would permit. He has not forbidden; in fact, the great man has remained mute on the subject, and we take his silence for consent.



May I introduce W. C. Salter,
Who at his work does not falter?
A model book-keeper is he.
On the Halls he would shine,
For his balancing is fine,
To him, as simple as A.B.C.
The end of the month he never gets flustered,
He's right first time; I tell you he's mustard;
No harassing frown ever mars his fair brow,
Though for telling you, probably, I'm in for
a row.

We have received a few more complimentary stories concerning the men who sell. We are not going to say that they actually deserve all the unkind things that are said about them, but a statement, if worth anything at all, must be based on either facts or theory. The facts we do not pretend to know anything whatever about, but the theory is that these stories must have emanated from somewhere; there must be some "grounds" for them, otherwise they would have never had an origin.

Here are some of the tales that are

Flossy: "I am going to buy my husband out of the Navy, Mabel. I am told sailors have a wife in every port."

Mabel: "If you do, it will serve you right if he becomes a Commercial Traveller."

An employer, having proved his office boy to have been telling lies, said, "Do you know what I do to lads who tell lies?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy, "You send 'em out on the road, and make Travellers of 'em."

HIGHBRIDGE.

THE SHERRY EPISODE.

The Railway Company has set all speculation at rest by explaining that the entry should have read, "Cask of salted gut." We cannot see that any faulty writing on the part of the consignor could be responsible for such a divergence. We have heard of a fishmonger who ordered four tins of sardines, and, much to his surprise, a fleet of lorries arrived with four tons.

A good deal of trouble would be saved if it were readily recognised that that that is is that that is not is not that that is is not that that is not that that is not is not that that is is that not it it is.

(We leave the above atrocity to the tender mercies of our punctuation experts—Ed.)

* * * * IPSWICH.

It was a matter of surprise and great pleasure to me to receive an invitation to attend a Social Evening which had been arranged amongst members of the staff, without any reference whatever being made to me previously. The fact of what proved to be a most enjoyable evening, having been discussed, planned, and entirely arranged amongst the staff upon their own initiative and entirely at their own expense, added greatly to my pleasure in immediately accepting the invitation to attend.

The party, numbering about 40, consisted entirely of members of the staff, with their wives, met at the Co-operative Hall at 7.30 on the evening of March 11th, and a most enjoyable evening was spent by all.

Although credit is due to all for the interest and energy displayed in ensuring that the evening should prove an entire success, we must make particular reference to Miss Smith and Mr. Mackenzie, who were untiring in their attention to details and arrangements throughout.

The first part of the evening was devoted to progressive whist, and this was followed by dancing, games, and community singing.

Special reference is due to Miss Beazley for her vocal attainments, which were deservedly very loudly applauded, and I am proud to think we have one of our staff so accomplished.

Mr. Hazelton and Mr. Hobbs also contributed very ably-rendered items, and received considerable applause.

I am determined, as far as it lies in my power, to see that the social element so ably represented by this first Social Evening, shall be the forerunner of many such happy gatherings.

THE FACTORY OF RENOWN.

On Hadleigh Road, in Ipswich, Stands the factory for the bacon; And this is where, all through the day, The loads of pigs are taken.

Within the very comfy styes
They little know their fate,
For the very next time we see them
They are rashers on our plate.

E. M. HARVEY.

We are sorry to hear of the bereavement Mr. Fuller has suffered in the loss of his mother. We all extend to him our deepest sympathy.

LONDON.

"FESTINA LENTE."

In the January issue of our Magazine one worthy contributor made a statement to the effect that "Going fast is no advantage unless you are going in the right direction."

Taken in an absolutely literal sense, this can apply in a different way, as "going fast" is not always an advantage, even in in the right direction.

On a clear and frosty January morning it was the ill luck of a London representative to be at a garage in Edgware Road, W., at the time that an S.O.S. message was received from a Van-salesman, whose van had let him down badly at Kensington. In a weak moment he decided that the quickest way out of a difficulty was to take a mechanic to the scene at once, before proceeding to the London Warehouse at Smithfield, his destination.

A Morris Cowley was pressed into action, and the Van-salesman soon reached, but those of you who know London will realise that as the London Warehouse and Kensington are at opposite ends of London, he was taken further from his final goal.

Time had crept on, and, judge his dismay when he realised that he had exactly twenty minutes to get from Kensington to Smithfield, a distance of 5 miles with traffic obstacles. However, right royally did he set about it, and was doing splendidly (34 miles p.h.) when the ever alert arm of the law decided that opinions as to "splendid going" are apt to differ.

The representative was stopped, and names, addresses, and sundry compliments were exchanged, and particulars taken in a very ponderous manner by the gentleman representing law and order, whilst the victim wore a pained smile in the hope that it might gain exemption from the usual penalty. It didn't, and the climax was reached at Bow Street Police Court, where 20s. and himself parted company. Therefor those of you who would literally translate "going fast" beware; as going fast, even in the right direction, is not always so advantageous as it may appear.

A.S.M.

REDRUTH.

The trees and hedgerows, all in bud, are putting on their new Spring coats, and soon we hope to say "Good-bye" to the bad weather. We are reminded of the advent of Spring by the truck loads of beautiful Spring flowers passing the Factory on their journey to Covent Garden. From the Scilly Isles and Penzance district are gathered hosts of lovely blooms, chiefly daffodils, narcissus (of these there are something like 300 varieties), and sweet smelling violets. All these bright and beautiful flowers are the heralds of brighter days, and we look forward to the joys of the long light evenings and the wonderful sunsets which are well known on the Cornish Riviera.

DAFFODILS.

I wandered lonely, as a cloud
That floats on high, o'er vale and hill,
When all at once I saw a crowd—
A host of golden daffodils.
I gazed and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon the inward eye—
Which is the bliss of solitude.
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

Wordsworth.

"BUSINESS AS USUAL DURING ALTERATIONS."

This slogan might well be adopted by the Redruth Branch at the present time. We have two of our engineering friends from Calne, together with steeplejacks, builders, and refrigerating engineers. What with bricks being hurled down from the chimney, builders digging pits in the floor, and pigs being stuck, it sounds very nearly like another war. The combined efforts of our worthy friends will no doubt be of great benefit to the firm. Meanwhile, "Business as usual."

At the time of writing we are glad to report bigger killings, and with the advent of warmer weather we are looking forward to better supplies of pigs.

CORNUBIAN.

TIVERTON.

The embargo on Danish pork has again made itself felt with us this month. Our supplies have been very small, so point work and spring cleaning has been the chief order for the month.

We think the embargo affects us as much as any Branch. We have several large wholesale pork butchers in the neighbourhood, one of whom is capable of turning out 1,000 to 1,500 carcases a week. We hope the time is not very far distant when the embargo will be lifted.

Socially, there has not been anything of note happen this month.

Your receipt for Cornish Pasties reminds the writer that Devon can also boast of these, made in precisely the same manner, although the following story would lead one to think differently.

Jan Brimblecombe, yu du mind un, I reck'n, was gardener up tu Squire Hayse's. He alluz used vor tu bring a pasty with un vor his "crowst." The maids used to warm it up vor'n in the kitchen oven, an' he wud zit an av it in the servants' hall when they had their dinner. Wan day he brought a pasty longer than anybody had ever zeed in Demshur bevore. The cook cud scarcely put un in the oven, 'twas such a gurt larriper! However, her managerd ta warm un, an' presently Jan did begin vot tu tackle un, but when he vound out what was unzide he was in a purty tare zure nuff. What du'ee think 'twas? Why, half the leg of a chair.

I come out that Jan had had a little difference long wi' his missus, an' had braukt a chair leg over or onder her, an' this was the way her served un out. He deserved ut, didn't 'ee.?

DUMPLING.

TOTNES.

In sending these notes we feel that we are somewhat up against it. Firstly, because we have very little to "write home about," and secondly, after reading the brilliant contributions in the March issue from our friends in the Eastern districts, we do not require more than ordinary size in hats in this neighbourhood. However, having undertaken the contract of

sending something each month, it is a case of "Up, Devons, and at it!"

We have had signs that Winter is really almost over with us, as some "swallows" from Calne put in an appearance during the month; one brought his mate with him, the same that he has had for many years, and another came on a very special errand, the "mating" of his son. One of our lady members was so inspired by the occasion of the arrival of these "swallows" that she handed in the following lines:—

One March, th' eleventh, so pleased were we Some visitors from Calne to see; In the morning we had the Gales, Whil'st afternoon brought forth the Mails.

A young Devon hopeful called at our shop and asked for a pound of sausages. A case of goods containing these had just arrived, and the shopman said "Alright, sonny, they will be ready in a few minutes; have you anywhere else to go?" The boy at once answered "No! I've bin where I'm going!"

We have lately been casting anxious glances at our Factory chimney, especially when the wind has been at gale force; it is showing unmistakable signs of old age, and as there is now more than one opening in it, the order has gone forth for its removal.

Young Wife (pacifying baby): George, it is nearly six weeks since dear little baby was born. Have you told the registrar yet?

George (fed up): Not I. If the registrar lives anywhere within seven miles distance he'll need no telling.

It was very considerate of the editorial staff to arrange for the March issue to arrive on Lady-day; it was decidedly more acceptable than rent notices, and it also relieved the disappointment we were all feeling at the comparatively small number of the "Gentlemen who pay the rent" who had put in an appearance as compared with those we usually get about quarter days.

Ipswich gives a warning to visitors about Wellington boots, but we should like to mention that, what with the Spring tides and the weather we have been getting, a

lifeboat might be useful to those intending to come here, at least our poet thinks so, and it has so damped his spirits that he has been quite unable to help us with a few verses for this issue.

W.J.T.

GARDENING NOTES.

It is considered advisable to lay in a good supply of embrocation. Do not forget that accidents will happen, and it is a wise gardener who keeps handy a supply of needles, thread, and buttons.

Send your garden shears to a reputable firm. Remember the awful fate that overtook the innocent man who questioned the price charged by a travelling tinker. He now knows what is meant by a "tinker's cuss."

Before gardening, it is usual to get out one's spade. Be careful to get the right one. It would be very awkward when sitting down to a hand of whist to find your favourite spade missing.

Garden rollers are meant to go round. Remember to borrow the "North End Wanderer," and so continue the chain. Anyone returning it to its lawful owner will receive the epithets of all concerned.

It is not generally known, but the lawn-mower hibernates during the Winter months. Now is the time to dig it out, dust the cobwebs off, and make it look smart. When it is ready to mow that solitary blade of grass, one must cultivate a genial smile if a head pops over the fence and a voice exclaims, "May I borrow your mower?"

A good motto for amateurs is, "Never do to-day what you can put off until to-morrow."

When digging, be careful not to disturb that plot where you buried the empties when the wife was away. "Let the dead past bury its dead."

"Great Scot!" said the Duke of York to King Edward when he saw the May Queen "mashing it" with the Arran Chief. "If this gets into Sharpe's Express, the British Queen will suffer an Early Eclipse. By my Purple Kidney, she's no Puritan, but she makes a delightful Arran Comrade.

HARGEOGER.

Pig Feeding in Suffolk.

An Interesting Account.

The photograph appearing below very clearly shows the methods employed in Suffolk, and practically in the whole of East Anglia, in feeding what is known as "a yard" of pigs, which is a very different system from the West of England methods.

The Suffolk method is very clearly understood when it is stated that the reason for so many pigs being kept in East Anglia is that the manure from the yards in which they are housed and fed is in many cases of greater concern to the farmers than the pigs themselves.

Most of the soil is very light, and before crops can be grown must be freely fed with manure. Many pig feeders state, without hesitation, that were it not for the need of the manure they would not keep pigs.

The yard usually consists of sheds on

three sides, with an open space in the centre, which is littered freely with straw. When this becomes trampled and soiled, it is not removed, but a further supply of straw added. This continues throughout the whole period that the pigs are feeding—in fact, in many cases the yards are not cleared out more than two or three times a year.

Our illustration very effectively depicts the type of pig which is now being very extensively produced in East Anglia, and represents the large white and large black cross

A yard of hogs usually consists of at least 30-40 pigs, and in many cases as many as 60 pigs can be found in one yard.

H.L.

You may temporarily interfere with Nature, and after your interference has raised seven kinds of Hell, old Nature gives you the ha! ha! and goes on functioning the same as ever.



Just Between Ourselves.

S 0 much has been said and written about the hardy annual that blossome in every home about this period-Spring Cleaning—that I really have nothing left to say. You need only to look at any daily paper to read in flowery language of the delight and ease of Spring cleaning if - whatever prevou will use paration the particular advertisement may be extolling. So I will not add to the already too long list of things you should or should not do, but just ask you to bestow a little extra care and attention on those two willing servants of yours, who are ready to work as long as you like, who do not ask for an evening out or a rise at the end of the month, and who never go on strikeyour hands. Buy an extra jar of your favourite toilet cream, and, however tired you may be when bedtime comes, give your hands at least five minutes attention. They will repay you tenfold in appearance, and the ease with which you can tackle all the little jobs which need smooth and pliable hands.

There are one or two points I want to mention with regard to the Needlework Competition.

I quite meant my remark that the Competition was "Open to all Readers of this Page" to be taken literally, and if any ladies who thought, because they were not actually employed by the Firm, they were not eligible, will fill in and forward their Entry Form to me by return I shall be very pleased to receive it.

Work which has been completed for some time may be entered, so long as it has not been washed.

I was rather interested to see where the first Entry Form would hail from, and the credit has to go to London, although Totnes was a very close second.

In view of the unavoidably late publication of the April issue of the Magazine it is felt that those who might have competed in the Needlework Competition after

reading the explanation above may feel there is not enough time before May 31st next, and for this reason the closing date of the Competition has been postponed until June 30th. Will all Competitors kindly note.

MARIAN.

HINTS ON HOW TO DRESS.

Cut is the greatest of all things which should be studied to-day when one is choosing a frock, coat, costume, or any other garment. No matter what dress allowance you have, see that what you buy is well cut, therefore giving the perfect line. The quality of the material does not matter so much.

Just stop and think of one of your friends in a frock all bits and pieces, flowers, laces, or frills. It does not hang well. An inch or two larger one side than the other; up in the front and down at the back, and so on. Now think of another friend in a very simple, quiet, well cut frock, not so much of it, but a really good fit. Ask yourself the question, which would you rather copy?

To come back to the quality of the material for your frock, you may say, "But I cannot afford the best quality." If it is a case of saving for your new Spring costume, just save for an extra week or two, then you can have something better, which will last you very much longer and look nice to the very last. Also you will find that it does not cost so much in the end

IRENE, London.

SCOTCH EGGS.

4 Hard Boiled Eggs.

½lb. Sausage Meat.

A little Flour.

Raspings or Breadcrumbs.

Remove the eggshells and roll in flour. Divide the sausage meat into four equal portions and wrap round the eggs, keeping the shape of the egg as much as possible, using a little flour to prevent sticking to hands. Coat with egg and fine breadcrumbs, or roll in raspings and fry slowly is boiling fat until richly browned. Cut crosswise and cut small piece off the ends

to make them stand. Drain on greaseproof paper and serve either hot with brown or tomato sauce, or cold with salad.

M.H., L.W., Chippenham.

SAFFRON CAKE.

Ingredients.

3lbs. Flour.

1¼lbs. Butter (or half each Butter and Lard if preferred).

 $1\frac{1}{2}$ lbs. Currants.

 $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. Lemon Peel.

6ozs. Sugar.

 $1\frac{1}{4}$ ozs. Yeast.

1 Dram Saffron.

Pinch Salt.

Milk to mix.

Method.

To prepare the saffron, thoroughly dry, powder, and soak in teacup boiling water for 2 or 3 hours on the back of kitchen

range, or in the oven.

Rub fat into flour thoroughly, add all dry ingredients. Prepare yeast by putting it into a basin with a little sugar, mix with lukewarm water and add. Put sufficient milk with saffron to make all into a stiff mixture and mix well. (The milk and saffron when added must be rather more than lukewarm). Cover with cloth and put in a warm place to rise until doubled. Warm the baking tins and well grease. Put in the mixture and leave for 15 minutes to rise, then bake in a fairly hot oven for 14 hours.

M.W., Redruth.

BEAUTY HINTS.

No. 2.

How to Keep your Permanent Waves.

—Never allow your accumulator to run
down

The following is the list of Weldon's publications available this month:—Home Milliner, Wrap Coats, School Outfits for Boys and Girls, Children's Fashions, Illustrated Dressmaker, Ladies' Journal, Drawn Thread Work and Needleweaving, Knitted Dresses for Girls.

Women's rights are all right in their place, but the ordinary man objects to waiting in a barber's shop while some woman gets her hair bobbed.

HARRIS CRICKET CLUB.



THE Annual General Meeting of the above Club was held in the Company's Hall, Church Street, on Monday evening, April 11th. Mr. J. F. Bodinnar (president) presided, and was supported by Mr. R. P. Redman and Mr. S. North Smith, vice-presidents.

The whole tone of the meeting (of which a full report will appear in our next issue) was one of enthusiasm, which augurs well for the success of the coming season.

The Club have an attractive fixture list, both for the first and second elevens. We shall extend a very cordial hand of welcome to any member of the Factory or Office Staff who wishes to join the Club. We shall have the services of Mr. T. Burton as groundsman, so we can be sure of having tip-top playing and practice pitches. Our ground (for the free use of which we are indebted to the Company) is ideally situated, and many enjoyable evenings and Saturday afternoors can be spent up there playing the National game—the finest sporting game in the world.

Tuesday and Thursday evenings will be the recognised practice nights, and we hope to get going well before the first match, on May 7th.

> G.R.A. W.P.

FIXTURES FOR MAY.

FIRST ELEVEN.

May 7.—Swindon Imperial, home

,, 14.—

. 21.—

" 28.—Swindon G.W.R. Stores, home.

SECOND ELEVEN.

May 7.—Compton Bassett, away.

" 14.—Derry Hill, away.

" 18.(W).—Compton Bassett, home.

" 21.—Swindon St. John's, home.

,, 28.—

The Broad Highway.

THE hoped-for general revival in trade is perhaps a little slow in materialising, but indications are certainly nowmore promising with the opening of the month of April, and by the end of the month we hope we shall be round the corner.

Our Exhibition at Hull has shown some very promising business, and we are now looking for great things from Edinburgh in May. The cannie Scot knows when he is on a good thing, and always takes a keen interest in the exhibit of the House of Harris.

The now familiar "Up from Wiltshire" service has been extended to Portsmouth, Southsea, and Southend, and we hope the Summer season's holiday-makers will enable our Van-salesmen to reap a good harvest. By the way, we want to hear more from these stalwarts for publication in these columns.

We wish all our friends on the road a

very happy Easter holiday.

Congratulations to Leicester on skilful card manipulation. Fish knives and forks are entirely suitable for use with salmon roll.

Our deep sympathy goes to Mr. Campbell in the great loss he has sustained in the death of his mother.

An entry from the Essay Competition run in connection with a recent Ideal Homes Exhibition at Bradford, Yorks:—

I'm sure that my decision Of the most attractive Stand, When at the Exhibition, Truly,

Was of Arthur Rhodes' Brand.

Eats! Oh, what a fine display, I give this for my reason, My mouth, it watered all the day For Goods,

Both in and out of season.

The fat pig, too, attracted me, With wagging ear and winking eye; Then I studied, just to see, Could I

Guess the weight of that huge pie.

I'm sure that finer hams and bacon It would indeed be hard to find, Rhodes' Stand has surely taken The prize,

Could I only have my mind.

The Editor, "Harris Magazine."

DEAR SIR,

May I offer you (if somewhat belated) my congratulations upon the successful launching of the "Harris Magazine." I am sure it is of great personal interest to the staff immediately connected with the Factory. But to those of your Agents who, like myself, have only a hazy idea of what Calne is like, and are not acquainted with many of those with whom we are in daily correspondence, it serves a much greater purpose (hard to describe) of making us feel more closely linked up with a great organisation.

I can therefore very heartily wish you and your co-Editors continued success with

your venture.

I enclose herewith a Brochure published by the Ulster Tourist Development Association, which might interest some of your staff should they at any time contemplate an Irish holiday. I am the representative of the local branch of the U.K. Commercial Travellers' Association on the Council of that body, and if I can be of any service to any of your staff who care to visit this remote district, I shall be only too pleased.

With best wishes,

Yours faithfully,

V.A.W. Belfast.

(Many thanks. We shall bear your kind offer in mind.—Ed.)

The Editor, "Harris Magazine."

DEAR SIR

I have been asked to give an account of the Hull railway accident in February when the Scarborough express crashed head-on into the Withernsea express about two hundred yards outside Hull station.

I had taken my seat in the first compartment of the Scarborough train, and had just opened my paper, when there was a tremendous crash; we were pitched across the carriage, our bags falling from the racks. When we had regained our seats we found the floor strewn with glass and some woodwork forced through the side under the seat in front. Looking out on our right, we could see the passengers had got down from our train; the door on this side was fast, the other one was smothered in steam. When this had cleared we were able to get out, and

found the tender of our engine against the wall of our compartment. Fortunately, there had been a luggage section in the front part of our coach; this was demolished, the roof projecting over the engine. The two engines were interlocked; the first coach of the Withensea train was reduced to matchwood, the second was telescoped, and the third and fourth very badly wrecked.

By the time we got out nurses had scaled an eleven foot wall and were attending to the victims. Someone had a brain wave, and knocked a hole through the wall, thus permitting the sufferers to be taken straight into the Hospital.

Two butchers from a nearby shop worked like Trojans, using their cleavers to smash the woodwork to release prisoners.

The rescue work was most expeditiously carried out, everything possible being done for all sufferers.

Yours faithfully,

I.L., Hull.

We all congratulate Mr. Lammiman upon his fortunate escape.—J.F.B.

* *

The position generally with regard to pig supplies and prices shows little alteration since we last contributed to the "Mag.," but we continue to hear that the number of people who have started breeding is rapidly increasing. This is all to the good, and we sincerely hope that they are breeding on the right lines.

The Large White boar is essential for the production of the right type of bacon pig, and if any of our friends are in need of one, we shall be very happy indeed to place our organisation at their disposal, free of charge. We are constantly supplying boars, and are in touch with all the best breeders, who will supply such pigs at commercial prices.

We have also a number of booklets on the subject of the production of the ideal bacon pig, which cannot fail to be of some value to those interested in the subject. These booklets are free, and will be gladly sent to anyone enquiring for them.

Photographic Notes.

There are people who will tell you that photography is not art. All that is required to confound such critics is to take a peep into one or two photographic exhibitions. Not every photographer is an artist—nor is every painter, for that matter—but to many thousands photography has proved the means of artistic self-expression.

Everyone, at some time or other, has longed to possess a camera. Many have put the idea on one side on the score of expense. They think that unless one pays "big money" the results are not good. This is a mistake, as one can get quite good results from a fairly cheap camera, providing it is made by a firm of repute. The more expensive types increase one's range and enables one to specialise. Also, one can do more with a better class camera, but it is unwise to condemn a camera on account of its cheapness. There is no doubt as to the Kodak. We reproduced last month, and give again this month, some snapshots taken with the Kodak Co.'s useful cameras. They are well within the range of one's purse, and the result compensates one for the outlay. When the days are dull, and evenings draw in, one lives over again the pleasant jaunts, picnics, and holidays when looking through the snapshot album. To the mind of the writer, the one thing that impresses him is the simplicity and ease in which one can operate a Kodak. The very novice can take snaps immediately, as the instructions given are easily understood, and the manipulation of the camera is simplicity itself.



"White Wings"

HARRIS MAGAZINE VOL. 1.————————NO. 5.

MAY, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

"OLD TIMES ARE CHANGED."

T is the privilege of a few to realise the change which is proceeding constantly, not only in the personal consciousness of humanity, but also in those mass movements which are the symbols of the working of detached and isolated personalities.

At times some tremendous happening enables the least impressionable amongst mankind to state that here or there some epoch ended and a new age began. More often human kind proceeds on the even tenor of its way, and only awakes to the fact of a definite change in its circumstance when the movements which brought it about have become a matter of history.

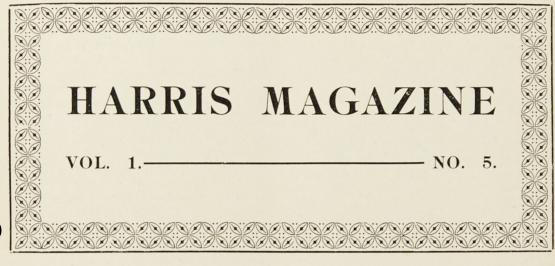
Potent as those movements, with powerful leaders and enthusiastic followings, have been in determining, for weal or woe, the lives of mankind for a space, far greater have been those wrestlings with circumstance which everyone must engage upon, however humble his position.

It is quite common place for many people to give mere lip service to the

expression, "Change and decay in all around I see," and be full of consternation at the merest change or deterioration which affects their own lives. The attitude with which altered circumstance is faced is determined by the attitude which has been brought to bear on the personal and domestic problems preceding it.

The terrific upheaval of thirteen years ago is largely responsible for the happier conditions of this age. Various motives which had been striving and working for generations beneath the surface were forced to the light of day. Happier conditions prevail. Man faces man with a more mutual understanding. There is less tyranny and arrogance, less servility and insolence, and a desire all round for good comradeship.

There are the circumstances which surround us at this hour in spite of pessimistic assurances to the contrary. How we decide and how we act, moment by moment and day by day will influence the state of society which next shall repeat "Old times are changed." Their opinion of the changed condition which then will prevail is being determined by us to-day. Let us hope that their verdict will be that this generation has not failed in its duty to posterity.



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Between Ourselves.

ITHOUT being accused of entering in any way into matters of party politics, I think it well that we should realise something of the effects upon our industry of Continental competition.

The pages of ancient history have recorded the incursions of the Danes upon our shores. In later years Denmark saw the opportunity of using her undoubted resources of agriculture for the preparation of bacon that would receive a ready sale in England. She left no stone unturned in her search for the right kind of pig to give a long, lean side, which is desirable for bacon cured for English use.

The State came to the aid of the farmer by backing him with advice and money with the result that the production of bacon in Denmark has been higher recently than ever before in its history.

Now the Swedes are coming along with increasing quantities. Poland, Latvia, and other states in that part of Europe are all producing largely.

The result has been the recent flooding of the English market with imported goods.

The product of the Canadian factory has been very greatly improved, and at the time of writing one hears that there are large supplies on the spot.

A new Preservatives Act comes into force on July 1st next, which prohibits the use of boron for preserving bacon. Whilst not affecting England, where it has not been used in bacon, this is causing concern to the American packer, who will find it difficult to satisfactorily convey his maizefed bacon to this country in cold storage. But even if it be granted for the moment that American bacon is to disappear from the English Market (and this seems inconceivable), I have indicated enough to show that the competition from the Continent of Europe is of such a volume that it cannot be lightly disregarded.

As an illustration of this modern incursion of Danish forces, it may be said that a few years ago there was to be found very little Continental bacon on sale in the South of Ireland. Any Irish curer will tell you now that the Danish "push" in that country is a very severe handicap to the producer of pigs and the maker of bacon.

This growing competition has in England been accompanied now for a good many months by a shortage of bacon pigs owing to the embargo placed by the Government on the importation of Continental pork. That embargo, from all we can see, is likely to be continued indefinitely, as foot and mouth disease is still rampant in Europe.

Happily, there is an indication of increasing supplies of pigs being available in the near future.

You may wonder why I write in this strain. The answer is indeed a simple one; I want you all to know that we have had, and are having, these problems to face. We have taken the long view, and are winning through, but to do so completely we require on the part of every individual member of our staff in every factory a grim determination to give the last ounce of effort, to avoid every possible waste, and to enter whole-heartedly and efficiently into the fulfilment of their jobs.

We have been obliged to maintain a high difference between the price charged for our bacon to that being made by the Danes. Even this difference does not wholly account for the relatively lower prices paid by the Dane for his pig.

Many wise leaders in the industrial world have advocated the policy of telling their staffs something of the problems of the business. Well, here are some of ours. We shall overcome them all to the extent to which we have the loyal support of every unit of our organisation.

I guess, therefore, that the rest is up to everyone of us.

CALNE CARNIVAL AND EMPIRE SHOPPING WEEK.

In glorious weather the opening of the Shopping Week was performed on a draped dais in front of the Town Hall by the Mayoress (Mrs. Boddinnar) on Thursday, May 19th. Supporting Mr. and Mrs. Boddinnar were the Aldermen, Councillors, and Officials of the Council, and the members of the Shopping Week Committee.

Before the ceremony the Town Band played "Land of Hope and Glory." The Mayor then called upon Mr. Clem. Cole, who, in the course of his speech, referred to the orderly and systematic conduct of the town affairs since Mr. Bodinnar's occupation of the chair. He also mentioned the happy relationship existing in the local industrial world, owing largely to the tact and goodwill displayed by the Mayor in his business dealings. Handing Mrs. Bodinnar a Golden Key, he expressed the wish that it would unlock a prosperous week locally.

Mrs. Bodinnar, declaring the Shopping Week open, stated that she hoped one and all would benefit by the increased local interest and trade created. She handed the key to the Mayor for retention in the Council Chamber.

A hearty vote of thanks was proposed to the Mayoress by Mr. B. I. Dixon and seconded by Alderman Henly.

Replying, the Mayor referred to the happy coincidence which had placed the opening of Shopping Week on St. Dunstan's Day. After mentioning some of the achievements of this statesman and priest, his founding of a navy to combat the pirate hordes and the introduction of a standardised system of weights and measures, Mr. Bodinnar proceeded to wish local trade a successful week as an outcome of this second venture by the Shopping Week Committee.

Concluding, the Mayor reminded his hearers that any surplus from the proceeds of the various competitions and efforts would be divided between the movement to help the blind of Wiltshire and towards constructing a Sports' Pavilion in the Recreation Ground.

After the gathering had sung the National Anthem, the Mayor called for cheers for the King and the Duke and Duchess of York.

The large crowd then dispersed, and it was felt generally that Carnival Week had received an auspicious opening.

SPORT.

Considerable interest has been taken in the recent correspondence regarding sport and sports clubs, and there is no doubt a genuine desire on the part of our readers for something additional to our present activities. The difficulty is to get some definite expression from those interested. Perhaps by making a special appeal we may be able to get something started, but let us be candid with ourselves.

First of all, it must be realised that if we are interested in a particular sport it is necessary to put our backs into it. It is not fair to expect the Firm to be the main support of anything started. To-day, as in the past, they are willing and anxious to do all they can to foster a spirit of mutual goodwill, but we on our side should do our part towards this end.

Let us take tennis as an example. How many of us are sufficiently keen to prepare and keep in order a court, or courts, at Lickhill? Also, how many of us are sufficiently sporting enough to take in hand a batch of learners, and, with patience, teach them the game? This is the test, and it will be interesting to note the result.

There are other branches of sport that may interest many. Two that have been suggested are junior football and hockey.

As one of those who took part in the recent correspondence, I make a most particular and definite appeal. Will every reader write to me a note stating their views on this subject: "What do you want? and what are you prepared to do?" I can promise, as Editor, that once the various clubs are started we will do our utmost to maintain interest by recording the various activities.

There is just one other thing to mention, and perhaps it is the most important of all. In whatever we do or undertake, always remember we are all members of one Firm, and not a series of groups. "Each for all, and all for each" should be the spirit. Once we adopt this motto and put it into practice there is no doubt whatever of the success of anything undertaken.

In conclusion, don't fail to send along your views. Don't leave it to someone else, do it yourself.

G. H. HUDSON.

Harris Cricket Club.

The Annual General Meeting.



THE Annual Meeting took place on Monday, April 11th, in the Company's Hall, with J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., in the chair, when there was a very satisfactory attendance.

The Hon. Treasurer's (Mr. P. T. Knowles) Report showed that the Club is in

a satisfactory position financially, and the accounts were unanimously approved. Mr. Prior then presented the Hon. Secretaries' Report, which we give in detail:—

Mr. President and Gentlemen,

We have pleasure in submitting herewith a brief report on the activities of the

Club during the 1926 season.

In recording these activities we feel that we should give first place in our report in expressing satisfaction at the realisation of a long-cherished hope of many of us older members of the Club, i.e., the successful running of a 2nd XI. This team, under the energetic captaincy of Mr. H. Bowman, played altogether 13 matches, and although the number of wins was in a minority, yet all the second team members enthusiastically played the game and took their defeats in a true sporting spirit. We are sure all will heartily congratulate Mr. Jack Garraway in heading both the batting and bowling averages of the seconds, and thus winning the trophies kindly presented by Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. Redman. The runner-up for the batting was Mr. W. Collis, and for the bowling Mr. Geo. Batchelor.

The number of matches played by the 1st XI. was 14. Of these 6 were won, 4 drawn, and 4 lost. The four drawn games ended greatly in our favour, and no doubt if circumstances had permitted us to have finished these games, our record would have read 10 wins and 4 losses.

The competition for the President's Batting and Bowling Cups was again very keen, particularly in the bowling department. For the first half of the season Mr. I. J. Taylor looked like repeating his last year's performance and capturing the Cup again this year, but he experienced a long spell of bad luck, and hovered too long on

the 39th wicket, at what time Mr. Henry Hill suddenly came into his best form with his "swervers," and will consequently relieve "I.J." of the custody of the Cup for this year, at any rate. Mr. F. Nash, who bowled consistently throughout the season, also succeeded in beating Mr. Taylor for second place.

The bowling averages for the first three

are as follows:—
H. Hill ... 6.16 runs per wicket.

F. Nash ... 7. 4

I. J. Taylor 8. 7

The Batting Cup has been won in a very convincing fashion by Mr. Jack Bromham, a highly creditable performance in view of the fact that it was "Jack's" first season with us. His splendid score of 79 against Swindon Christ Church was a record for the Club.

The averages for the first three places are as follows:—

J. Bromham ... 269 being an average of 24.5 H. Hill 93 ,, 9.3 J. H. Gillett ... 80 ,, 8.9

Probably the most sporting and exciting match of the season was the one at Devizes. The last pair of Devizes batsmen were playing out time, and for a long time defied the efforts of a varied attack to dislodge them. The game looked like ending in a draw, but with the last ball of the match Mr. Drewell sent one of the batsmen's bails flying, thus enabling us to add another victory to our total.

Your Committee have met on nine occasions.

A further generous donation by the Company enabled us at the beginning of the season to purchase a really good motor mower at a reasonable price. We were thus able to considerably improve our ground, and in this connection we should like to place on record the Committee's deep appreciation of the splendid work voluntarily performed by Mr. Skuse, ably assisted by Mr. Jack Bromham.

The appearance of our Pavilion was greatly improved by the application of paint and creosote. Much credit is due to the few enthusiasts who gave up some of their valuable gardening time to do this very necessary work. Also, the thanks of the Club are, due to the member who did not file a claim for a new coat.

As Secretaries, we wish to express our thanks for the splendid backing we have received from the Committee, under the chairmanship of Mr. O. Jones; to our treasurer, Mr. P. T. Knowles; and the several ladies who gave up their Saturday afternoons and kindly assisted with the teas.

G. R. ASHMAN Joint Hon. W. PRIOR Secretaries.

The election of officers for the coming season was next proceeded with. J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., was re-elected as President unanimously and with acclamation. A. E. Marsh, Esq., R. P. Redman, Esq., and S. North Smith, Esq., were re-elected as Vice-Presidents, together with the remainder of those in office last year, en bloc.

Mr. P. T. Knowles was elected as Captain of the 1st XI., and Mr. J. H. Gillett as Vice-Captain. The Hon. Secretaries. Messrs. G. R. Ashman and W. Prior, were re-elected, with Mr. P. T. Knowles as Hon. Treasurer. Messrs. G. H. Hudson and F. Stevens were re-elected as Auditors. Messrs. O. Jones, B. Gough, and S. L. Drewell, retiring members of the Committee, were re-elected, with the addition of Mr. C. Flav, the committee being completed by Messrs. J. Colenutt, H. Hill, F. I. Nash, and L. A. Trow, the Hon. Secretaries, the Captain and Vice-Captain of the 1st XI., Mr. H. Bowman was re-elected as Captain of the 2nd XI., with Mr. W. Collis as Vice-Captain.

The President presented the 1st XI. Bowling Cup to Mr. Henry Hill and the 1st XI. Batting Cup to Mr. J. Bromham, congratulating each on their prowess. The recipients suitably responded.

Mr. J. Garraway was the able winner of both the batting and bowling prizes offered respectively by the President and Mr. Redman to the 2nd XI.

Mr. Bodinnar announced that he would be pleased to offer a similar prize for competition during 1927. Mr. Redman also expressed his intention to do the same.

Mr. Bodinnar stated that he thought a letter of thanks should be sent to the various ladies who kindly assisted with the provision of teas throughout the season, and this was unanimously supported.

The Meeting closed with a hearty vote

of thanks to the President for presiding and with a general feeling of optimism for a very successful season with the Company's generous provision with regard to the ground.

FIXTURES FOR JUNE.

FIRST ELEVEN.

June. 4—Swindon Central Mission, home

8.(W).—Calne Town, away. 11.—Deivzes, home.

.. 18.—Swindon G.W.R. Stores, home.

,, 22.(W).—Calne Town, home.

.. 25.—

SECOND ELEVEN.

June 1.(W).—Derry Hill, home. " 11.—Bishop's Cannings, away. " 15.(W).—Seagry House, home

,, 29.(W).—Derry Hill, home.

Welfare and Entertainment Society.

* * *

ANNUAL FLOWER SHOW.

It was suggested at a Works Council Meeting that an invitation should be given to the Employees of the Chippenham Factory to the Summer Flower Show. We understand that the Welfare and Entertainment Society has followed up this suggestion by sending an invitation to Chippenham, and they also specially invite employees from any Branch who could be with us on August 6th. Employees are reminded that the closing date for the Flower Show Suggestion Competition is 30th June. The prizes are 7s. 6d., 5s., and 2s. 6d. Schemes should be simple and not costly, and the Committee reserve the right to use any idea sent in. By the kind permission of the Directors the Flower Show will be held this year at the Woodlands, which is an ideal spot, and the grounds, which have been closed so long to the public, should have a special attraction. Thanks are due to the Calne Town Council, who very kindly offered the use of the Recreation Ground. All communications regarding the Flower Show should be addressed to Mr. F. I. Nash, Joint Hon. Secretary. Mr. H. A. Olsen is Secretary of the Pig Feeders' Club and in charge of arrangements for its annual competitions, which are held on Flower Show days.

By The Way.

A useful and popular member of our staff is pleased to help his fellows. As his services and advice are undoubtedly a source of economy to the recipients thereof, he proposes framing a tariff of charges, the proceeds to be apportioned to some local charity.

Estimates of the area of wire netting required for a chicken run will be on a lower scale than plans and bills of quantities for a subsidy house. Special terms for garages and cucumber frames!

Orders should be "mailed."

There is a pathway filled with light:
"Tis thinking, thinking, thinking!
There is a pathway dark as night:
"Tis thinking thinking thinking."

'Tis thinking, thinking, thinking; For joys and fears alike must spring From thinking, thinking, thinking. Their blessings or their banes to bring

By thinking, thinking, thinking.

No man can make the fate he'll find
By thinking, thinking, thinking;
But each can shape his sort of mind

By thinking, thinking, thinking.
And when our lives shall reach their ends,
I'm thinking, thinking, thinking,
We'll find what earned the dividends
Was thinking, thinking, thinking.

F. T. SMART.

The fish that threw up Jonah on dry land went off to tell the other fish that you can't keep a good man down.

* * *

In a previous issue reference was made to one of our friends who, after the 'Xmas holidays, turned up at five a.m. instead of eight a.m. We learn that this has equalised itself, for after the Easter holiday he put in an appearance at eight a.m. instead of five a.m. Verily the lot of an early riser is a hard one.

We have several Photo Blocks of Illustrations that have appeared in our various issues. Reasonable offers are invited from readers who desire to acquire same.

THE EVENING STAR.

Night, like a gentle lover, Came forth to woo the day, With soft winds to caress her, But softly she slipped away.

She hastened to her chariot, Low in the western sky, Calling to her sunbeams, "Come, my children, fly."

She looked but once behind her,
Then a lovely ray of light
Escaped from her fair tresses
And cheered the heart of Night.

It gave to him fresh courage;
Then, grasping as if to caress,
He tore the loveliest jewel
From out her shimmering dress.

Oh! Evening Star, the lonely Night Will love you for the sake
Of her who hides behind the dawn
Until the morn awake.

E. M. Howse.

On April 1st (significant date) it was noticed that one of the Electric Motors was on fire. In response to the frantic call, our genial friends—the Electricians—were soon on the spot. They were soon at work, and in a short space of time the whole department was full of smoke, which increased as the fire-fighters warmed up to their work. To everyone's surprise, it was noticed that what they were using to extinguish the fire was a pair of bellows! We have heard of the Hebrew who kept petrol in his fire buckets, but we must confess the bellows idea is quite new.

On second thoughts, there may be an explanation which is beyond the comprehension of the mere layman. If so, perhaps our good friends will enlighten us. Meanwhile, let us smile—for this month, at least.

Overheard during a recent discussion on the Budget: "Yes, any morning Mr. Churchill can be seen, with a top hat on, walking round Hyde Park on horseback." Mr. P. Andrews (Dunmow) sends us the following impression of his early days: "When quite a little boy, I remember, as August Monday came round, my parents used to talk about folks going to Dunmow to win the bacon. As my mother used to bake the bread for the family requirements, I thought it was a competition for 'baking.' I well remember the refrain of a song that could be heard on that day—

Cheer up, my lads, and haste away To Dunmow town, make no delay; For, you know, it is the glorious day They're trying to win the bacon."

We are asked to imagine the thoughts of one of our temperance advocates who witnessed the following incident:—

* * *

A lorry load of pigs was proceeding through Calne. It was seen that one of the pigs, no doubt struck with the beauties of the town, was standing with its front legs over the side of the lorry. All went well until the load passed a well-known hostelry. The pig hoisted himself over the tail board and rushed precipitately into the inn. Three times was he ejected, but each time he returned; but, alas! in his last hours upon earth he was denied his favourite beverage. He died with his thirst unquenched.

We continue to receive accounts of the strange friendships of animals. One of our friends in the office sends us the follow-

Some years ago, whilst staying in the heart of the country, I was awakened in the very early hours of a cold wintry morning by the howling of Rover, the yard dog. So persistent were his cries that soon the rest of the household were aroused. Rover had never been known to make a sound during the night, except under provocation, and it was deemed advisable to thoroughly search the premises. This was done, but with no result; all was in order. All through the night Rover continued to howl at frequent intervals, and during the next day he was very restless.

At the close of the short winter afternoon excited barks drew us out into the yard. All we saw was a very lame fowl making its way towards Rover's kennel. It appeared he had constituted himself the guardian of this particular fowl. For several months it had slept on Rover's back in the kennel, and it was apparently the absence of his friend that had caused Rover's unseemly behaviour during that cold wintry night.

SELLING A WIFE.

This odious custom was not unknown in the County of Suffolk; and as numerous instances may be cited as having occurred in various parts of England, foreigners cannot well be blamed for thinking wife selling a publicly recognised national custom. Few persons of the present day have seen a husband offer his wife for sale in a public street or market place, with a halter round her neck, but the case has oft-times occurred in Suffolk.

In "Ipswich Journal," January 28th, 1787, we find the following announcement: "A farmer of the parish of Stowupland sold his wife to a neighbour for five guineas, and, being happy to think he had made a good bargain, presented her with a guinea to buy her a new gown. He went to Stowmarket and gave orders for the bells to be rung upon the occasion."

The historian of the future will have much more evidence of a documentary nature for the preiod of eighty years back than for any previous era. Our attention has been drawn to this fact by the discovery, in some old premises in Dundee, of a copy of the "People's Journal," dated March 3rd, 1877. The advertisement pages throw considerable light on the prices of commodities in those days, and incidentally give some idea of the standard of life then prevailing.

The intellectual side of life was not forgotten, and there are several announcements of lectures and dramatic performances. Drapers enticed ladies with reference to "London trimmed straw bonnets" and "ALL the leading novelties."

Under the heading, "Real Wiltshire Bacon," David Balfour announces "Another supply of the above celebrated bacon, direct from Chas. Harris and Co., in sides, fores, and gammons. Prices from 9d. per lb."

We also learn that the prices of whisky was 2s. 10d. per bottle. We can quite understand what is meant by "The good old days."

Pig Paragraphs.

Buying Stores.

H AVING provided housing accommodation, the next thing is to find suitable tenants, and we will now consider the question of buying store pigs for fatting.

First and foremost, a decision must be made as to the age of the pigs to be purchased; some prefer to buy weaners straight from the sow, at about eight weeks old, as this entails a smaller capital outlay. On the other hand, it is at this stage that pigs seem to develop most slowly, and they certainly need more care and attention, especially in cold and wet weather, when risks of loss from disease and chill are greater, though insurance in local clubs can generally be effected, and all small feeders should certainly take the precaution of covering themselves in this way.

Others prefer to buy strong stores, and so avoid the risks of cramp and chills, which smaller pigs are more subject to.

The feeder himself must determine which class of pig will best suit his requirements.

It is always advisable, where possible, to buy direct from the breeder rather than through a third party, as intermediate profits are thereby avoided, and-most important of all—care should be taken to make sure that the pigs are healthy and in thoroughly good condition. Any that are obviously not thriving should be left severely alone. If an order for a number of pigs is given to someone else, the buyer has no choice but to take the pigs brought to him. When buying pigs try to select them at feeding time; there is never much the matter with pigs that go to the trough with a good heart. See that they are bright about the eye, and that the coat and skin are in good condition.

Remember that good pigs at a fair price are far cheaper than bad pigs at a low price.

The vehicle in which the pigs are to be conveyed to the buyer's premises should be disinfected, otherwise there is a risk of infection from other pigs which have been previously carted in the vehicle.

Similar precaution should be taken with the sty after each lot of pigs have been disposed of, on the principle that "prevention is better than cure."

For small pigs direct from the sow a good bed of clean dry straw—which should be frequently changed—is necessary. Some feeders do not bed down strong stores, but as the straw is worth its cost in manure it is doubtful if this is good policy, especially where an allotment is kept.

As a pig's stomach is small, not less than three feeds a day should be the rule until four or five months old, and only so much as will be cleared up at a time should be given. If food is left in the trough it soon becomes fouled, turns sour, and is the cause of scour.

A few cinders, or a little earth thrown on to the floor of the sty will help digestion; and, where possible, a few hours exercise in a yard or paddock should be allowed daily.

Give all green stuff that may be available

R.P.R.



"Backfat," Totnes.

The Dunmow Flitch.

This is a fitting occasion to make some reference to the famous ceremony of the Dunmow Flitch.

The custom is said by some writers to date back to Saxon times; by others it is accounted of Norman origin. It is almost certain, however, that the presentation was a condition of some charter, and that the institution of it in the town of Dunmow was in all probability by one of the Fitz-Walters. References to the custom appear as far back as the fourteenth century in Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales," in the "Vision of William concerning Piers, the Pilgrim," in the "Religuae Antiquae" of the fifteenth century, and at many later dates in books and documents too numerous to mention.

The Chartulary of Dunmow Priory (British Museum) contains a reference, dated 1445, in relation to the Flitch, and probably constitutes the first official record of the presentation. The recipient in this instance was one "Richard Wright, of Badbourge, near the city of Norwich, in the County of Norfolk, Yeoman," who "came and required the bacon of Dunmow on the 17th day of April, in the 23rd year of the reign of Henry VI."

According to the form of the Charter, he was sworn before John Cannon, Prior of Dunmow, "and there was delivered to him, the said Richard, one Flitch of Bacon." The custom lapsed until it was revived by Harrison Ainsworth in 1855, author of the novel, "A Flitch of Bacon."

The Flitch is, as is well known, presented to any married couple who swear before a pseudo judge and jury that they have "not repented them, sleeping or waking, of their marriage in a year and a day." Originally the claimants "kneeling on two sharp pointed stones," took the following oath:—

"You shall swear by Custom of Confession That you ne'er made Nuptial Transgression; Nor since you were married man and wife, By Household Brawls or Contentious Strife Affended each other in deed and or word; Or in a Twelve-month time and a day, Repented not in Thought any way; Or since the Church Clerk said Amen, Wished yourselves unmarried again, But continued true and in desire, As when you joined hands in holy Choire. Since to these Conditions without any fear, Of your own accords you do truly swear; A whole gammon of Bacon you do receive And bear it away with love and good leave; For this is the Custom at Dunmow well known Tho' the Pleasure be ours, the Bacon's your own."

A whole book could be filled concerning the famous Flitch, but since our space is limited we must content ourselves with this brief reference, which we know will interest our readers, especially those at Calne.

Those who are desirous of learning more concerning the custom, and also of the ancient priory, will find a wealth of information in a little book called "The Strange Story of the Dunmow Flitch," by J. W. Robertson Scott, of which it can truly be said that Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott has provided something more amusing, more enthralling, than many a modern novel.

Smoke and flames were pouring from the top windows of a house. A man ran across the road to it and rang the bell violently. A deaf woman opened the door.

"Madam," shouted the man, "your house is on fire."

"Eh?" said she.

"Your house is on fire," he roared.

"Oh, is that all?" said she.

"It's all I can think of for the moment," said the man.

A man travelling on a big express one day left his seat in the dining car, just after he had ordered his meal, to get something he had left in his compartment.

On returning he found a very important-looking woman in his place, in spite of the fact that he had left a magazine there. When he informed her with perfect politeness that the seat had been taken by him, she turned on him with flashing eyes:—

"Sir," she exclaimed haughtily, "do you know I am one of the directors' wives?"

"My dear madam," he replied in courteous tones, "if you were the director's only wife I should still ask for my seat!"

Our Picture Gallery.



O our friends in Calne Mr. W. J. Hicks needs no introduction. He joined the Firm in 1919, and spent five years in the Calne Factory. He was transferred to Newport in connection with our Van Delivery Service, then practically in its

infancy. His departure to Newport left a gap in many of the things he was interested in. Many friends were made in the cricket and football teams, but perhaps most of all he was missed by the Calne Troop of Boy Scouts. As Scoutmaster and gymnastic instructor he was responsible for bringing the troop to a very high state of efficiency. A number of us have still pleasant recollections of the excellent displays under the leadership of Mr. Hicks.

Round the Town.

What were the thoughts of the Calne Harris United Football Team as they pushed their conveyance up a hill on the way to Trowbridge?

Prizes were recently offered by the Shredded Wheat Company for the best original displays of their specialities. Messrs. Wiltshire's window was dressed by Mr. Clifford, and secured a place amongst the first ten out of 268 prizes, with a prize of £5.

The packets were built into the figure of a grandfather clock, and an indicator stated that "Any time was Shredded Wheat time." The background, showing cornland and a windmill, made a pleasing association with the article advertised.

Successful modern business is no battle of wits. It's an offer of service with a pledge of good faith.

Before you take a correspondence course on how to get more money, find out if the boss is taking a similar course on how to cut down expenses. The late M. Barrington Jellett, Esquire, J.P.



To all those who knew Mr. Jellett, the inclusion of his photograph will be a lasting pleasure. He joined the Board of Charles and Thomas Harris and Co., Ltd. in 1914, and quickly showed his support of the movement which had recently been inaugurated for better working relationship between employers and staff. Later, he was a director of the Produce Co., and when the present Company was formed he served as a member of the Boards of C. and T. Harris (Calne) Ltd., and its subsidiary directorates. His sudden death early in 1926 deprived all who knew him of the large gifts of sympathy, steadfast friendship, and good humour which he possessed.

The writer had the fullest opportunity for many years of judging Mr. Jellett's worth. He never knew him to fail in any work to which he had put his hand.

It is right that a tribute should be paid to a great man who assisted in our development.

J.F.B.

A slacker is one of those fellows who always grabs the music stool when a piano is to be shifted.

Do not waste time worrying about the soft job you think someone else has. He is probably doing as much worrying as you are.

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

A happy little ceremony took place towards the end of April, when, on behalf of the staffs of James Dole & Co. and Henry Naish & Sons, Ltd., a presentation of a silver condiment set in a leather case, suitably inscribed, was made to Miss Evelyn Packer on the occasion of her approaching marriage.

Miss Packer leaves us with hearty good wishes for her future happiness and prosperity.

Royalty paid one of its rare visits to the West of England. H.R.H. Princess Mary Viscountess Lascelles carried out a full programme on April 11th at Bristol. After the formal reception by the Lord Mayor, Her Royal Highness proceeded to Clifton to inspect a parade of over 2,000 Girl Guides and Brownies.

The chief event of the day was a visit to the Dockland Settlement Club No. 3, which she formally opened. During her inspection of the building she conversed with several of the newsboys, whose needs are being specially catered for at this settlement.

CHIPPENHAM.

On March 26th, at the Parish Church, Chippenham, Miss Edna M. Rowley, who has been a member of the Factory staff for the past two years, was married to Mr. Albert E. Sartain, and on April 16th, at the Parish Church, Melksham, the marriage of Mr. James Bullock to Miss Millicent Rogers was solemnised.



MR. JAMES BULLOCK.

The name of Bullock has been associated with the Chippenham Factory since the first day the bacon curing industry was

established here—20th July, 1891—when Mr. James Bullock's father, Mr. Tom H. Bullock, who is now factory foreman, commenced his service with the original Company—the Wiltshire Bacon Curing Company, Ltd.

Our best wishes are extended to both couples for their future happiness, and that they may be blessed with the best of good health.

W.V.L.

DUNMOW.

"Whoso neglects a thing he ought to do, because it seems to him too small a thing, is deceiving himself. It is not too little, but too great for him who doeth it not."—Pusey.

If Pusey's words are read aright it is realised how very careful we all have to be if we are not going to feel just a little uncomfortable about them.

The Magazine is perhaps one of these "small things," and there are some readers who neglect to support it in the way of contributions from their pens. Greater support is wanted from members of our staff, both office and road. Do not neglect to do your share, but in that odd half-an-hour you have to spare just help this page along.

We introduce Miss V. G. Lawrence this month



"Our typist, Miss Lawrence, now makes her bow,

'Get on with the job' is her motto; One failing she has—we'll whisper it now, Is 'List Enclosed;' but, dear me, 'tis not so!

When the office is closed, and there's time to spare,

She's fond of riding 'a' pillion; The 'He' who drives this lady fair, We've an idea, is 'one in a million.'

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

In last month's issue we passed on to our readers a little of what we termed "Sales Talk," wondering if the Editor would permit. He did, and so we venture upon a few more "Inspirations" picked up here and there:—

"Inspiration, without perspiration leads nowhere."

"If your customer insists on debating, let him win. It is far better to lose the argument and win the sale than win the argument and lose the sale."

"The man who offers nothing but price usually has nothing but price to offer."

"The pessimist says, "Business is not half as good as it would be if it were twice as good as it is." The optimist says, "Business is twice as good as it would be if it were only half as good as it is."

"Tombstones are cold and cheerless. Yet they always have a good word for everyone under them."

"While climbing the ladder of success in business few men ever see the splinters, but they feel them when they start sliding down."

E.W.W.

A rather funny incident occurred the other day with a customer of mine, which seems to be worth passing along.

Upon noticing a certain "line" displayed by the customer on whom I was calling, I remarked, "Has Brown been round to see you?" and customer replied, "Yes, he sold me these (drawing my attention to the "line" that had prompted the question), and he described them as 'The Best in the World.' I have since written for further supplies, reminding Brown of his description of the goods; and, to my great surprise, I have received a reply regretting that this particular brand is cleared, but offering something better." I remarked that "progress was furious."

E. GREENWOOD.

The Dilemma of Phyllis.

(The Government has decided to give votes to women at the age of twenty-one). "Now Phyllis, bobbed, divinely fair, Is placed upon a footing equal; She has the vote at twenty-one, And votes it "Just delightful Fun." Off to the polling booth she'll trip, Or else forget, and let it rip.

For many years the winsome Phyl. Has told me she is just eighteen, Her age has only varied when She has the vote the same as men. Can Phyllis spare the time to vote, Or go and buy the dinky coat?

Will she elect to mark her cross
And feel that she has done her duty?
Or will she toss her golden head
And hasten to the sales instead?
Whatever Phyllis does, I guess,
Her age at last she must confess."

H. MARKHAM.

On the beach at Mersea a little party of nine Determined they would enjoy a real happy time;

But, after a strenuous hour, decided 'twould be best

To get in the shade and have a quiet rest.

A small pond of water, dirty, some of us spied, One of the party, a boy to "jump it" said he would try,

But as he was bragging about what he could do,

Another, a girl, said she certainly could; too.

The boy, of course, cleared with a good lot to spare;

But the girl in the middle landed, to her great despair.

The whole party, you can guess, nearly collapsed with a scream,

For the girl mud-bedraggled, looked a perfect dream."

You'd better not know what she had to say, But her "attire" was a bathing costume for the rest of the day.

V. LAWRENCE.

HIGHBRIDGE.



As Easter approaches our thoughts invariably turn to wedding bells, and Highbridge is no exception, as Mr. R. C.

Lynham, of the office staff, has shown us, having taken unto himself a wife, the lady being Miss B. A. Barker, of London.

The ceremony was performed at St. Saviour's Church, Denmark Hill, on April 17th, and the honeymoon was spent at Brighton.

The Manager, in appropriate terms, presented Mr. Lynham with a silver-plated Tea and Coffee Service on behalf of all the employees, who, he said, wished life-long happiness to the happy couple.

B.E.

IPSWICH.

Reference was made in the February Magazine to the British Empire Shopping Exhibition which would be held early in April, when, it was stated, that Robert Seager, Ltd., were having a stall at the Exhibition.

There were many interesting competitions during the week of the Exhibition, not the least being that for the best window display of British Empire goods, for which there were many entrants amongst the Ipswich tradespeople.

It is with much pleasure that we have to state that Robert Seager, Ltd., Carr Street, were awarded the gold medal for the best window display, and it proved a very great attraction throughout the shopping week.

We heartily congratulate Seagers on their success.

The display consisted of a very fine selection of Suffolk hams and bacon, with a choice assortment of cooked and packed goods, all of which were warranted English.

HOW EAST SERVES WEST.

During the past six months hardly a week has passed without a consignment of fat sows being despatched from the Eastern Counties to Calne for the manufacture of the well-known "Harris" sausages; in fact, during one period of seven days, no less than 150 sows were sent.

In most cases these sows lie in very small numbers at great distances apart from each other, and it has been necessary to arrange for them to be delivered to one loading point in order to avoid the heavy expense of high carriage rates on part loads.

The number of sows fattened and killed off in this district for a long time past has been enormous, but with the demand slackening owing to the approach of the summer months and the fact that in the warmer weather any odd corner can be converted into a farrowing pen, there are signs that they will not be so plentiful for a time. Moreover, the recent good prices for pigs of all sizes up to bacon weights has been an encouraging time for breeders, and there has lately been a great demand for breeding stock, which should be a good sign as to pig supplies generally next winter.

C. BALDRY.

LONDON.

What is the news from London? Not much to report. Writing on the evening of May 7th, it is that Hobbs has made a century at the Oval and that our Cowcross Street Trading for the month of April shows a great increase over that of April, 1926. To the intelligent mind it is the expected that happens. The unintelligent mind is often caught unawares.

I was interested to read the article in last month's issue on "Pig Rearing in Suffolk," and note the particular reason attributed to those who "go in" for pigs. The reason is not one which makes strong

appeal to the artistic mind.

Near by Suffolk, in the county of Essex, is Epping. A complaint by the Epping Rural District Council against a spinster keeping a pig in her house evoked the following reply: "I received your letter, and felt very much cut up, as I am laying in the pig's room. I have not been able to stand up or get upon my legs. When I can I will get him in his own room that was built for him. As to getting him off the premises, I shall do no such thing, as he is no nuisance to anyone. We have had to be in the pig's room now for three years. I am not going to get rid of my pet. We must all live together. I will move him as soon as God gives me strength to do so." The Rev. T. C. Spurgin observed, "The lady will require a good deal of strength to move her pet, which weighs forty stone."

Some time ago there was a picture in *Punch* illustrating "Where's your father?" "He's in the pig's stye. You can tell him by his hat."

It may be at some time worth while to

pursue the suggestion of "Pigs as pets." Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in his books of essays, "A Gleaming Cohort," has written on this very subject, and I have his kind permission to quote at length from his writings, but at present I think our space is too fully occupied to allow of my taking advantage of Mr. Chesterton's offer.

R.E.H.

REDRUTH.



Owing to a wave of indisposition, we have not received our usual contribution, this month, from Redruth. We look forward to a resumption of our friends literary efforts in the June issue of the Magazine.

* * *

TIVERTON.

With the advent of May, one of the months without the letter R in, and also at the same time warmer weather, our competitors—the large wholesale pork butchers—will begin to slacken off considerably in their killings. This will mean increased supplies for ourselves and the commencement of our busy period.

We notice from the Magazine the rise of budding poets at the various Branches. It leads one to think of Gray in his "Elegy in the Country Churchyard":—

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene, The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear, Full many a flower is born to blush unseen And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden that, with dauntless breast,

The little tyrant of his field withstood. Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest. Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

DUMPLING.

TOTNES.

A small Cockney boy entered a fish merchant's shop and asked for a haddock. The assistant enquired whether he would like a Finney haddock. "No," came the reply like a shot, "I want a Fick-un."

Should any of our friends from head-quarters or elsewhere happen to be in Ilfracombe on June 25th, they may witness the arrival there, about mid-day, of several charabancs containing a merry party bent on thoroughly enjoying themselves. So that no mistake may be made, we will mention that they will not be members of the society which has lately become so famous, but merely the Totnes Branch of the famous firm of bacon-curers. We hope our friends will not fail to make themselves known to us, and also join us at Southcombe's Cafe, so that it will truly be a case of "the more we are together the merrier we will be."

The visit of our Chief, with Mrs. and Miss Bodinnar, at Easter, was a pleasant surprise that was greatly appreciated by all, and their presence at the wedding of Mr. R. J. Tozer once more showed clearly the interest in, and desire for, the happiness of every member of the Firm, which they have never failed to display. The significance of this was apparent to all of us, and this always paramount "thought for the other person," which is so great a characteristic of them, is an inspiration to endeavour to follow in their footsteps.

It was a special pleasure to welcome Mrs. Bodinnar to Totnes after her recent illness. We hope that her sojurn in Devonshire will contribute to her making rapid progress towards complete recovery, and that the charms of the moor, sea, and river will occasion future visits to our locality.

In a few days we have jumped from the Arctic regions to the tropic zone, which is a welcome change. One of the most zealous gardeners on our staff has been so hopeful of being the first to have new potatoes from his own patch that for weeks he has carefully tended them hand and foot, and done all to help his *pommes de terre* to multiply fruitfully, but, alas! Jack Frost had no scruples, and the cotton wool (straw) spread with such loving tenderness over the

plants could not prevent the destructiveness of the gardener's ogre, and one cold morning he found them all black and withered, and all his fond hopes shattered. The muttered words regarding his enemy that were heard—well, perhaps it is as well they were only a "muffled peal."

A rumour has got abroad that another keen gardener on our staff was seen about six a.m. on the morning of April 27th with a bucket of water and a brush, endeavouring to wash off the gloom and depression which the frost had settled on his beloved "spuds."

In his article in the April issue, our Chief comments on the spring glories of our neighbourhood; and this is even more in evidence now that we have had a spell of warm sunshine. We do not think the scenery around here, as it is now, can be excelled for beauty anywhere. The river Dart, with its wooded banks, is looking at its best, and if any of our friends are contemplating a visit they should not fail to take a trip from here to Dartmouth, and see its beauty themselves. We believe our Editor has a block showing the point from where the steamers start; perhaps he will consent to print it for the benefit of those who are thinking of making the trip. The public gardens of Torquay, with their wallflower beds, were, at Easter, a sight that will not be forgotten by those who saw them.

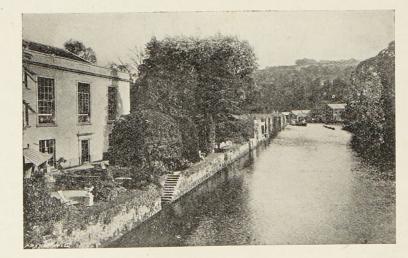
Things generally have been very quiet in the Factory, but we are pleased to notice that at all the markets in the neighbourhood a greatly increased number of small pigs are to be seen, which we regard as a hopeful sign for the future.

At the time of writing the Office staff is busy wrestling with the Annual Stocktaking. Whilst one of them was endeavouring to balance one set of figures, another was seen balancing a ruler, and she was heard to exclaim, "Is that a bee or a wasp? Anyhow, it has to die, for certain."

W.J.T.

" MAY."

Spring excels in the month of May, Shedding its treasures by our way; Filling the air with birds' sweet song. Glad'ning our hearts the whole day long. May has joy for the saddest heart, Sunshine to all it doth impart; Both Age and Youth alike rejoice, Pleasure is heard in every voice. In Youth, that is the May of life, Unite in pleasure, heed not strife; Joy is yours if you make it so, Troubles and trials themselves will grow. In many a heart the sun shines not. Where life is but a weary lot; A ray of sun from another's mind Is to these souls a valued find. Those who have God's gift of pleasure, Can spare to other souls a measure: Giving them joy with kindly deed, Sowing in May the Heavenly seed. THOMAS H. HARVEY.



View from Totnes bridge showing river Dart and steamer leaving for Dartmouth.

Just Between Ourselves.

GREAT deal of interest has been occasioned in Ipswich by "The Nest." Although, appropriately enough, this has materialised in the Spring, it has nothing whatever to do with the birds in the local aviary, but is a small newly-built house, which has been arranged on the most up-to-date and convenient lines, and tastefully furnished in every detail by the leading Ipswich Store.

The house was open for two weeks for inspection by the public, and considerable advantage has been taken of the opportunity of seeing the latest thing in houses equipped with every modern and hygienic laboursaving device.

The electrical arrangements were a source of great interest. Everything went by electricity, from the player-piano, the drink mixer, and the bath-gown warmer, to the electric shaving pot and the very compact little heater by the bedside for the early morning cup of tea.

Many a wistful backward glance has been cast at this early morning tea-heater by wives unwillingly dragged away by husbands who want to see the garage and the wireless set, and more than one has been heard to remark that she is going to put this on her list of things "we positively must have" before the Winter mornings come along.

What a lot of private debates there will be on the relative advantages of an early morning tea-heater and a drink mixer!

W.S., Ipswich.

BEAUTY HINTS-NO. 3.

How to prevent that run-down feeling: Never cross the road if a motor is in sight!

WELDON'S PUBLICATIONS.

Catalogue of Fashions, Summer, 1927.
Summer Dresses.
Girls' Summer Dresses.
Children's Fashions.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Ladies' Journal.
New Batik Work.
Crochet, 220th Series.
Three-piece Suits in Knitting.

OUR COOKERY CORNER.

MARGUERITE PUDDING.

Ingredients:—½lb. flour, 2 teaspoonfulls Borwick's baking powder, ¼lb. margarine, 3ozs. sugar, 1 egg, pinch of salt, jam, and about ¾ gill milk.

Method:—Mix flour, salt, and baking powder, rub into it the margarine, then add sugar, stir in the egg and milk and beat thoroughly. Grease a mould, put a layer of jam at the bottom. Pour in the mixture and steam two hours.

Note.—It may not be generally known that if a label from a tin of Borwick's Baking Powder is sent to Messrs. Geo. Borwick & Sons, Ltd., Chiswell Street, London, E.C.1, they will send a very useful and strongly-bound Cookery Book in return.—Marian.

Wanted for next month.—Some Summer Supper Recipes.

Price to-day must depend on service. Materials and labour are but part of the thing called service. The price is always too high if the service is poor.

Don't think that Nature has cheated you. Nature handed you yours all right, but perhaps you had your foot on a brass rail and your elbow bent at the time, and did not notice it.

Scotsman arriving at station with luggage:—

Asks: How much to drive me to my Hotel?

Reply was: 2/6.

Asks: How much for luggage?

Reply: No charge.

Aberdonian: Take up the luggage, I'll walk.

Mrs. Jones: "I met Mrs. M'Dougal down the street, and she told me that you told her the news I told you not to tell because Mrs. Brown made me promise not totell it before she would tell it to me."

Mrs. Smith: "Why, Mrs. M'Dougal told me she wouldn't tell a soul that I had told her."

"Never mind. I told her I wouldn't tell you she had told me you told her."

Photographic Notes.

Before attempting the making of pictures, it is of the utmost importance that you fully understand your camera and its equipment. A camera in its simplest form would be a simple box, made light-tight, with a lens at one end and a means for supporting a film inside the box at the other end.

The bellows, shutter, and other attachments are simply convenient modifications of this form; the bellows permitting the folding of the light chamber, and the shutter a means for allowing the light to pass through the lens for definite periods.

Before attempting to load the camera, examine it carefully and familiarise yourself



The Favourite "Kodak" Snapshot.

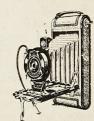
with the shutter and its workings. Note carefully the diaphragm or stop openings in the shutter, and how, with the larger opening, a greater quantity of light passes through the lens in a given time, and you will then understand why we use the largest opening for snapshots and the smaller ones for time exposures.

Once you have mastered the operation of the shutter and the focusing device (if your camera is provided with one), you may load the camera preparatory to making your first pictures.

(From "How to make good pictures," published by Messrs. Kodak, Ltd.)

We are sorry space did not permit last month of there production of two types of cameras of the well-known Kodak make. We are publishing them in this issue, with the intimation that they, and all other makes of Kodaks, are obtainable at Mr. C. G. Higgins', Church Street, Calne.





THE TRIALS OF A LEDGER CLERK.

It has been said that one half of the world is ignorant of the doings of the other half, therefore we are putting a few small matters connected with our daily routine.

Sometime within the region of 8.30 the ledger clerks wend their way to an abode known as the "Safe," wherein mysterious documents containing almost the life history of some of our customers are deposited. Shortly after they return, stumbling beneath most terrific loads of ledgers and other books. One solid hour is then devoted to heavy correspondence and wieldy manipulation of the pen. During this hour and the subsequent hours to dinner time one is bombarded with all types of queries and "querers." There is the gentle voice asking in faltering tones, "Do you take so-and-so?" There is the blustering tone of "Can I see Jones of XYPtown's account?" and the one we hate most of all, he (or she) who "butts in" when we are in the midst of a long cast of figures.

It may be noticed that some ledger clerks seem to lean negligently over a counter separating another department. The patient expression on their faces aptly illustrates Kipling's "IF you can wait and not be tired by waiting." Patience is one of the virtues that is well cultivated by the "clerks of the ledger."

5.30 arrives, and one homeward plods his weary way, fully conscious that when balancing time comes round there will be the revelation of the sins of commission committed by poor harassed ledger clerks.

> WYNN DUPP, N. I.L. Despra.

The Broad Highway.

TE are now into the month of May, and it is possible to look back and reflect upon the results of the past month as compared with the comparatively dull period at the beginning of the year. April has certainly given us something better, and cause to look for still better things as the Summer season progresses. With a return to a more favourable note on the bacon market, we could really congratulate ourselves upon a very satisfactory state of affairs. In the meanwhile, it is a case of hanging on to the bacon trade with a very firm grip, and pushing ahead with Small Goods, where progress is indeed tangible in its results.

We are writing these few notes in Edinburgh at the commencement of what we hope will be a very successful Exhibition. There is nobody as courteous and attentive as the alleged dour Scot when it comes to interesting him in something good to eat, and he will even pay a good price for it willingly!

The grocer, naturally, turns his attention to looking for new Summer lines with the opening of May, and we are taking full advantage of this by means of special window displays and features in many different districts.

We will now see what we have in our post-bag for the May issue.

LIVERPOOL.

"A LITTLE KNOWLEDGE."

The man is not yet born who knows it all, or knows all there is to know about his job. Someone has found out something more about it; someone can do it better perhaps, with less toil or in less time, therefore to refuse friendly advice when it is tendered is a definite admission of vanity and stupidity.

It may, of course, happen our would-be teacher reveals his knowledge as inferior to our own; nevertheless, the fact that our teacher has been able to teach us nothing is not our fault. We were willing enough to listen, and quite ready and willing to learn.

To know a lot about our job is necessary, in fact very necessary, and a great asset; but beware of appearing to know too much and giving our friends the impression that

no one would ever be allowed to teach us anything, for it is well to bear in mind many helpful, progressive, and useful tips come to us who show we are not above receiving them.

The most foolish of all, however, is the fellow who knows too much. By his overbearing protestation of much knowledge he proves to the world nothing; at least, of that real wisdom and knowledge which enable great men to learn of the humblest of their fellows.

Now let us remember this, that the only wholly ignorant man is he who is utterly unaware of his ignorance. He is the only fellow, in his feeble-minded vanity, who loudly declares that he allows no man to try to teach him his job.

A SMILE.

Some people are too tired to give you a smile. Give them one of yours, as none need a smile so much as those who have no more to give.

ANOTHER.

The reason why men who mind their own business succeed is because they have so little competition.

A.T.T.

BRIGHTON.

On reading Mr. Drewitt's paragraph in the March issue of our Magazine, brings to my mind the following, which occurred in a village not many miles from Calne:—

A farmer, on going to his fowls' houses to collect eggs one morning, found lying in the corner of one of them a fox with two cubs. Although the fowls used this house for both laying and roosting, the fox did not frighten them or interfere with them, but used to go off occasionally to get food for her cubs elsewhere. They stayed in this house for some little time, until they were finally frightened away by inquisitive visitors.

A Canadian hint on how to remove a stain from a carpet:—

Cut neatly round the stain with a safety razor blade and then train the cat to sleep over the hole.

An alternative solution to Marian's method of removing an ink stain (see page 27, first number).

Agricultural Shows.

The month of May will see the commencement of the usual series of Agricultural Shows which takes place annually.

There is no doubt whatever that these Shows do much towards the improvement of live stock in this country. They provide an opportunity for breeders of all opinions to meet and discuss their various points of view, and it is largely because of these discussions that British live stock has secured such pre-eminence all over the world.

It is now some five years since we first attended these Shows, having for our object the improvement in the type of bacon pig offered for the Wiltshire trade, and it is with pleasure that we are able to place on record the fact that a very real step in that direction is apparent.

We understand that the Ministry of Agriculture are preparing a very comprehensive exhibit in connection with the bacon and pork trade, which will be on view at all the big Shows, and our farmer friends will find in this exhibit many things of interest, and they should not fail to pay a visit to this section.

Having secured some measure of success, we shall again have our Stand at Oxford, Sevenoaks, Winchester, Devizes, and Tun-Bridge Wells. The Stand will have many new features, and we shall welcome both old and new friends if they will pay us a visit.

(Our Post Bag-continued).

DEAR SIR.

I notice that the powers that be state that our Magazine is not at present to be issued to the public. This is a wise precaution; and I suggest that before it is allowed to become so it might be in the interests of our present readers to place our Editor under a permanent contract; otherwise, if the "Mag." continues to improve at its present progress the proprietors of some of the leading London publications may endeavour to commandeer his services from us.

"BACKFAT."

Many enquiries have been made as to the identity of "Backfat," and in response to our entreaties he has consented to pose for his photograph. The result appears on page 82.

Our Post Bag.

The Editor, " Harris Magazine."

DEAR SIR,

We were interested to read the announcement that the Summer Flower Show of the Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society is to take place on August 6th next. One of our keen gardeners has suggested that as many fine flowers often grow on the side-shoots of a plant, it might possibly be of assistance if all the Branches were allowed to send in exhibits for this Show, which could be shown grouped together as an honorary exhibit, with the heading over it:—

"FROM THE BRANCHES OF THE TREE."

We believe that the Branches would be pleased with the opportunity of being able to do something like this, and the difficulties of transit might be overcome by careful packing of the flowers.

What do the "powers that be" think

of the idea?

May 6th, 1927. Totnesian.

[The Welfare and Entertainment Society welcome the above suggestion, and would be glad if our friends elsewhere will write and give their views, so that, if the idea can be carried out, arrangements can be made to incorporate the idea in the general scheme.]

The Editor, "Harris Magazine."

DEAR SIR,

It is with feelings of great pleasure that we learn of the tremendous interest which has been taken in the early issues of the Magazine by our fellow workers generally, and there is little doubt that the enthusiasm

will continue.

To those of us, however, whose pleasant duty it is to distribute the Mags., such enthusiasm is not without its embarassing, if not to say worrying, features. The desire for another month's issue of the good things supplied is excusable, but there are a few subscribers whose persistent enquiries after next month's Magazine tend to become so frequent as to resemble "the murmuring of innumerable bees."

If those enthusiasts will allow, at any rate, a few days to elapse before renewing their requests for "next month's Mag.," then our duty as distributors will be all pleasure.

A DISTRIBUTOR.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

EDITOR: MR. G. H. HUDSON.

SUB-EDITORS: MESSRS, G. R. ASHMAN AND H. H. EAMES.

LADIES' PAGE: MRS. PEARCE.

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REDRUTH:

Mr. G. Taylor.

TIVERTON:

Mr. P. Ash.

TOTNES:

Mr. W. Tucker.

CONTRIBUTIONS.—Boxes have been placed in prominent positions in each Factory. Will you please make a point of seeing that some contribution is put in each month. By so doing you will ensure the success of—

"OUR MAGAZINE."

HARRIS	MAGAZINE
VOL. 1.	NO. 6.

JUNE, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

THE outstanding feature last month was Empire Shopping Week. The thought that dominated our minds during that week was the possibilities of the future as a result of combined effort.

There is no doubt that Calne was brimful of gaiety, and the hard-working officials deserve our best thanks for their efforts.

The point we want to drive home is that of combined effort and mutual goodwill. The one is as important as the other. To combine successfully the goodwill must be mutual.

In point of numbers, we are not inconsiderable, and comprise many tastes and desires. Combined effort will enable us to extract to the full all the pleasure and enjoyment of those desires. Mutual goodwill will enable us to look kindly upon tastes and desires of others when they are not the same as our own.

We have, for the first time in the history of the Firm, a medium by which our various tastes can find kindred spirits; so that, instead of loneliness in pleasure, we have the gaiety of the crowd. If we could get back to the beginning of the privileges we enjoy to-day we should find they originated in the sinking of self on the part of someone. "To play for one's side" is a motto of complete unselfishness.

We have received no response to our invitation given in the April Magazine We know the subject of "What could be done" is debated among our friends. We want to transform these talks into realities. In this respect we have the wholehearted support of the Welfare Society. "We are eager and anxious to do all possible in every way for our members," was a remark addressed to us recently. Nothing could be fairer; and it is for us to express ourselves so that the Welfare Society know in which direction to bend their energies. It is unfair to expect them to do a vague something. Tell them what you want done, and if sufficient evidence of support is forthcoming, you can rely upon every effort being made.

DIRECTORS OF BOARD THE











Board of I the Staffs

By The Way.

Some of our friends have mentioned a Hockey Team. Now is the time to get together, so that it can come into being for the Winter. Hockey is not a difficult or expensive game. Those of our friends who would like to play, but hesitate, are asked to communicate with Mr. S. L. Drewell. Instruction has been promised, and practice games will be arranged for interested novices.

Who was the humorist, during Shopping Week, who flew the American Flag over the drinking fountain in the Recreation Ground?

Applicant: I've come about the job as is advertised.

Manager: What are your qualifications for the work?

Applicant: Work! Why I thought it was a foreman as was required.

The following experiment in hatching chicks has been sent to us. An optimistic young hopeful obtained a dozen eggs, and also bought six pounds of chick feed. To hasten the process of incubation he boiled the eggs, thereby providing another argument against the fortunes alleged to be made in poultry farming.

We hear also of a kind-hearted brother who put his pet rabbit in the oven to keep its feet warm. * * *

THE BIRDS.

The merry birds—to them belongs The right to flood the world with song. Just hark to their raptures! No cares have

As they welcome in concert the new-born day.

The music and mirth of the birds of the air, Now here, now there, and everywhere. At break of day 'tis our delight To hear their gleeful songs so bright.

Unmeasured, unstinted, their lovely lays Outpouring and warbling their pure glad

Understood by each other, as ourselves by our words,

A language their own. How happy the birds. A. Davis.

There is one part of the town whose reputation for punctuality is unrivalled. Anxious to maintain the reputation, one young lady arrived at work at six o'clock instead of eight, and this the morning after the Carnival! The strange silence that greeted her was so unusual that she fled back home. She was "spotted"; hence this paragraph.

As we go to press we hear there is the possibility of a Junior Football Team. It is all a question whether the many difficulties can be overcome. We hope to be able to speak more definitely next month.

* * *

The dissemination of music is fraught with many dangers. We hear of a narrow escape (or was it just retribution?) of a certain jazz band. They practised in a field just outside Calne. This, we admit, was considerate of them, but the occupant of the field thought otherwise. His war cry rang out, and he charged. The band thought discretion the better part of valour and fled, although they had sufficient presence of mind to throw the big drum over the hedge. Rumour has it that the diminutive leader was an easy first in the race for safety, and was heard to express his opinion of the bull's musical appreciation in no uncertain terms—

> They that jazz and run away, live to jazz another day. * * *

Our Cornish friends are responsible for many things, not the least being the Cornish Pasty. So much controversy regarding the charm and delicacy of flavour has taken place amongst those members of the staff who, if not actually Cornubians, were sufficiently acclimatised to be regarded as a little tainted, that Suffolk felt it up to them to show that there are others.

Our friends, Robert Seagers, Ltd., were consulted, and they responded. In a few day's time the shop windows of Seagers' were overflowing with an attractive display of delicious-looking Suffolk Pasties. They so delighted the populace that they now constitute a standing line, and can be purchased fresh from the oven daily.

To our Cornubian friends—there are others.

(May we have the recipe?—MARIAN).

Empire Shopping Week.

Some Afterthoughts.

THE rise and expansion of Great Britain and the Empire is the most romantic and fascinating fact in all history. This Nation is great in so many ways that it seems worth while briefly to consider a few of them, though we shall by no means exhaust the catalogue.

Britain is great in her past. When we read of the wonderful achievements performed by those pioneers, adventurers, and merchant-seamen who, through perils, storm, adversities, and difficulties, carried the torch of Freedom, Justice, Righteousness; colonising, educating, and laying a firm and sure foundation of a higher civilisation, we cannot but feel grateful and proud of our race.

Britain is great in agricultural wealth. Think of "the precious things put forth by the sun "-The Canadian corn, Australian fruit, Cevlon and Indian tea, sugar, cotton, coffee, &c .- all Empire grown. Here is an extract from an advertisement in the "Morning Post," telling of the productions of West Africa only—a marvellous list:— "The sheets you sleep in may be woven of Nigerian cotton, the soap they are washed with is probably made of West African oils. The Gold Coast is the native land of most of the cocoa you drink and the chocolates you eat. Your grocers sell margarine made from West African nuts; your butcher supplies beef fattened on West African oilcake; ginger beer and ginger cakes are made from Sierra Leone ginger, and other articles of daily use could be enumerated."

And Britain has given West Africa great gifts—the end of slavery and tribal war—a new era of peace, happiness, and prosperity for 23 million people spread over an area ten times the size of England.

Britain is great in mineral wealth and precious stones, which she has in abundance.

Britain has also a great reputation. It is not denied that an Englishman's word is his bond. Had she been less honourable she would not have gone into the war to maintain the sanctity of treaties.

She might have coldly stood aside When Belgium's cry was heard; Left gallant France to stand alone, And scorned her plighted word. She loved fair peace, but higher prized Her Honour and the Right; She could not break her promise, so, Of course, she had to fight.—Cox.

And Britain has a great Empire. There have been mighty Empires in the past—Assyria, Babylon, Medo-Persia, Creece, Rome, and in more recent times, Russia, Germany, Austria, and France. There are very few left now; but the British Empire survives, glows, and flourishes.

Its bounds are the "Everlasting Hills:" the majestic Rockies in the far West and the mighty Himalayas in the East, whose highest peak has not vet been scaled. It is interesting to note at the present moment what Britain has been to Australia, where the Duke and Duchess of York have been visiting. This country, 25 times the size of England and Ireland, came into our hands about a century ago. What have we done since? Transformed it. On the sites where the Aboriginal then set up his portable shelter, consisting only of a piece of bark leaning against a stout stick, easily adjusted to suit the changes of the wind, there stand to-day the cities of Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Adelaide, Perth, and Canberra, which rival the best of English cities. On May 10th the King's son, amidst great rejoicings, opened the magnificent new Parliament House in Canberra, where the future life of that Continent will be moulded, and the seat of Government will be the finest planned city in the world. Such a glorious outcome of our ancestor's grit, courage, and endurance thrills the heart and stirs the imagination, and should nerve our Nation to greater effort to be true to our trust and heritage, and pray that God will protect, defend, keep, and guide us.

Britain is great in commerce. The contribution we have made in trade and commerce is a romance in itself. We have been the pioneers, and the world is indebted to us; our competitors of to-day were our pupils of yesterday, and the British workman is still the finest in the world. We are going through the process of being re-born. Old ways, old methods, old systems, and old conditions are giving place to new; and, despite seeming confusion and restless-

ness, are emerging to law and order in this industrial sphere.

Countless firms (including our own) now have welfare systems, and mutual cooperation between employer and employee, and it only needs us all to stand and pull together with mutual trust and sincere goodwill.

Now that the uplifting and exhilarating experiences of Empire Week are over, may the strains of our National song, "Land of Hope and Glory," still vibrate and pulsate the hearts of our people, carrying its true meaning into every sphere of life; permeating and encircling the whole Commonwealth of nations with its triumphant and glorious chords of harmony, symbolising the wonderful amalgamation which constitutes the British Empire.

W.S.G.

Harris Cricket Club.



E opened our season with a match at Lickhill against the Swindon Imperial C.C. Batting first, we compiled the useful total of 86 runs. C. H. Ducksbury (27), J. Garraway (20, not out), and J. H. Gillett (13) were the chief scorers.

The visitors started in very confident fashion, their two opening batsmen knocking up 61 runs before being parted. When this partnership was dissolved, however, J. Garraway and F. Nash started issuing "return tickets" to the pavilion at such a rate that our prospects of pulling the game out of the fire seemed good. But a dogged ninth wicket stand carried the total to 94, and the "Imps" emerged victorious in a keen and pleasant game by ten runs. Jack Garraway was our most successful bowler, and his analysis read 6 for 20.

Saturday, May 28th, Swindon G.W.R. Stores Department were the visitors. Batting first, we found the visitors' bowling very much to our liking, and quickly ran up a total of 128, to which the chief contributors were S. L. Drewell (42), P. T. Knowles (29),

J. H. Gillett (13), and P. Stevens (12).

The visitors could only reply with a total of 47, so that we had a very comfortable win. F. Nash took 6 wickets for 17, and J. Garraway did the "hat trick."

Saturday, June 4th, we received a visit from the Swindon Central Mission C.C., who, having first knock, were dismissed for the moderate total of 65. J. Garraway, 5 wickets for 11.

Our opening batsmen did not shape very confidently against the visitors' bowling, and five good wickets were lost for only 13 runs, but F. Nash came to the rescue with a well-played innings of 39 not out, and with the valuable assistance of J. Garraway (13) and I. J. Taylor (9), we won an exciting game. R. Bowman deserves credit for sacrificing run-getting for defence at a critical period in the game.

WITH THE 2nd XI.

Our second eleven commenced their season with an away match against Compton Bassett on Saturday, May 7th, and lost rather heavily. Batting first, they were only able to put together 24 runs, whilst the home team knocked up 102 for four wickets. Perhaps waiting for the political meeting to end rather tried our second's nerves!

Saturday, May 14th, the seconds were the visitors at Derry Hill, and having first knock performed so poorly that the whole side were dismissed for the meagre total of 15 runs, no less than seven of the team failing to "break their duck." On going in to bat, Derry Hill also found run-getting difficult, and with nine of their wickets down for 13 runs our men stood a splendid chance of winning, but a last-wicket stand by the home team enabled them to win a remarkably low-scoring match.

On Wednesday evening, May 18th, Compton Bassett visited Lickhill for their return match. Batting first, they were dismissed for 49 (Taylor 6 for 16). The seconds soon showed that they were out to avenge their heavy defeat at Compton, and succeeded in collecting 105 runs in a short space of time, thus winning by 56 runs. The chief run-getters were:—J. J. McFaull (21),

J. Simons (19), H. Smart (17), and I. J. see the President and Mrs. Bodinnar at tea. Taylor (15).

Saturday, May 21st, St. John's 2nd XI. from Swindon were the visitors, and after a very close and enjoyable game the seconds came out winners by four runs. J. Garraway (6 for 16) and G. Batchelor (3 for 16) bowled well, and P. Stevens (17) and J. J. McFaull (10) did well with the bat.

On Wednesday evening, June 1st, a visit from Derry Hill produced another close game. The visitors batted first, and compiled a useful 70 runs, to which the home team repiled with 76, thus winning an enjoyable game by the narrow margin of 6 runs. W. Pottow "got his eye in," and had a merry knock of 35. His valuable contribution undoubtedly enabled his side to record their third win.

G.R.A.

LADIES v GENTS.

Saturday, May 14th, being a vacant date, a match was arranged with a XV. comprised of lady members of the factory and office staffs, and proved a most enjoyable and entertaining fixture. The ladies, as is only fit and proper, batted first and knocked up a very respectable total (no figures quoted). One was very impressed with the considerable skill shown by a large number of the team, and the quickness with which those who had not played previously picked up the rudiments of the game. The tea interval, under the circumstances, was naturally a more extended function than usual. We were also particularly pleased to



A few words of welcome to the ladies were made by the Captain, Mr. Knowles, to which Miss Fennell, the ladies' skipper, suitably replied, saving that they would like to come again. Thus fortified, the men went in to bat (left handed), and were sufficiently ungallant to pass the total compiled by the

We were favoured with fine weather, and the afternoon was thoroughly enjoyed by everybody.

FIXTURES FOR JULY.

FIRST ELEVEN.

2.—Saxby and Farmer's 2nd XI., home.

6.(W).—Calne Town, away. 9.—Devizes 2nd XI., away.

13.(W)-Lowden St. Peters, home. 16.—Christ Church, Swindon, home.

20.(W).-Calne Town, home.

,, 30.—Lacock, away.

SECOND ELEVEN.

July 9.-Marlborough Camp C.C., Swindon

" 27.(W)-Bishop's Cannings, home.

,, 30.-Lacock 2nd X1., home.

LET CHARITY REIGN.

We need in the Calne area a properly fitted Motor Ambulance to convey people requiring Surgical operations to the Hospitals which are situated at Bath and Bristol.

We intend to provide one; BUT I want about £250 to pay for it. A Fancy Fair will be held in the early autumn.

How can all our readers help me to hand over the Car FREE OF DEBT to the Calne Nursing Association BEFORE NOVEMBER 8th NEXT?

Please send me, one and all of you (whether Calneites or not), your practical suggestions at once.

J. F. BODINNAR, Mayor of Calne.

The Late Marquess of Lansdowne.

LTHOUGH the Marquess of Lansdowne had no direct connection with the firm of Harris, the passing of one who was so sincere a friend and so sympathetic a neighbour cannot but call for a word of genuine appreciation.

It is sometimes the case that large landowners hold aloof from the life and interests of those who live on or in close proximity to their estates, but the late Marguess was ever one who took the keenest interest in the well-being of his neighbours, and showed that interest in many practical

The merely nominal rent at which many of our old employees held cottages under him is a case in point, and when, in course of time, changing conditions made the disposal of this kind of property desirable, the tenant always had the first option of purchase on advantageous terms.

Calne has always set neighbouring towns an excellent example in the matter of ample allotment land at a low rental for the town dwellers; and although the interest of our young men in horticulture does not appear to grow with increasing leisure, yet any man who cares to work land in his spare time has had the opportunity of considerably increasing his income and providing against a possible shortage of work, largely consequent on the practical goodwill of the lord of Bowood.

For a long period he most generously, year by year, placed his beautiful park and pleasure grounds at the disposal of the Committee of the Calne Flower Show, and in those days the one great holiday of the year was that on which the Royal Flower Show was held in Bowood Park. His Lordship himself strolling around his grounds, giving a kindly greeting to everyone, and thoroughly enjoying this intercourse with his neighbours.

We have lost a neighbour who, highly placed by birth and endowed with natural powers far exceeding the average, spent himself and his talents with great distinction in the service of his country; and we, who have benefitted by his life and example, will long cherish his memory.

The Mayor has permitted us to quote the speech he made in this connection at a Special Meeting of Calne Town Council:—

"It is, I am sure you will agree, fitting that the Mayor and Corporation should to-day set on record their sympathy with the Dowager Marchioness of Lansdowne, with Lord Lansdowne, and with the members of the family. Further, it seems to me to be our bounden duty to remember withgratitude and appreciation the passing of a great man who loved Calne well. It has been said that 'he was one of the few remaining English nobles of ancient lineage who inherited and maintained great and splendid traditions of public service. He was a devoted, disinterested, and capable servant of his country and a model landlord, a pattern of civic and domestic virtue, a good man, and a great gentleman.' To those sentiments we, who were fortunate enough to come into touch with him from time to time, subscribe whole-heartedly. The passage of time is already setting out in true perspective the value of his work in connection with the Foreign Office. To him came the opportunity, which he completed as a great achievement, in the settlement of outstanding matters, of centuries' standing with the great Republic of France, and the Entente Cordiale with that country came into existence. It is not too much to say that under Lord Lansdowne the position was built up which enabled Great Britain to withstand the shock of the Great War. We remember to-day the achievements (commenced at the early age of twenty-four, when he became a Lord of the Treasury) of a great and a good man.

We remember how, through all the strain and stress of the responsibilities of government which he undertook, he was unfailing in his interest, expressed in so many ways, in our town and neighbourhood. In the many points of contact which this Corporation had with him as landowner, he was ever sympathetic and generous. He made time to identify himself with many county and local activities. Among other Calne interests he was for a long period senior magistrate of our bench of magistrates, and for many years was chairman of the governors of our Secondary School. Some of us will remember with keen pleasure the recent interview he gave us at Bowood in connection with our Market proposals. Remembering, therefore, as we do, all he was to Calne, you will, I am sure, stand with me to express the sentiments with which I began."

The Coming Eclipse.

(By Rev. R. G. Wheeler, M.A., of Calne).

NO SUCH Eclipse as that which will occur on Wednesday morning, June 29th, 1927, has been visible from this country for more than two hundred years, nor will the dwellers on English soil see the like again before 1999.

In the following notes (written by request of the Editor) the various times given are to be taken as Summer Time, and it should be remembered that because our longitude is some two degrees west of Greenwich, the actual time with us is about eight minutes later than that of the Royal Observatory; that is to say, that as the sun on June 29th will rise there at 4.47 a.m., it will not thus favour us till 4.55, and so on through the twenty-four hours. This may cause a little apparent irregularity in the timing (locally) of the phases of the Eclipse.

The beginning of the Eclipse (the longitudinal difference of time already noted not being taken into account, to avoid confusion) will take place at 5.26 a.m., when the moon will begin its apparent journey across the sun, entering upon its surface on the upper part of the right side, thus cutting out a small crescent of its light. As it proceeds on its course it will shroud the light of the sun more and more, till, at 6.25, the whole of it will be covered, and the Eclipse

will become total.

To us, in our locality, it will not be actually total, but *only* so to those who are located on a strip of land several miles in width, reaching from the north of Cardigan Bay, in Wales, to the coast of Durham, on the East. From any point on that strip, within five miles on either side of its central line, the Eclipse will be total, the sun being entirely hidden from view.

The totality phase will only last from 20 to 25 seconds of time, during which momentary period our astronomers will, weather permitting, be taking photographs of the sun's corona, and observing other wonderful phenomena. The corona *may be* dimly visible to the naked eye, though it is doubtful. Field glasses would be helpful here, while with telescopic and photographic apparatus of the highest order, trained observers will be on the alert to catch the spectacle of the corona in all its grandeur

of, as it were, gigantic mountains of glowing tongues of fire reaching to hundreds of thousands of miles piled upon and around the sun's circumference.

These and other marvels can never be seen except when the direct rays of the sun are cut off from our sight by the intervention of the moon, thus causing the total Eclipse; and only then, in the few available moments of totality, can our great scientists witness, and, we hope, "capture" these and other indescribable mysteries by the aid of their superb instruments and their highly-cultivated powers of observation.

At this period of the event, though the totality to be seen in the more northerly region is not to be so to us, the hiding of the sun will be very evident to us, for about 97 per cent. of its light will be-cut off from us; that is to say, that 97 parts out of 100 will be lost to us for the time being, and 3 parts only out of the 100 left to us in a narrow crescent of light. This crescent will increase till by 7.20 a.m. our great luminary will be once more "all clear."

It should be understood that even in the area, and at the time of totality, there will be a certain amount of light of a somewhat uncanny character from the refraction or bending of the sun's rays as they pass the edge of the moon's circumference and on through the ether till they bend their way through the denser medium of the earth's atmosphere, and thus come within the range of our vision.

In the central region, and at the time alluded to, the stars will probably become visible, the birds will go to roost, and the temperature will be lowered, as has been the case in previous eclipses of less magnitude. In our locality such circumstances may be witnessed to a limited, perhaps very limited, extent.

The direction in which to look will be about East-South-East; the period of greatest obscurity 6.25 a.m., or, say, 6.15 a.m. to 6.35 a.m.

To those who find no point of observation, or take little interest in the event, it will reveal itself by the obscurity of their surroundings, and, should the weather prove so unfavourable that we cannot see the sun at all, the effect of the darkness coming down upon us may be the more mysterious since there will be no apparent reason to account for it.

It is, of course, absolutely necessary

that we protect our eyesight when looking skyward, or serious results may ensue. Pieces of glass smoked over a candle will suffice; or, better, photo films exposed and developed to the desired opacity. These, or other preparations, should be in readiness, and should be tested beforehand in bright sunshine.

R.G.W.

SUMMARY

Direction, East-South-East.
Commencement, 5.26 a.m.
Totality, 6.25 in Northern area.
Greatest obscurity here, 6.15 a.m. to
35 a.m.

97 per cent. of sun hidden. 3 per cent. of sun visible here. The end and sun "all clear," 7.20 a.m.

Photographic Notes.

Loading The Camera.

With a Kodak this operation is performed in daylight, and is very simple. The film is put in light-tight rolls extending the full length of the strip of film, and several inches beyond each end is a strip of duplex paper, red on one side and black on the other, which, in connection with the flanges on the spool, forms a light-proof spool.

After inserting the spool and threading up the paper, the camera is closed and the key turned until the paper has been reeled off and the sensitive film brought into place in the focal plane. In the back of the camera is a small red window, through which the figures appear (1, 2, 3, and so on) as the key is turned. Turn the key slowly to the left and watch the little red celluloid window at the back of the camera. When fifteen to twenty turns have been given, a hand pointing to the first number will appear, then slowly turn until the figure 1 is in front of the red window.

The warning hand only appears before No. 1. These figures show just how far to turn the key and how many exposures have been made. After all the exposures have been made a few extra turns of the key

been made a few extra turns of the key entirely covers the film with duplex paper and the camera may be unloaded in daylight. (From "How to make Good Pictures," by

Messrs. Kodak).

The Broad Highway.

THE trade done during the week prior to a late Whitsun generally gives a very fair indication as to the probable run of things during the remainder of the summer. If this is borne out in 1927 we shall be able to look back upon a real record season for small goods. The bacon outlook has its problems, but it is up to all of us to see that our grip on the Wiltshire bacon trade is not relaxed in the smallest degree.

From the latest reports from our Northern and Welsh friends, conditions in the mining areas appear to be worse, if anything, than better. However, we must hope that better times are ahead, and let them feel that their difficulties are realised.

The holiday season will now be shortly commencing, and we hope all our friends on the road will be favoured with their fair share of fine weather. It will be a fine opportunity to send along some copy for the Magazine!

We extend a hearty welcome to Mr. A. S. Browne, who has recently joined us in East Lancashire, and to Mr. R. Carroll in London

We congratulate Mr. Hatcher, of Cardiff, on his progress towards recovery from his recent long illness.

In our last issue Mr. Bodinnar asked for co-operation during a trying time in the bacon section of our business. I am sure no one appreciates their Directors' difficulties more than the men "On the Road." Their difficulties are ours, with a difference: They produce, we distribute. Short supplies and high productive costs mean high selling prices, and we have been faced with large Continental shipments and low selling prices. I thought it would be interesting to review the position as we see it on the Manchester Market.

Manchester, owing to her geographical position, has become a most important distributing centre, surrounded by a large industrial population, with a waterway to the West Coast and within easy reach of the North-East Coast ports.

May I take you back about 35 years, when we relied chiefly on America and Ireland for our bacon supplies? America sent us large shipments of bacon butchered mainly on the Cumberland principle, packed

in boxes in salt. These had to be steeped for 24 hours, washed and dried before sale to the consumer. I can remember Cumberland cut sides being sold as low as 28s. per cwt.

One wonders what sort of a price the American farmer got for his pigs. With the coming of the cold store this was changed, and packers held their bacon for more

favourable markets.

Denmark had made rapid strides as a dairy produce exporting country, and saw the possibilities of England as a bacon market. She imported from England certain breeds of sows and boars, and by scientific inter-breeding, produced what we call the long, lean hog. This lean meat, with a very mild cure, soon became popular in the industrial centres. When war broke out shipments from the Continent practically ceased, and we had to rely on what we could get from America. After the Armistice Denmark resumed shipment, retail values were very high (and the rate of exchange very much in her favour), so that shipping bacon to this country was a very profitable proposition, so she went all out for hog production. It is anticipated that the average weekly killings this year will exceed 80,000. Other Continental countries began to export to this country, so to-day we are getting bacon from countries which were scarcely heard of before the war.

At the beginning of February, 1927, the official price of Danish bacon on our market was 83s. Considering productive costs and other overhead charges, it would leave the Danish farmer about 6d. per lb. for his pigs. We all know that no country can produce pigs at this price, so we ask ourselves what is the object, and how long will it last? Denmark is better able to stand the loss than other countries; and to my mind, her object is to squeeze out all other countries from shipping to our market. When she has done this they will so regulate their killings to force values on this side. Under the new Health Act America will automatically go out unless they can find some other method of packing.

Perhaps you will say, "What is our Government doing in all this?" Their policy, I think, can be summed up in three words-Organise, Standardise, Advertise. By organise, I mean encourage the farmer to breed intensively as a commercial proposition. Standardise, this would mean an extension of the Merchandise Marks Act, and compel every retailer to clearly state the country of origin on all bacon exposed for sale.

Advertise explains itself.

I am sure the Directors will appreciate our difficulties in obtaining the necessary high prices for H.P. against the low values for imported. I do feel, however, that if we maintain the high standard of quality and selection, we need not view the future with alarm. Quality sells.

A. E. KAY.

The Bath and West Show.

THE Ministry of Agriculture staged a very interesting, educative, and comprehensive exhibit in connection with the bacon and pork trades at this Show.

Its object was to educate both breeders and feeders as to the requirements of these trades, and to bring home more forcibly to the general public the importance of the

pig industry to this country.

The exhibit was divided into eight sections, viz., Bacon, Hams, Pork, Manufactured Goods, By Products, Rations, Pharmaceutical Products, and Live Pigs, together with a very complete set of cards and photographs setting forth details of the various trade requirements, statistics relating to imports of the various pig products, and the importance of a proper system of pig recording.

In the Bacon Section were two sides, each of Wiltshire Bacon, A, B, and C selections. The sides of A selection were prominently displayed and suitably ticketed to show the type and weight which is in greatest demand, while those of B and C were ticketed to show why they were of less value than A selection. In addition, there were two soft sides illustrating the result of wrong feeding, two sides defective as the result of wrong breeding, two sides showing the defect of Seedy Cut, and for comparative purposes two sides of Danish No. 1. As representing the Midland trade, there were shown several shoulder bellies, one being of soft oily nature, another exceedingly fat, and others of correct conformity and quality.

The Ham Section contained examples of all the various types offered to the curer, the difference between the good and bad types being very marked. Breeders, feeders, and the general public were invited to observe the very serious effect on quality as a result of feeding fish, maize, and rice meals, and also to notice the difference in conformity and fatness between the ham from a pig properly bred and fed and one from a pig either improperly bred and/or fed. The ham from a black pig showing a mass of black hairs which could not be removed excited a great deal of attention, particularly

from breeders of black pigs.

The Pork Section presented a special difficulty, viz., the preservation of the exhibits, and to overcome this it was necessary for the Ministry to instal a set of refrigerated show cases. These cases were six in number, and contained one carcase each, representing the ideal porker for the London trade, weighing 60lbs. to 80lbs., one weighing 80lbs. to 100lbs., and one cutter 100lbs. to 130lbs. A carcase suitably packed in stockingette and hesian for the London market, an example of pork carcase badly affected with "Seedy Cut," and transverse sections cut just behind the shoulder to illustrate the increase in fat in the carcase of a pig with a flat back when compared to one with a round back, formed the subject of the exhibits in the remaining cases. All the carcases were suitably ticketed, and visitors had no difficulty in ascertaining the requirements of this particular trade.

The sections devoted to Manufactured Goods, By Products, Rations, and Pharmaceutical Products each contained exhibits of interest, particularly that of Manufactured Goods, which was made up entirely of small

goods from the Calne Factory.

A chart, showing the evolution of the commercial pig, is worthy of reproduction, if only because of the touch of humour it added to the general scheme.

Great interest was displayed in the Live Pig Section, consisting of six pens of pigs. These pens contained:-

Three Porkers of estimated dead weight 60lbs. to 80lbs.

Three Porkets, of estimated dead weight 80lbs. to 100lbs.

Three Cutters of estimated dead weight 100lbs. to 130lbs.

Three Bacon Pigs, suitable for the Wiltshire Trade. Three Bacon Pigs, suitable for the

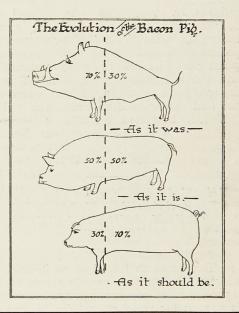
Midland Trade.

Two Bacon Pigs of unsuitable type. Visitors were thus able to compare the live animals with either the carcase or the finished product.

The fact that the last-named pen were black pigs gave rise to much comment, thereby providing the demonstrator with ample opportunity to explain that, while black pigs were unsuitable for the bacon or pork trades, they were strongly recommended for crossing with a large white boar.

The writer had the privilege of attending the Show each day, and is happy to express the opinion that the Ministry's exhibit has done a great deal towards the education of breeders and feeders in the production of the right type of pigs for bacon.

L.A.T.



OUR MONEY BOX.

Depositors in the Savings Scheme will be interested to know that the amount on deposit at the bank has been more that doubled since the last annual general meeting was held.

At the special request of one or two of the factory staff the Committee recently reconsidered the question of the maximum deposit allowed in any one year, and have decided to encourage this welcome manifestation of confidence by increasing the amount to £150.

A good book is a good friend, particularly if it be a bank book.

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

An Irishman returning home one evening was chased by a bull. This so vexed the son of Erin that he determined to have his revenge. He returned the following evening armed with a good stout club, and saw, not the bull, but a very young calf. Without question he stalked up to the animal and felled it, saying, "Now go home and tell ye're old father that Micky O'Brien did it."

Scene, a busy street in Bristol:—A dear old lady, waiting for a chance to cross the road, hesitated on the curb stone. A policeman controlling the traffic waved his white gloved hand in the opposite direction, and the old lady started off. On being dragged back to safety she was asked why she had not waited, to which she replied, "Well, he beckoned to me."

* * * CHIPPENHAM.

"THAT WE MAY MEET WITH THE SUCCESS WHICH WE TRULY AND HONESTLY DESERVE."

This sentence I read in an illuminated address. It started me thinking. What is success? How many lives are successful? Is success for the favoured few, or can we all make a success of our lives? And so back to where we started—what is success?

I suppose the majority of us would say, get rich, get rich quickly, take care of No. 1. Having made your pile, retire early and have a jolly good time.

If this is success, how many are really successful? and is it success? and, even so, what chance is there for the majority of us, just ordinary individuals? Are the wealthy people the really happy people? Can this world's goods give you a healthy body, a contented mind, and a glad and happy heart? What is the good of being a millionaire if you are not only unhappy, but you cannot really enjoy your dinner? for we read some months ago of one who suffocated himself with the sash rope from

the window of a room in his mansion in London, and heard of another who, had it been possible, would gladly have given a hundred thousand pounds for a new stomach.

Now, where are we to-day, you and I, physically and morally? Have we a governing principle in our lives, and what is it?

We are workers, each one of us, in a great hive of industry. Work is worth while. If we have done our best we have achieved a real success.

And then our leisure and our pleasures: In these days how much time do we give to really pure enjoyment and recreation? Let us see to it that these are just a means to make us healthier, and hence stronger and better fitted for our daily duties. We have played the "game;" and, carrying this spirit into our daily round, we cannot but be successful. We may not be occupying a very important position; perhaps our work seems quite ordinary and somewhat monotonous, and yet, I am equally sure, if we take into it day by day the "spirit" I have tried to show, we shall not only earn our wages but, what is of far greater importance, the influence of our integrity and uprightness. our sincerity and kindliness, shall be (perhaps unconsciously) helping others.

E.W.

It was a dark night, and the motorist was lost. Presently he saw a sign on a post. With some difficulty he climbed the post, struck a match, and read: "Wet paint."

Teacher: "Now, Willie, what is a tannery?"

Willie: "Please, sir, it's a part of the mint where they make sixpences."

"IT ISN'T MUCH."

The following thought, if carried out when opportunity offered, might add joy to some sad hearts:—

To plant a little kindness in
A garden long neglected;
To say a little happy word
Just when it's least expected;
To smile at someone in the clutch
Of black despair and greet
A lonely heart—it isn't much,
But, oh! it makes life sweet.

DUNMOW.

That the Magazine is increasing in popularity is evidenced in many ways, and a keen reader on Dunmow's list writes:

—"Thanks for last month's 'Mag.' Only one fault to find, and that is I have too long to wait for the next. I personally would like it weekly!"

The same reader, Mr. E. Pallier, of Nottingham, has found for us a few short stories which we pass along.

He was taking the fair novice round the links. As they reached the last green they suddenly pulled up short. "By Jove," he said to his pretty companion, "Just look! a dead stymie." The girl nodded her head, "Do you know," she said, "I thought there was a funny smell round here."

"We had a burglar in our house last night."

"Did he get anything?"

"Not half, the Missus thought it was me coming in, and now he's in hospital."

The same gentleman wrote asking if we would "care to give five shillings towards the burial of the saxaphonist." We replied by return, "Here are thirty shillings; bury six of 'em."

We introduce this month—



The youngest of our staff, Freddie Culf he is named,

Greets "Friends Elsewhere" yet unseen. He invoices chiefly, 'tis for that he is famed, And pulls very well with the team.

A scout good and true, and patrol leader, too, Not yet walking out with a "Nancy": On football he's keen, plays for the Dumow team,

Right-half is his place, we fancy.

E.W.W.

HIGHBRIDGE.

We are sorry to note that there is no news from Highbridge this month. We hope to have a full budget in our next issue.

* * * IPSWICH.

With the advent of May the countryside, which has for long borne a somewhat dismal brown appearance, the neighbourhood of Ipswich becomes much more attractive, and allows us to feel that we are finally parting with winter.

The cold winds, however, still linger with us; and when a real easterly wind blows in this part of the country there is a nip in it which is somewhat softened by the time it reaches the West of England.

We have not the green fields round us all through the winter months, which one is accustomed to see in Wiltshire and Somerset, the corn lands being very bare, and in the depths of winter looking somewhat desolate and uninspiring.

Those of us who have come from the West of England, however, find the climate bracing and generally better for us, so that there are some compensations, whilst the countryside during the summer months undoubtedly has many attractions.

During the past month very little has happened at the Ipswich factory to which particular reference need be made, except that we have been favoured with a visit from our chief, Mr. Bodinnar, whose visits are always looked forward to by all. Upon the occasion of his recent visit it was definitely decided that the Efficiency Bonus Scheme should be put into operation as from May 1st, and there is ample evidence that all concerned are anxious to qualify for their full share of the bonus.

Mr. Redman has also paid us a visit during the past month, and all admired the practical manner in which he visited each Department in the Factory, and in many ways placed the benefit of his extensive experience at our disposal.

Friends of the West, we feel sure, will appreciate the feeling of isolation that is sometimes felt at being so far away; and

we take this opportunity of drawing attention to the many attractive seaside resorts on the East coast, which will well repay a visit to those who have not yet decided where they will spend their holidays.

Felixstowe just lately has been very full of visitors, and its fine promenade of three miles in length, also bowling greens, sailing pond, &c., offer every attraction to the seaside visitor. Here can be seen the Continental steamers, several times weekly entering Harwich and Parkeston Quay with cargoes of Danish and other imported bacon, which, we are sorry to say, have been a source of great anxiety to most of us during the past few months, owing to the heavy supplies at low prices which have rendered conditions so difficult. Farther up the coast we have Aldeburgh, noted for its smuggling in by-gone days; also Southwold, Lowestoft, and Yarmouth, the two last-named places being known to all as very large fishing ports, whilst Yarmouth attracts a greater number of seaside visitors every year. It is possible from Ipswich to have coach trips to all the places named, so that Ipswich and Felixstowe really form ideal centres for a seaside holiday, whilst during the height of the summer season steamers run to Margate and Clacton, as well as Yarmouth and Lowestoft.

We disclaim any suggestion that the London and North Eastern Railway have inspired us to "boost" the attractions of seaside resorts on this coast, but we do feel that if any of our friends in the West decide upon the East coast for their holidays this year, they will find it a very welcome change, and quite different from Weston-super-Mare, Weymouth, and Bournemouth, although, with regard to those places, we can only say they are ideal spots, full of charming attractions.

LONDON.

The month of May has passed, leaving a memory of a remarkably late spring and long continued periods of bitterly cold N.E. winds which have been a cause of much discomfort, and have checked the normal progress of our suburban gardens. So far, the only *Hot Night* has been the one at Epsom.

However, June opened with better prospects, and most of us are becoming increasingly attracted by the pictorial advertisements of the various holiday resorts, for our vacation list has now been made out; and although every London citizen worthy of the name regards London, and all it offers, with affection, yet, year by year Londoners need for a short space to get away from so much of mere bricks and mortar to the refreshment of the seashore, the country-side, the meadows and hills and mountains which, in some variety, offer to the city worker recreation, rest, and change from the everyday experience of business life.

Young Pater Familias is looking forward to disporting with the wife and youngsters at the seaside, building sand castles, and, if he be a wise parent, teaching the youngsters to swim. Some of the older people will venture further afield, and the writer proposes to make a holiday in the high Alps of Switzerland.

REDRUTH.

R.E.H.

It is with pleasure that we read of the success of the Empire Shopping Week. Some visitors from Redruth, who happened to be in Calne on the Carnival evening, were greatly impressed by the enterprise of the various committees, and remarked that "Calne must be a very nice place to live in." We trust that larger sizes in hats will not be required by our friends who read this.

We notice that the Cricket Club is in a flourishing condition. We regret that distance alone prevents our issuing a challenge. We have several lusty wielders of the willow, and hope to arrange a few matches this year with local sides.

As, no doubt, you will have read, Cornwall has had a visit from the Prince of Wales, who opened the Royal Cornwall Show on Wednesday, June 8th. The weather was ideal, and the day's attendance was estimated at 17,000. We were glad to see that the entries in the pig classes increased from 98 to 137, a fact which augurs well for the future supply of pigs in the Duchy. Another interesting feature was the presentations of gifts of money to aged farm workers who have served the longest on one farm. The winner of this class, who was congratu-

lated by the Prince, had worked 62 years on the same farm, which is a wonderful record of service. We are pleased to be able to record a brief visit from Mr. Redman, who was judging in the competition classes. The entries for these "judging by points" competitions are increasing every year, and we commend this idea to the Pig Feeders' Club for the annual show if it has not already been adopted.

On Saturday, June 18th, there will be seen a merry group proceeding from Redruth in charabancs. This is the occasion of our annual outing, and no doubt Plymouth will be thoroughly explored by the various groups during the day. It is hoped that the clerk of the weather will smile kindly on us

We are interested to read of our Totnes friends' trip to Ilfracombe, and trust they will be favoured by good weather.

The broadcast for the Wiltshire Flitch came through very clearly, and we were enabled for a brief space of time to join with those present on the Recreation Ground in what was really one of the best entertainments we have heard for some considerable time. The whole of the speeches were quite audible, and were much enjoyed.

CORNUBIAN.

TIVERTON.

We are very pleased to report that our pig supplies during May exceeded our expectations, and were larger than any previous month for the year. We look forward to far better results in the months before us.

The chief item of interest to us last month was on the 26th, when we listened in to the Trial for the Wiltshire Flitch, which came through to us at Tiverton very distinctly. Dunmow will have to look to its laurels to beat the Trial for the Wiltshire Flitch.

We wish to congratulate the three pairs of applicants in the fact that the judge and jury were unable to decide which of them were the happiest married couple.

DUMPLING.

TOTNES.

We shall only require a very small space for our contribution to this issue of the Magazine as we have very little of interest to report.

Supplies of pigs have been much better during the month; we are hopeful that our difficulties in this respect are past for several months to come.

The annual balance of the books having been completed, the staff have had to vacate their office, which has been taken possession of by the builders, who are carrying out necessary repairs. The men's tea room, in the main store, is being used as a temporary office, and books, files, and papers of all kinds are lying in heaps on the floor, and in the corners; this somewhat accounts for the smallness of our article, as most of the writer's notes have gone with the others in the general pile of confusion, so we hope the Editor will excuse us this time, especially as we promise to try and do better next time.

W.J.T.

During Easter a visitor friend called at our shop with a most gloomy expression on his face, and the following was heard:—

Shopman: Very pleased to see you again Mr. ———, but you are not looking so well as you were at Christmas. Have you been ill?

Visitor: Well, no; but I have met with a misfortune.

Shopman (with sympathy): I am very sorry to hear that, what has happened?

Visitor: I was coming down the street just now when a man asked me to have a drink, and I didn't hear him.

A young man who had to go abroad was saying good-bye to his sweetheart.

"Darling," he said, "when I am far away will you gaze on that star every night and think of me?"

"Dearest, I will," she answered. "That star is so full of your nature that it will always remind me of you."

"Why is that?"

"Because it's out so late at night and looks so pale in the morning."

Calne Shopping Week.

S MUCH has been written, and so much might have been written, that the writer is somewhat bewildered as to where to start.

There is one point on which everyone is in agreement, and that is its success. It meant weeks and weeks of preparation and hard work, and those of us who enjoyed the Week must feel very grateful to the band of willing and enthusiastic workers for providing such fare.

when Shopping Week comes round we have a goodly supply, and have hardly noticed the expense.

The Trade Exhibition held in the Town Hall was well worth the visit. The Firm's display of bacon, Bath chaps, lard, and innumerable kinds of fresh, glass, and tinned goods, made an excellent exhibit. To those of us in the Firm who handle the various goods and do not often see them grouped and displayed, it adds to our interest when we do.

To our mind, the Arts and Crafts Exhibition might have been shown to better advantage in a larger room. The exhibits were fine; and one was particularly



A feature of the opening ceremony was the presentation of a "golden" key to the Mayoress (Mrs. Bodinnar) with which to open the Week. To the onlooker this key gave rise to the thought, "It looks as though Shopping Week has come to stay." Calne has very few annual events, so that one is inclined to hope that we shall see this event in our calendar.

To the "stranger within the gates," and there were many such in Calne, the decorations must have struck a joyous note. Aided by glorious weather, the bunting and kindred decorations made a show that did our town well. It is worth bearing in mind that an even bigger display can be made if we commence getting our bunting and flags together from now onwards. A little here and a little there, and behold,

struck with the excellence of the work of the children. This avenue might be explored further with the co-operation of the Schools, and a much larger number of entries could be obtained.

The Baby Show was again a success. The task of the Judges was difficult. It speaks well for the mothers of Calne that such an excellent show could be staged.

Although Ankle Judging is not new to Calne, we think a Beauty Show is. The number of entries was not large, but no doubt by the time the next one is held the ladies of Calne will have overcome their modesty.

Various members of the Firm organised the "fun of the fair" in the front yard, and we understand that an excellent contribution to the funds resulted from their efforts. Attention was divided between the "fair" and the band of the 16th/5th Lancers. A special pat on the back is due to the organisers of Shopping Week. It was a special treat to hear such an excellent band, and we hope that the first visit will not be the last.

Monday was Carnival Night. Space prevents us giving all the details of this night-to-be-remembered, commencing with the procession of decorated cars, comic bands, fancy dress, &c., and ending with a dance at Woodlands. In between was crammed all the enjoyment possible. We are still puzzled by the description given by one of the papers of the Firm's car. It was described as a "confetti shop." Perhaps the distribution of samples was so rapid that to the reporter's eye it looked like confetti.

It was on this night that Calne had its first taste of Community Singing, and thoroughly enjoyed the experience. The writer was fortunate in having a seat on the platform, and was particularly struck with the wholeheartedness of the singers.

The Empire Day celebrations were devoted mainly to the children. They paraded in front of the Town Hall, and took part in a Service conducted by the various ministers of religion. An inspiring address was given by the Mayor on the "Soul of Empire." It was an address understood by the youngest child; and, what is more, it was spoken to and not at the children. The afternoon was taken up with sports. The officials had a busy time, and keenness was the keynote of the various competitors.

Wednesday night might be called a "red letter" day. The Mayor, who conceived the idea of a Wiltshire Flitch, was responsible for the knowledge of Calne being spread to unknown limits. The proceedings were broadcast, and it is well known that hundreds listen-in on the continent, so that one might say Calne spoke to Europe on Wednesday, May 26th. It brought home closely the wonders of wireless. We hear that reception was good both east and west, and one wonders what was the size of the audience who enjoyed this treat. The "Trial" was a huge success, and was a fitting climax to a memorable week.

When you always tell the truth, you don't have to remember what you said.

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. W. J. TUCKER.



R. TUCKER is a native of Bath. He joined the Firm in 1914, after having spent ten years in South Africa, five of which were in the outlying districts of Rhodesia. He spent four years in the Calne Office, and was then trans-

ferred to Totnes.

Such spare time as falls to his lot is spent in the fascinating hobby of gardening. His interest is not only for his own pleasure, as we learn he is prominently connected with the Totnes Horticultural Society.

Round the Town.

"MADEMOISELLE FROM ARMENTIERES."

The above picture will be shown for a week commencing August 1st. Those of us who remember the delightful scena that preceded "Mons" will be interested in the news that Mr. Walters intends presenting another during the same week.

"When I was only a lad," continued the millionaire, who was telling his fellow club members at their annual dinner some of the troubles of his earlier life, "I walked to Devonshire. I found a job and, after five years' hard work, managed to save enough to buy a bicycle."

There was a gasp of astonishment from he listeners

"Not long after this," began the other afresh, "I got a letter from home. Mother was very ill. So I jumped on the bike and rode into London just in time to hear the doctor say that the fresh air of Devon was the only thing that would save mother."

His audience gasped.

"You didn't take her back?" they said.
"No," said the millionaire; "I dragged the old bike in, let the wind out of the tyres, and mother's alive to-day."

Just Between Ourselves.

Ipswich.

DEAR MARIAN,

It is with interest that we Ipswich girls read the items of "Just Between Ourselves," and we feel we ought to contribute our share to this page. We will endeavour to tell you a little about Ipswich, although our town does not afford a great amount of interest, at least not to us; possibly this is because we have all lived here for several years.

One of the beauty spots is Christchurch Park, which is beautifully wooded, and a large mansion faces the main entrance. This mansion is built in fine old Elizabethan style, and is now utilised as a local museum, which is open to the public. It is reported that Queen Elizabeth stayed here on one occasion. Close to the mansion stands a fine memorial to Queen Victoria.

Adjoining the park is an arboretum laid out in rose gardens, rockeries, and little old-world gardens with crazy paths, making a very picturesque scene. Part of the arboretum are laid out in hard tennis courts, available to the public at a small charge.

Our town also possesses a large Public Library, which consists of reference, lending, and children's libraries, reading room and lecture room. It is quite a modern building, and the site was provided by an Alderman of the Borough.

Wolsey's Gate is another interesting relic, commemorating Cardinal Wolsey, which served as an entrance to his college, and is a fine specimen of the Tudor style of architecture.

Our Town Hall is a fine building in the Italian style, and the sculpture is well worthy of attention. On this site, in Norman times, the Church of St. Mildred stood, and was afterwards adapted for the purposes of a Town Hall, the present building being erected 1866—1868. In front of the tower are figures representing Commerce, Justice, Learning, and Agriculture, while in front of the dome are the carved arms of the Borough.

"IPSWICH GIRLS."

BEAUTY HINTS, NO. 4.

How to attain the modern silhouette— Join our Tennis Club!

OUR COOKERY CORNER.

BACHELOR'S BUTTONS.

Mix 2ozs. butter with 5ozs. flour. Take 5ozs. castor sugar; put half in the flour and beat the other half up in a cup with 1 egg.

Mix all together, and flavour with essence of almond or add some ground sweet almonds.

Roll into small pieces like marbles, and roll in castor sugar. Stick split almonds on top, and bake about ten minutes until they are a light brown.

B.M., Bath.

I have had a very interesting letter from a lady in the London Office, which I hope will appear next month, together with the very interesting snaps sent with the letter.

Please do not forget to send in your Needlework Competition articles at the end of this month, not before the 28th, and not later than July 2nd. It is hoped to announce the result of the Competition in the July Magazine.

MARIAN.

LIST OF WELDON'S BOOKS AVAILABLE:
—Ladies' Journal—Illustrated Dressmaker—
Children's Fashions—Girls' Coats—Tatting
and Filet Lace—Home Milliner—Cross Stitch
(Second Book)—Socks and Stockings for
Men and Boys.

With a squeaking of brakes the fairhaired maiden brought her sports car to a halt, and the constable fished out his notebook.

"This won't do," he remarked. "You were exceeding the speed limit and I want your name and address. Sixty-five an hour is too fast."

The fair-haired maiden laughed loudly. "Dear me," she said, "so I was doing sixty-five, was I, Mr. Policeman? Well, you're wrong this time, 'cos I haven't been out half an hour yet."

And the constable apologised and let her go.

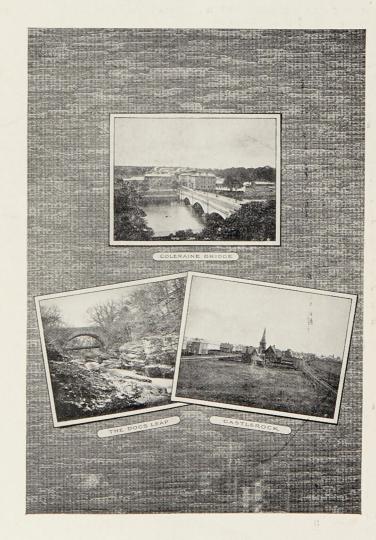
ULSTER.

In the days when, with "satchel and shining morning face, I crept unwillingly to school," I was taught that the climate of Ireland was "mild, genial, and salubrious." The experience of riper years has proved the truth of that apt phrase, and it is because of this fact that we have that wonderful green freshness in the verdure that makes Irish scenery so beautiful, even through a long dry summer.

Until recent years the beauty spots of Ulster have been literally "silent valleys and lonely mountain slopes," undisturbed by hooting charabanc and touring motorist. To-day they have been made accessible by means of motor tours, but they still retain their natural loveliness, free from the artificialities that mar the tourist and holiday haunts of other lands.

The popular watering places of Portrush, Bangor, Newcastle, and Warrenpoint are bracing health-producing centres for exhausted workers; a never-ending variety of sea and landscape scenery for the lover of nature, and there is plenty of scope for the sportsman and naturalist.

V.A.W.





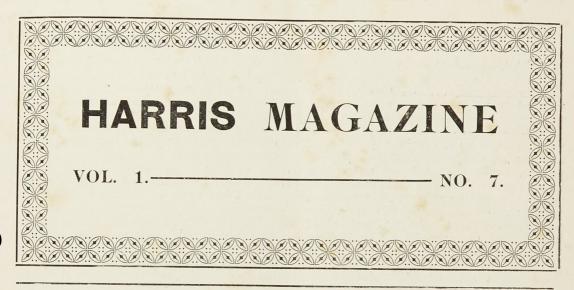
IN MARINE GARDENS



ROYAL ULSTER YACHT CLUB



THE BEACH BALLYHOLME



JULY, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

"ENTHUSIASM."

In 1849, Garibaldi made his famous exhortation commencing: "Soldiers, all I have to offer you is hunger, thirst, and the ground for a bed." One year later he was making and selling candles in a small shop in New York, but the unquenchable spirit of the man burnt as brightly as ever.

It is this maintenance of the flame of enthusiasm under depressing conditions which marks the real from the spurious.

Shortly before the war a Russian play was produced in which inertia was staged in every part of the movement and dialogue. The central character gives a cue to this state of affairs by observing that he has lost the vision of youth because the political movement with which he was connected had been continually thwarted, and thus had never reached fruition.

This feeling of futility is the inevitable fate of all whose regard for an ideal has consisted of their own connection with it. Only the unselfish maintain their idealism to the end in the face of failure and disappointment.

Enthusiasm does not always lead to the highest peaks of worldly success, but it leads to a fulfilment of the capabilities of the subject possessing it, and on that road lie satisfaction and happiness.

Two elements in man are continually at strife to deprive him of the benefits of enthusiasm. There is the tendency to indolence, which is voiced by "Why should I?" or, "What is the use?" and its opposite, the overwhelming ambition for self-advancement. Neither of these attributes must be dismissed as unnecessary to the scheme of things. It is the usurpation of life in its entirety by one or the other which causes eventual disillusionment.

Many are inclined to despise devotion to a cause because its results still leave them obscure. But this is not so; the collective consciousness of man honours and reveres the enthusiasts of great movements, however humble their station.

So let our enthusiasms be set on high ideals, faithfully pursued without fear, or unswerved by favour, so that we achieve that humble self-esteem, which, in the ultimate, is the greatest reward life can offer us.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

Between Ourselves.

HAVE been asked by many people why I contributed no article to the June Magazine. I had hoped that the photographs of the Directors which filled my page would have spoken volumes!

In May we had a chat about some of the difficulties we are facing. It has been said that an intelligent comprehension of a problem carries the mind well on towards its solution. I think you all ought to realise that in our case the problem still remains.

The following figures will speak for themselves in regard to the arrivals of foreign bacon up to the end of May, 1927, as compared with 1925:—

1925. 1927. Denmark ... 271,678 394,687 Other Countries 35,003 684,193

What are called "Other Countries" include Sweden, Holland, and the Baltic Ports. The importation from the latter source had for a good many years been negligible. The bacon comes from ex ceedingly cheap pigs, and has been sold to the wholesaler for distribution here at a price which includes raw material, carriage, labour, curing, and overhead expenses equivalent to 7½d. per lb. The quality is said to be at least equivalent to the best American produce.

The difficulty, therefore, in relation to English bacon curing is acute, and in view of our desire to encourage the intelligent interest of all those who work with us in the conduct of our business, it is well that you should know all we are up against.

Then, it has been admitted on all hands that there is not the usual standard of consumptive demand this year.

We have tried to maintain a fair price for pigs, bearing in mind that the industry has to be kept alive.

We have seen a number of our competitors closing their businesses, and some of our own Branch Managers have had to resort to occasional short time.

I believe that I shall not preach to deaf ears when I state that this is a time when everybody can do their bit to a sist. There are some businesses where it would be necessary to issue a warning note of the danger of adopting the "go-slow" policy, so as to make the work spin out. I do not believe it is necessary to do this in respect of

any of our staffs. If any adopted that attitude they would break down the carefully built traditions of goodwill and mutual sacrifice which we have created together.

I do ask, however, every person connected with us, whatever their job, or wherever they may be, to remember the time of difficulty through which we are passing, and to do their level best by efficiency and sympathy to contribute to the common good.

I have been glad to have opportunities since I last wrote of visiting Redruth and Dunmow.

The old Cornish Factory has just been modernised and equipped with efficient machinery. It was pleasing to find the almost parental interest taken by those on the spot in the new equipment. I would like the Redruth staff to match the efficiency of the plant by their own personal endeayours.

Again, at Dunmow, we find a Factory which has been recently enlarged and brought up-to-date.

We were glad to adopt a suggestion made by the Works Council at Dunmow for improving the method of despatch of bacon.

These visits to factories always bring home to one that every place of business has its own peculiar problem. These are known to us, and we endeavour to bear them in mind in framing what must often be a central policy for the conduct of all our businesses as a whole.

At any rate, this is no time for too much talk about an "eclipse." An eclipse is but momentary after all, but courageous optimism will always take the individual to the mountain peak beyond the area of totality, where the corona of ultimate success and achievement is always on view.

calne Ambulance.— I am greatly indebted to those who, in response to my note in the last issue, have sent me contributions and suggestions. I did not ask for the former, but shall gladly welcome many more

Progress.

THE year of 1927 has already become notable by the issue of the Magazine. It is evidence that the "sweet town of Calne, in Wiltshire" (to quote Charles Lamb), contains within its confines one of those up-to-date firms ever on the look-out to march along the road of progress.

There are those in Calne who can compare the town as it was in 1888 and as it is now.

A comparison between the London of 1888 and the London of 1927 may be of some interest. At first sight this may seem to be a big job. But really a walk over London Bridge will provide all essential material. We shall see in the space of a few hundred yards that during the period under review London has accomplished three things:—

i.—It has preserved unchanged the essential foundations.

ii.—It has developed and changed where development and change were required.

iii.—It has scrapped much that was quite bad or partly worthless.

Starting, then, from the Surrey side, we can see the Tower of London alongside the river on our right. A heritage from far back in the history of England, standing now unchanged throughout the years keeping watch and ward over the City, flying the Union Jack—fitting emblem of King and Empire.

Far away on the west we catch a view of the Houses of Parliament—that Mother of Parliaments—Commons and Lords, representing to us the dual system of Government under which we and our fathers have lived.

In the middle distance we see the dome of St. Paul's Cathedral, surmounted by its newly-regilded golden cross, speaking to us of England as a Christian nation. And every here and there, in and between, rise the towers and spires of those city churches, many of high historic and architectural value. For our purpose it is unfortunate that the very recent erection of a big block of offices shuts out from our London Bridge a view of the Church of St. Magnus, Billingsgate, for it is here that the national memorial to Coverdale stands—that Coverdale who, by his translation, gave to the English

people the open Bible. In contrast to that, far off in the west, we can see the campanile of the Roman Catholic Cathedral at Westminster, reminding us that in England religious opinions are held without penalty, and that but a week or so ago Parliament passed through a Bill removing those slight disabilities under which Roman Catholicism suffered a minor disadvantage.

Thus, from London Bridge, State, Parliament, and Religion.

TRADE.—We have left behind us the building sheltering the great London Provision Exchange. This, as with the Bridge itself, has been improved and extended three times since 1888 to give room to the increase in trade passing through the Exchange. Facing us on the left, on the City side, is the Fishmongers' Hall—a grand old building, this the home of those great City foundations which in times past brought great volumes of trade into the Port of London. On the City side, to our right, we see the Customs House, Billingsgate Market, and the Coal Exchange, these buildings, with the Monument—a landmark—and reminder of the great Fire of London, remain stable and unchanged.

Then there is the liver, Father Thames. Unchanged, but ever changing, for here, as of old, "go the ships." Year by year, less sail and more steam. But ships are ships. So here again "go the ships." Ships from all along our own sea-board. Ships from overseas flying every known flag. How gladly, and with what confidence and assurance, they come to us—these foreign craft, and gladly so we welcome them, which bring prosperity and goodwill to the Port of London.

We pass now to the changes and additions. First in importance is the Tower Bridge—a marvel of engineering skill, but, in a measure, a faux pas. For the "best-laid schemes o' mice and men," &c. And, in a measure, the Tower Bridge, splendid as it is, was a mistake, in so far as the great towers and overhead footways are never used. It was expected that when the Bridge was raised to allow ships to pass under that the delay would be so considerable that an upper bridgeway would be essential. But, as it turned out, this proved not to be the case, and so the towers and the upper bridge are both closed.

Then, just over the Tower of London, rises that massive structure, the offices of

the Port of London Authority. Visitors to London, and especially to the City, should not miss this remarkable building. Some distance off, towards Westminster way, one can just see the top part of Bush House. This is the home of many Companies engaged in the Colonial trade, and is worth seeing, especially when viewed from the Kings Cross approach. Facing us, as we pass over the Bridge, is a huge building but recently finished. Here are the offices of Lloyds Bank and the Guardian Assurance. The rapidity with which numbers of people who open banking accounts and have business with Insurance Offices grow means that the big concerns have ever to be on the look-out to extend facilities—hence this vast pile of

buildings.

But, after all, the real romance of London Bridge is to be found in the wayfaring men and women who cross it. A crowd which ebbs and flows like the ocean's tide. See it in full flood at the end of any working day between 5 and 6.30. Certainly it is a different crowd from that which used to cross 'way back in '88. It is much greater-telling us as it hurries past of the great growth of suburban London. It is, by very much, a more level average crowd. There is much less evidence of poverty, much more colour and brightness, due to the fact that it now includes a large percentage of the fair sex who invaded the city years back in small numbers, and as time went by added to those numbers until they have become a definite feature in city life. And as the crowd moves across the Bridge it flows past the steps, which, on the Surrey side, lead down to the River. Those steps are famous in literature as to the place to which Nancy went to the secret meeting. You will remember the incident out of Dickens' "Oliver Twist." As a result of that meeting Nancy was murdered and the assassin, Sykes, took refuge from justice in one of those pestilential rookeries which used to abut on Thames side. The novels of Charles Dickens are rich in memories of the London of his time. "Oliver Twist," "Our Mutual Friend," and others tell us much of the Bridge, the River, and the Surrey side as they then were. The great works of improvement have cleared away the old rookeries from Thames side and the London of to-day is by far a safer (apart from road traffic), cleaner, and better place than ever before. To carry right up to date. The poor widow who crosses the Bridge to-day is, if she so desires, a State pensioner.

Such, then, is the London of 1927, as viewed from London Bridge. It is now many years since Macaulay wrote suggesting a peep into the future. He supposes a New Zealander standing on a London Bridge contemplating a ruined and grass-grown City. The future of the City is in the hands of the English people. They can fashion it as they will. They can continue the good work that we have seen has gone forward in our own time and in our own experience. Or they can lay violent hands on Constitutional Government and in reckless mood, break up the foundation upon which the Empire rests. If such be the plan, Macaulay's New Zealander may indeed view a ruined London. We think not, however. We believe that the ordered common sense of our people will remain, and that the life of our great City may increase to the great benefit of all who live and work in and around it.

Photographic Notes.

Our "Notes" this month will be brief, and we propose to give a few holiday hints

Don't be ready to level your camera at everything and anything. It will pay to look well at the subject. If it is a friend or a merry party on the beach, look to see that other occupants are not included in the view-finder. If they cannot be eliminated, then arrange your subject so that the unwanted objects fit into the picture. Many a holiday snap is spoilt by the balance of the finished picture being upset by not considering this point.

Always remember that the larger the aperture the shorter the exposure, but bear in mind that the smaller the aperture the sharper the picture. Children make delightful pictures, and the best are obtained if they are caught unawares. Level your camera at them and they immediately become self-conscious. When they see that no attempt is being made to take them, they go on playing-that is your opportunity. At a favourable moment press the trigger gently and the "deed is done." Above all, avoid taking front views of friends reclining in deck chairs. One does not like a snap that shows one with a small head but large feet.

By The Way.

Once a year we receive a visit from certain gentlemen, whose duty it is to find out how many mistakes we make during the year.

It must be a monotonous job looking for things that do not exist, but this year, we understand, the proceedings were enlivened by a Tennis Match. London challenged Birmingham, or vice versa. We are told that what particularly struck the onlookers was the sweetness one member infused into the words "Fifteen—love." Maidens' hearts throbbed delightfully at the rendering. As a contrast, our hardened players were thrilled at the venom in the word "Deuce."

SPRINGTIME.

O'er the fields in Springtime Echoes the sound of the bells, The cows in the meadows are grazing, Birds sing in nooks and dells.

The brook, flowing gently onward, Like a silver snake in the sun, Where the cattle take refreshing drink So cooling to everyone.

The labourer, plodding homewards When the long day's toil is o'er, Finds rest and peace in his garden, Far from the traffic's roar.

DENNIS MILLER.

Who was the gentleman who set forth with his trusty gun with evil intentions towards rats? Is it true that he is congratulating himself on his bad marksmanship? Also, are the rats large on his estate, or the pigs small?

DEFINITIONS.

Member of Parliament.—One who is asked to stand, hopes to sit, but has to lie.

Therm.—A germ that gets into gas meters and causes galloping consumption.

We hope the three young ladies who travelled "First Class" with "Third" tickets did not suffer the indignity of a police cell, instead of holiday apartments.

Later, we are told, fortune favoured the brave.

Each district has its eclipse story, so we may be forgiven if we give the following gem from our own: A dear old charlady was speaking of the eclipse, and concluded by saying, "I suppose if it be wet they'll put it off."

We hear of one young lady who went out to Cherhill Downs at 5 o'clock and returned home at 5.30, telling all and sundry that it was all over.

* * * A SOLILOQUY.

Up in the morning, feeling so happy. Off to business in the same mood, for another day has dawned. I wonder what it will bring forth? Arrive at work and greet so-and-so with a cheery "Good-morning." No response, and an icy feeling begins to creep over one. Try again with someone else. Again the reception is chilly, and in such an atmosphere does one commence work. The slightest hitch soon has one "all to pieces." The cheerful spirit is damped, and in its place comes a snappy catty outlook. Moral—Always return a cheery greeting with the pleasantry it is given.

STRUGGLER.

One of our friends sends the following joke against herself:—Bobby, a small nephew, was expected to kiss everyone when paying calls. On one occasion he refused to greet our friend in the conventional manner. To coax him, his cousin said, "Now Violet won't give you any pennies." Bobby promptly retorted, "Violet never does give me any pennies." Our only comment is that one should always pay for one's pleasures.

Which department was it that mistook the mouse for a baby hedgehog?

Also, which department was it that could not raise the "tin" to enable the girl to replace her very wet and somewhat soiled stockings, caused by a wet journey from the country? Being Friday, we can understand the barrenness, but we always understood Foremen were rich men!

Annual Flower Show.

A New Setting.

Since the first summer event inaugurated by the Welfare Society was held a few years ago, each subsequent show has attracted increasingly large attendances of our own people and the general public. For several years the Flower Show has been held, by kind permission of Mr. H. G. Harris, in the grounds of Castle House. Owing to difficulties of transport in connection with the entries in the Pig Show classes, the Committee have decided to transfer the venue to the grounds of the Hall, which has been lent by the Directors of the Firm for this occasion. This change of scene should prove an additional attraction, both to the younger generation who have only seen the grounds from without, and to our older friends who remember functions held there many years

The clerk of the weather has smiled indulgently on all the Society's previous efforts, and it is hoped that once again he will be kind when Saturday, August 6th, arrives. Should any part of the day prove inclement, the spacious rooms of the hall will be available, so the success of the Show will not be so dependent on the weather as in past years.

Schedules of the various classes will be available shortly, and intending entrants should apply early to the Secretaries for copies. The Pig Classes will be arranged by the officers and committee of the Pig Club, and it is hoped that this section of the show will prove as attractive and successful as in previous years.

Special prizes will be offered for needlework, handicrafts, and table decorations; the Committee are also arranging several very novel competitions, particulars of which will be announced on the posters and handbills advertising the Show.

The "side shows department" is creating a number of original and effective competitions and schemes, and this part of the Show will provide, as usual, that gaiety and life which have in the past made this fixture so gay, happy, and enjoyable.

Refreshments will be served by the usual efficient band of young ladies, and the Town Band has been engaged to render

selections during the afternoon and for dance music at night.

In conclusion, a word to our friends elsewhere. One of our Branches proposes forwarding a collective exhibit; there are few things other than a fine day and successful gate which the Committee would welcome more than to be able to stage an entry from every branch. Will gardening enthusiasts at our depots and sub-factories try to organise exhibits for this purpose?

The Pig Feeders' Club.

Forthcoming Exhibitions.

THE forthcoming Exhibition of both bacon pigs and prospective bacon pigs on August 6th will again provide an opportunity for those members of the staff who are enthusiastic pig feeders to prove that they know what type of pig is most in demand for the production of the world famous Harris Wiltshire Bacon Crown Brand.

In accordance with the practice of the last few years, the Committee of the Calne and District Pig Insurance Association are co-operating with the Harris Pig Club Committee and are promoting several classes. This co-operation is particularly welcome, if only because it furthers the feeling of collective esprit de corps amongst the members of two societies which, while working on different lines, have for their object the encouragement of pig keeping.

The following classes have been arranged, and valuable prizes are to be awarded:—

CLASS 1

(Open to Members of the C. & T. Harris (Calne) Pig Feeders' Club only.)

For the best pen of three bacon pigs which, in the opinion of the Judges, shall prove to be most suitable, both alive and dead, for making into Wiltshire bacon. First Prize, Challenge Cup and £2 2s., presented by C. & T. Harris (Calne), Ltd.; 2nd, £1 1s., presented by J. F. Bodinnar, Esq.; 3rd, 10s. 6d.

CLASS 2.

(Open to Members of the C. & T. Harris (Calne) Pig Feeders' Club only). For the best pen of three pigs which are calculated to make the best Wiltshire bacon, and between the estimated dead weight of 3 score and 5 score. First prize, £1 1s., presented by R. P. Redman, Esq.; 2nd, 15s.; 3rd, 10s.

CLASS 3.

(Open to Members of the C. & T. Harris (Calne) Pig Feeders' Club only).

For the best pen of three pigs which are calculated to make the best Wiltshire bacon and are estimated to be under 3 score dead weight. First prize, 15s.; 2nd, 10s.

CLASS 4.

(Open to members of the Calne and District Pig Insurance Association only).

For the best pen of two pigs which are calculated to make the best Wiltshire bacon, and between the estimated dead weight of 7 score 10lbs. and 9 score. First prize, £1 1s., presented by R. P. Redman, Esq.; 2nd, 12s. 6d.

CLASS 5.

(Open to Members of the Calne and District Pig Insurance Association only).

For the best pen of three pigs which are calculated to make the best Wiltshire Bacon, and between the estimated dead weight of 6 score and 7 score 10lbs. First prize, £1 1s., presented by J. F. Bodinnar, Esq.; 2nd, 12s. 6d.

CLASS 6.

(Open to Members of the Calne and District Pig Insurance Association only).

For the best pen of three pigs which are calculated to make the best Wiltshire Bacon, and between the estimated dead weight of 3 score and 4 score 10lbs. First prize, 15s.; 2nd, 10s.

CLASS 7.

(Open to Members of the C. & T. Harris (Calne) Pig Feeders' Club and the Calne and District Pig Insurance Association).

For the best pen of three pigs which are calculated to make the best Wiltshire Bacon and between the estimated dead weight of 5 score and 7 score. First prize, £1 10s.; 2nd, £1; 3rd, 15s.

It is hoped that any pig feeder who is a member of either society will enter one or more of these classes and do his bit towards the success of the Exhibition.

* * *
There is a wide difference between seeing through a thing and seeing a thing through.

"The Smell of Bacon Frying." *

THE discovery of the suitability of certain articles for diet must have been attended with no small risk. Appetite at times has an erring instinct, to which youth, with its experiences of the results of indulgence in unripe fruit, can testify

The pioneers of the study of gastronomy undoubtedly had many adventures, some tragic and some farcical, and we owe them, in common with adventures in other realms of action, our gratitude for the results of their labours as handed us to-day.

One hardly gives a thought to those early preservers of the carcase of the pig who discovered that the smoke from their hut fires lent added mellowness to the flavour of the meat in addition to preserving it. Could we but follow the chain of development in the methods of smoking and curing from that day to this, the outstanding feature would be the expert and scientific treatment used now, for science has become more and more allied to the preserving of food since those days when the first dog buried his first bone and the first Red Indian smoked his first piece of meat for future consumption.

The product of the modern bacon factory is becoming more and more standardised; and the housewife, asking for a particular cut, can rely on receiving at each delivery the exact article she desires. The streaks of lean in the right place showing up enticingly against the fat of a cream colouring and proper consistency.

In addition to uniformity of appearance, flavour and aroma can be relied upon to an extent which was impossible in the old days.

A thousand thoughts, bright and cheerful, assail the household with bacon for breakfast. Whatever the season, the essence of the countryside in spring pervades the house. The master leaves for business happy and contented, the children for school with the joy of youth, and the good lady of the house attends her household duties with that confidence which fitness alone can give.

So here is to the memory of all who have successively, and with improvement, taught us to preserve the pig, to smoke it, and to fry it.

* See page 130.

Calne Slaughter House.

Annual Outing.

THIS Outing took place on Saturday, June 18th, the trip arranged being through the beautiful Wye Valley, and four of the large Bath Tramway chars-a-banc were chartered to take a company of eighty.

The start was made from the Strand soon after nine o'clock via Chippenham, Malmesbury, Tetbury, Minchinhampton, and

Gloucester.

At Gloucester a halt was made. Twenty years ago we should have said "to water the horses;" now, I think, the usual excuse is that the engine wants cooling down. Whilst this was happening some of the party had a look at Gloucester Cathedral, whilst others found rest and seclusion in the various hostelries for which Gloucester is noted.

It must have been some mistake on the part of one of our friends, who undoubtedly thought he was journeying to the seaside, and was delighted to see across the canal what he fondly thought were some beautiful white gulls. These, however, turned out to be pigeons, but whether they came from the Calne Pigeon Club or not and accompanied the chars-a-banc we cannot say: at any rate, it destroyed a very beautiful illusion.

The weather up to this point was dull; in fact, across Minchinhampton Common it was pretty thick, and we were not able to enjoy the beautiful views from this point which would otherwise have given so much pleasure.

About six miles from Ross a halt was made for the mid-day meal; the sun was shining brilliantly, a nice spot was selected, and the hampers unpacked, full justice being done to a jolly good spread. It put everybody in a happy mood.

Ross was reached about two o'clock, and half-an-hour was spent in having a look at this delightful old town. Incidentally the party was greeted by an old Calne inhabitant, Mr. Pocock, late of Lloyds Bank.

From Ross the scenery, which up till then was very interesting, now became exceedingly beautiful. For a considerable distance the river runs close to the road, with wonderful woods at the side. Those of us who had not been privileged to go this way before were entranced.

One of the party, sniffing the air, said how nice was the smell of new mown hay. This, however, proved to be due to the pipe of a gentleman in front, as there were no signs anywhere of the grass being cut.

Owing to a little delay in starting, it was found necessary to drive straight through Monmouth and very slowly past Tintern Abbey. Many of us would have liked to have lingered at these places, but on such a long journey it is necessary to keep to a schedule of time.

Chepstow, the furthest point outwards,

was reached in time for tea.

After this a start was made on the return journey. Unfortunately, the weather, which up to this time had been fine but dull, now turned to a drizzling rain. This, however, could not damp the spirits of the party, especially after such a wonderful outing through such beautiful scenery. Spirits were enlivened the whole way with songs and jokes; and, of course, one or two stops had to be made to again cool the engines.

Calne was eventually reached soon after 11 o'clock.

We should all have liked to have had a finer day, but considering the amount of rain which fell at Calne those who went on the outing were decidedly lucky, as very little rain fell until after six o'clock. In fact, coming home we noticed people playing cricket as late as seven o'clock.

One regretable feature was the inability of the organiser of the outing, Mr. C. Blackford, to attend, owing to his duties in connection with the Calne Town Band. This was a great blow to him and to his friends. He had been indefatigable in arranging every detail and it was largely owing to his efforts that the outing was such a success.

Some people have great faith in odd numbers—usually number one.

The one who is always wrapped up in himself makes a very small parcel.

True wisdom is to know what is best worth knowing, and to do what is best worth doing.

Pray for success certainly, but don't fail to supplement your prayers by efforts to deserve it. which terminated about 7.30. The weather was kind, and I think everyone enjoyed themselves. Now what can be done one day can also be done another, and I hope more will follow.

I understand that the Factory are anxious to play the Staff at cricket. Perhaps one day we may have a cricket eleven, but sport of any kind cannot be played on any old piece of ground.

H. S. Brock.

* * * * LONDON.

The Annual Cowcross Street Factory Outing took place on Saturday, July 2nd.

This year, in order to extend the scope of opportunity, we were joined by our near neighbours and very good friends, Messrs. Bodega, of Cowcross Street. Mr. Branscombe, as usual, headed our party, and was joined by two of our London representatives in the persons of Messrs. Perkins and Robinson.

For once, during this wet, cold summer, fortune smiled upon our party, and during the day King Sol put in more solid work than has been usual of late.

We travelled from Victoria by special saloon, leaving at 9.5 a.m. for Brighton. Returning at 10.5 from Brighton, landing at Victoria at 11.30. From this it will be apparent that a very long day was put in. We had our meals—lunch and tea—at Barbers' Restaurant, and the fare and service were both of a high quality. Mr. Branscombe took the head of our end of the table, and was faced by Mr. R. Bodega.

At one time there was a hope that Mr. Bodinnar might join the party. At the last minute he was unable, through illness, to do so, but very thoughtfully sent a wire conveying his regret at being unable to be present, and wishing the party a happy day.

During the day small parties were made up, and indulged in the very large variety of entertainments which Brighton provides so lavishly.

Everyone was delighted with the outing; and to-day the faces of those who took part in the trip show every evidence that the day was one of great enjoyment and most beneficial from the health point of view.

R.E.H.

REDRUTH.

We are pleased to record a visit from Mr. Bodinnar on Saturday, June 18th.

This was also the date of our Annual Trip. We were evidently in the bad books of the Clerk of the Weather, as towards mid-day heavy rain set in. Plymouth, however, offers a considerable variety of indoor amusements, so the day was spent quite pleasantly. The party arrived back at Redruth in the small hours of Sunday morning.

Our Calne friends seem to be busy on the cricket field, and we are hoping to

emulate their good example.

On Tuesday, June 21st, our opening match was played versus the Great Western Railway Company. We lost the toss and had to take the field. Owing to the excellent bowling of J. Salter and J. Cooke, the Railwaymen were skittled out for the modest total of 38. Our batsmen, whilst not finding the wicket favourable, were able to put together a total of 51. "Jock" Salter again distinguished himself by a well-played 21. We hope that our first success will prove a favourable omen for future games.

We applaud the enterprise of our Ipswich friends in turning out such an attractive display of "Suffolk" Pasties. We would, however, go farther than "Marian" did last month, and say, "The proof of the pasty is in the eating." We leave the hint with our Ipswich friends.

Since last writing, our new Refrigerating Plant has started working. The remainder of our machinery has been overhauled, new motors installed, and we hope now that our plant will be running satisfactorily for some considerable time to come. We were pleased in connection with the starting up of the plant to have had a visit from our old friend, Mr. Bullock, for a few days.

We notice in the Magazine for last month a recipe on the Ladies' Page for Batchelors' Buttons. We have heard that one of our ladies is making a supply this week-end, and that she is hoping to attach a suit of clothes, &c., on to the aforesaid buttons. We trust that her efforts will meet with success.

CORNUBIAN.

TIVERTON.

We should like to thank, through the medium of our Magazine, the Rev. R. G.

himself.

Wheeler for his very interesting and instructive article in the June issue on the Eclipse, but we, in this part of the country, were doomed to disappointment on the morning of the 29th. We made all the necessary arrangements—smoked glass, &c.—and awoke at four a.m. the next morning, and at about quarter to five proceeded to walk a distance of 1½ miles from the town to one of our steepest hills. But the sun on this particular morning absolutely refused to show itself, so at 6.20 we wended our way homeward, rather disappointed, but with an enlarged appetite.

Our supplies of pigs have been fair in June, and we note with satisfaction that the pigs we are having are of better quality for the Bacon Curer than they were previously. The Devon farmer is hard to convince, but we seriously think that he is beginning to realise that the Large White Cross is not only the best for our purposes but also for

DUMPLING.

TOTNES.

During the early part of June we had a glimpse of Royalty, the Prince of Wales having passed through on his way to Plymouth. As this is a rare event in this Ancient Borough, all Totnes turned out to give him a real warm welcome, but, unfortunately, the inclement weather necessitated the use of closed cars, so that our view of the popular Prince was somewhat limited.

The Devon County Agricultural Show, held at Paignton during the month, was a huge success, the brilliant weather for the three days of the Show being responsible for a splendid attendance.

Considerable attention was attracted by the Educational Exhibit of Bacon loaned by us to the Devon County Council, which illustrated desirable and undesirable sides, with causes of defection.

Our Factory is now in proud possession of its new hat in the shape of the iron chimney which has been erected. The skilful methods of the steeplejacks were of great interest, the old stack being removed and the new one installed without undue interference with the buildings.

On June 25th a party of about sixty left here for a charabanc trip to Ilfracombe, this being the occasion of our Annual Outing. The route taken was via Crediton

and Barnstaple. An excellent dinner was served by Messrs. Southcombe, and the afternoon was spent exploring the Captsone and other parts of Ilfracombe. Our Chief had cherished hopes of meeting us at the dinner, but stress of business prevented him doing so, which we all regretted, as we had intended to give him a real good Devonshire welcome. The return was made via Combe Martin and Southmolton to Exeter, and the beautiful scenery and magnificent views throughout the drive amply justifies our County being termed "Glorious Devon." Several cameras were taken on the trip with the object of obtaining some interesting snaps for our Magazine, but the dull weather and poor visibility rendered this impossible, and we regret being unable to send anything.

The chars-a-banc did not all arrive home together, as the last one was delayed at Exeter, a young member of the party having disappeared into a fish and chip shop, and was only found after an extensive search. The result of this was that a number of the others became concerned about a "Wee Deoch an Doris," and when passing Kenford persuaded the driver that something was wrong with his lights; on pulling up he saw all his passengers making a frantic rush to a house where liquid refreshments are dispensed.

We are pleased to say, however, that again, as in previous years, every member of the party returned to Totnes in sound condition and able to find their way quietly and steadily to their various homes after having spent a most enjoyable and memorable day.

W.J.T.

A lady was very ill, and her doctor told her she could not live over the week-end. The following week she was still alive, and when he called again, she said:—

"Well, doctor, you see I am still here, but do you know what you have done?" "Nothing serious, I hope, madam,"

answered the doctor, and the lady replied—
"Well, you've done all my children out of a suit of black."

"Yes, laddie, I was a commercial traveller once, but not a success, old boy—not a success in the part. I was on the road four weeks, and the only order I ever got was the one from my firm telling me to come home."

Harris Cricket Club.

WITH THE 1st XI.

On Saturday, June 11th, we received a visit from our old friends, the Devizes 2nd XI. The visitors batted first, and against the bowling of Nash and Taylor they fared so badly that 8 wickets were down for 28 runs. However, the "tail" wagged merrily, and by some hard hitting brought the total up to 54. I. J. Taylor took 5 for 33 and F. Nash 4 for 18. Our innings was characterised by a very sound display by S. L. Drewell, whose 35 runs included six 4's, thus proving "there's life in the old dog yet." Skipper Knowles also contributed a well-hit 19, and we were able to pass our opponents' total and finish up twenty runs to the good.

On Thursday, June 16th, we played our first evening match against the Town Club, on the Recreation-ground. Winning the toss, the Town, naturally, took first knock, and, after obtaining 119 for six wickets, declared. With only about an hour and a quarter left for play, and a failing light, we did not entertain much hope of forcing a win. C. H. Ducksbury (not out 32) and F. Nash (14) batted well, and at "lighting-up time" our score stood at 75 for 6.

On Saturday, June 18th, we received a second visit from the G.W.R. Stores Department, Swindon. Bowling unchanged, Nash (6 for 15) and Taylor (3 for 12) quickly disposed of the visitors for 31 runs. After a protracted interval for tea (owing partly to the rain and the refusal of our heating apparatus to "get a move on") we found also that it was a case of "bowlers' advan." It was only after a struggle, and thanks to a timely stand by P. T. Knowles (17), that we were able to maintain our sequence of wins

The Town Club paid us a return visit to Lickhill on Wednesday evening, June 22nd. Batting first, we started in promising fashion, Nash and Ducksbury appearing well set, but a sharp return got Nash run out. After this two or three wickets fell cheaply, but a dogged stand by Gillett and Bromham arrested the visitors' successes. In his total of 25 Gillett hit five 4's. The innings closed with a total of 68 runs. The Town opened carefully, and steady batting carried them to within six of our total for

the loss of five men, then three wickets fell for the addition of only four runs. Meanwhile stumps were due to be drawn, but we carried on to give the Town a chance of winning, which they did with a wicket to spare.

WITH THE 2nd XI.

On Saturday, June 11th, the 2nd's journeyed over the hill to Bishop's Cannings, where a pleasant game is always assured. They won the right to bat first, and, thanks to a splendid innings of 27 by R. Bowman. they compiled the respectable total of 58 runs. This proved far too many for the home team, who had to contend with some excellent bowling by Batchelor, who captured six wickets for a run apiece, the whole side being dismissed for 24 runs. We have heard of people being intoxicated with victory, and we wonder if this was the cause of the giddiness experienced by a member of the visiting party on reaching the top of the church tower.

Seagry House C.C. were the visitors to Lickhill on Wednesday evening, June 15th. The home team batted first and obtained a total of 65 runs, to which C. Flay contributed 26 and J. Simons 12. Seagry could not pass this total until their seventh wicket partnership, and if only Batchelor had had someone to help him, it is very doubtful if Seagrys would have won. Batchelor's average for the innings was six wickets for 15 runs.

On the evening of Wednesday, June 29th, Derry Hill visited Lickhill, and a keen game resulted in a win for the 2nds by 15 runs. The visitors batted first, and were dismissed for 34 runs. Batchelor seven for 16, and L. Blackford three for 12. To the 2nd's total of 49 R. Winter was the chief contributor with a well hit 13.

Another win was recorded on Saturday, June 25th, when Clifton C.C. from Swindon paid their first visit to Lickhill. The visitors went in first and proved themselves "visitors" in another sense of the word, inasmuch as they were "not at home" with the good-length bowling of Batchelor, who again returned the fine analysis of five for 6, and L. Blackford, who took four for 28. To the visitors' total of 34 the home team replied with 64. H. Bowman (15), W. Pottow (12), and S. Salter (8 not out) batted very well, the last-named player making a very promising debut.

CRICKET FIXTURES FOR AUGUST.

FIRST ELEVEN.

Aug. 6.—Swindon Imperial, home.
,, 13.—Saxby and Farmer's 2nd XI., home.

20.—Castle Combe, home.

.. 27.-Lacock, home.

SECOND ELEVEN.

Aug. 13.—Derry Hill, away.

,, 27.—Lacock 2nd XI., away.

Tennis Club.

GENERAL MEETING of those members of the staff who had expressed willingness to support a Firm's Tennis Club, if formed, was held in the Company's Hall on June 3rd.

The Meeting considered that ample evidence existed that Tennis was required by a certain section of the employees, and it was accordingly agreed that immediate steps should be taken to procure the filling up of the neccessary Application Forms. As a result over 100 members of the staff have signed these Forms, and have paid the minimum subscription of 2s.

The Directors have been good enough to indicate their support and sympathy with the project by providing the preliminary equipment in the way of posts, wire netting, tennis nets, racquets, and practice balls. This represents a substantial contribution towards the preliminary cost, and we should like to take this opportunity of expressing the gratitude of all those interested in the

The first games on the Courts took place on Wednesday, 6th July, and there was an encouraging attendance, which augurs well for the future.

The Committee met on Friday, the 1st July, and the following are the names of the Committee, Officers, &c.:—President, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar; Chairman, Mr. L. A. Trow: Committee, Misses P. Aikman, B. Dean, M. S. Fennell, and P. Rutty, and Messrs. A. Flay, D. E. W. Lea, S. McKaig, and R. Skuse; Hon. Treasurer and Groundsman, Mr. P. T. Knowles; Joint Hon. Secretaries, Mr. A. Flay and Mr. D. E. W.

Any members of the Factory and office staffs wishing to join may obtain the necessary Application Forms from either of the Joint Secretaries.

"The Smell of Bacon Frying."

TITLL give you additional pleasure on the morning of Sunday, August 7th next, if it emanates from a portion of the side of bacon now displayed in our retail shop window in Church Street, Calne. The Middle (1st), Gammon (2nd), Forend (3rd) are the Prizes in a

Weight Judging COMPETITION

organised by the Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society, in connection with their Annual Flower Show.

TICKETS, 2d. EACH

are now on sale and may be obtained of any member of the Committee.

Your bacon-judging powers may be excellent, but remember that the side is to be weighed to the nearest quarter of an ounce so it will probably pay you to have a couple "savers."

The Competition closes on Friday, August 5th, and the result will be announced at the Show next day.

The Broad Highway.

ULY! and we are all still wondering if we are going to have any summer at all during 1927. Perhaps, however, by the time this paragraph is in print we shall be in the midst of a heat wave.

Since our last number we have seen an extraordinary sequence of drops in the bacon market, but it seems that we must now have reached bottom. The Continental exporters must be sinking a very great deal of money on their recent shipments to this country. We know this from the price they are paying for their pigs.

Denmark is undoubtedly suffering from over-production at the moment, which is aggravated by the increased shipments from other European countries, who are forced to clear their killings as bacon now that the embargo prevents any fresh pork from entering this country. An improvement in weather conditions would undoubtedly show an immediate effect in demand and firm up the position all round.

"AULD REEKIE."

To those who are not personally acquainted with the historical city of Edinburgh, or "Auld Reekie," to use the vernacular expression, perhaps the following succinct remarks about this romantic city might be of some interest to the reader.

This famous city, once the Capital of Scottish Kings and Queens, is chiefly connected with the history of Scotland, and is a place of natural beauty linked to the romantic history of the past, immortalised by Sir Walter Scott in his Waverley writings, and has an appealing interest to the visitor.

During the summer months tourists flock to the city in large numbers, particularly Americans, to whom it appears to have a very strong appeal—perhaps to some a genealogical link-and gives the place a cosmopolitan aspect.

Space is too limited to give but a cursory glance at some of the principal historical sites of interest, but chief and foremost is the famous Castle, standing on a pinnacle of rock, the gateway to Scottish past history.

A kaleidoscope of historical scenes is conjured up when inspecting this ancient fortress, of the sanguinary encounters of the

past, the gaieties and intrigues, the religious disputations of the Reformation period but still standing in stately splendour a symbol to Scotland's greatness.

Within easy distance stands the ancient residence of Holyrood Palace, from which, in by-gone days, radiated the gaiety and regal life of former Kings and Queens, and is

still used as a royal residence.

This locality, now somewhat delapidated, forms the ancient part of the city, and is intensely interesting with its old-fashioned wynds or alleys, once the scenes of many family feuds.

One might say the very stones are facets in historical setting, reflecting the romantic and indefinable glamour of the past. Here, also, one sees in a perfect state of preservation the old-fashioned gabled house of John Knox, the champion of Protestantism.

This old-world part of Edinburgh is honeycombed with such-like stately residences in various states of preservation.

Turning to the New Town, or modern part of the city, one cannot fail to admire the beauty of Princes' Street, one of the famous streets of the world.

This modern shopping centre, with its fine array or shops, is Edinburgh's principal business thoroughfare.

This street, so unlike the usual conception of a shopping centre, is faced by restful gardens, forming a pleasing contrast to the competitive strife of the street.

This street, seen on an autumn evening, reverberating with the flow of human life, flanked by the majestic Castle silhouetted against the sky, the many-coloured lights of the shops scintillating like a confetti of twinkling stars, with the sky bathed in the golden rays of a setting sun, conveys a scene of indescribable beauty that leaves a lasting impression of this chief of Scotia's cities.

W.K.P.

LEEDS.

The thoughtful action on the part of our Irish agent in offering his services to friends visiting Ireland causes me to bring to the notice of readers the splendid opportunity of seeing their own country first, but also of visiting the Continent, provided by the Co-operative Holidays' Association, of which Sir D. Drummond Fraser, K.B.E.,

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M.Com., is President. The Head Office of the Association is Birch Heys, Fallowfield, Manchester, and telegraphic address, "Holidays," Manchester. This (as well as the Holiday Fellowship) is the best kind of comradeship imaginable. It is not a profitmaking concern. Generally the charge is £2 12s. 6d. weekly for board residence, and there are no extras, unless guests go for charabanc outings, which are optional. The Association seeks to unite men and women of widely different tastes and circumstances for the promotion of rational use of leisure. It applies the principle of co-operation to holiday-making. Days are spent in rambles or climbs, and the moors and countryside are preferred to the conventional holiday resorts. It makes provision for musical, literary, dramatic, and social interests of its members. Its Magazine, "Comradeship," is a quarterly issue. It has no connection with Co-operative Trading Societies. Guest Houses, situated at Whitby, Hebden, Yorkshire: Grassmere and Eskdale, Lake District; Barmouth, Llangollen, and Bangor, in Wales; Row, Firth of Clyde, Onich, Western Isles; Westward Ho! North Devon; Newton Abbot, South Devon; Peel, Isle of Man: Eastbourne; Shanklin, Isle of Wight; Hope, Peak of Derbyshire. Also, abroad, Champeux, Giessbach, Lugano, Dinan, Boppard, and Norwegian Fjords. The only condition of membership is your desire to enjoy Nature's panorama and contribute your quota of sociability.

At each centre you will be received as a friend, guided by an experienced host and hostess, cared for by a happy staff, who are treated as fellow members. The atmosphere is care free and jolly.

My recent visit was to Lakeland at Whitsuntide. Stanley Ghyll House is situated seven miles from the sea at the top of Eskdale, surrounded by giant mountains -Scafell, Great Gable, &c.-and is reached by the smallest railway in the world. No word can describe the loveliness of that valley, with its pine-clad mountains and its brown singing river; its profusion of heath and heather; its charming air. Guests were welcomed heartily, shown their spotlessly clean rooms, and regaled on arrival with high tea, which included fresh salmon. The first evening gave us a stroll in the sunset and an impromptu Concert and Dance. Sunday was spent quietly, but most of the guests had a ramble to Stanley

Ghyll (waterfall). Lunch followed, later by afternoon tea, and the evening completed with service and music. On Monday, breakfast was at 8.45. Everybody joined the excursion—the men dressed in rough togs, the ladies in many instances in breeches and long field boots and macs., the men carrying light haversacks of provisions. During the six hour trip over the mountains, at a reasonable pace, the fun was fast and furious. There were frequent rests for a breather, and finally lunch on the heath beside a stream 2,000 feet up, with Wastwater glimmering in the sunlight below and the Galloway Hills and Solway Firth clearly in view. Then a leisurely walk along the ridge and home with a first-rate appetite to try a glorious dinner.

The programme for the week was:— Tuesday, climb Scafell Pike; Wednesday, motor drive round the Lakes; Thursday, climb Great Gable; Friday, excursion Ulpha Fell and Duddon Valley; Saturday,

Do you recall Browning's lines:—
Oh the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock to rock—

The strong rending of boughs from the fir tree, the cool silver shock

Of the plunge in a pool's living water! How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ.

All the heart and the soul and the senses for ever in joy.

That story about the house on fire reminds me of one I ought to have sent you before

A Scot, on a visit to London, was snugly tucked under the blankets and just beginning to dream of his bonnie banks and braes when the manager rapped loudly on his bedroom door, shouting, "Get up! The hotel is on fire." Sandy was very foo and very comfortable, but his wits were all there. "Before I get up, Mister, I think we had better come to an expleecit understandin'. If I come oot, will I need to pay for my bed?"

Here is a Stephen Laycock specimen— Moses and Rebecca on holiday at Scarborough were out in a rowing boat. Rebecca, being the natural plump variety of her kind, and being in the stern, caused the boat to be off its even keel. A big sea tilted Rebecca into the sea and Moses returned in sack-cloth and ashes to mourn his loss. A few weeks later the police wired to Moses, "Body found, covered with shrimps, send instructions." Moses replied, "Sell the shrimps, send me cheque, re-cast the bait."

Captain of Industry, dictating a letter to a rival: "As my typist is a lady I cannot possibly expect her to take down what I really want to say to you. As I am a gentleman, I cannot bring myself to say it. But as you yourself are neither, you will probably comprehend what I mean."

"Dear me," said the hatter to a new customer. "Should hardly have believed it, sir! Most 'str'ordinary coincidence! You take exactly the same sized hat as Captain Lindbergh!"

Customer buys two.

G.S.C.

Our pig buyers are not having exactly a joy-ride at the present moment. A fall in prices, such as occurred recently, always makes things a little difficult for the man on the road.

The most important factor to-day is the price of "stores," which, in spite of an abundant supply, continue to make high prices in the open market.

There is little doubt that the man who is able to both breed and feed is in a better position than those who feed only, since it is acknowledged that "stores" can be bred much more cheaply than they can be bought

The general market situation at the time of writing is such that we are not tempted to predict any great change in present quotations; at the same time we are anxious not to sound a pessimistic note.

Willesden magistrate, when a musician was charged with being drunk: Had he any musical instrument on him?

* * *

P.C.: Only a quart bottle of beer, sir.

* * *

Brown: You don't look well lately, Robinson!

Robinson: No; I can't sleep at night on account of lung trouble.

Brown: Nonsense; your lungs are all right!

Robinson: Yes, mine are; the trouble is with the baby's.

Our Picture Gallery.

R. P. REDMAN, Esq.



We are glad to produce a photograph of Mr. Redman. The whole of his working life has been spent in our midst, with the exception of the period spent in the Army during the War. He needs no introduction to any of us, and we are glad to have the privilege of placing him in our permanent portrait gallery.

Our Post Bag.

The Editor "Harris Magazine." DEAR SIR.

In a recent issue, Mr. F. Gough referred to Winter Amusements, and suggested that a "Harris Glee Party" might be formed, in which the branches could co-operate.

Will he kindly give an indication of how this could be done, so that anyone wishing to be of service could fall in line, should any such scheme be organised, or does he intend it to be purely local efforts? Although we are only a few at Totnes, there are several who contribute to concerts, &c., here, and who might be willing to assist.

I hear that even the convicts on Dartmoor have taken up Community Singing, their slogan being, "The Moor we are together," &c.

"BACKFAT."

J.F.B.

Totnes, Devon, 29th June, 1927.

Tust Ourselves. Between

RESULT OF NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

CLASS A.

1st Prize, 15s., Mrs. Pearce, Calne (Broderie Anglais—Bolster and Pillow Case).

2nd Prize, 12s. 6d., Mrs. Smith, Ipswich (Broderie Anglais-Afternoon Tea-cloth.) 3rd Prize, 10s., Miss Mould, Calne (Richlieu

Work-Afternoon Tea-cloth.)

Highly Commended, Miss Wells, Chippenham (Broderie Anglais—Nightdress.)

Highly Commended, Mrs. Harvey, Totnes (Broderie Anglais—Afternoon Tea-cloth. CLASS B.

(In view of the large amount of Crochet sent in, this Class was divided into two sections-Embroidery and Crochet—and the Prize money had to be re-allocated.

Crochet.

1st Prize, 10s., Mrs. Pearce (Calne). 2nd Prize, 8s., Miss Gale (Highbridge). 3rd Prize, 7s., Miss Simpkins (Calne). Highly Commended, Miss Besant (Calne). Highly Commended, Mrs. Ponting (Calne). Embroidery.

1st Prize, 10s., Mrs. Ponting, Calne (Wool

Embroidery—Fire Screen). 2nd Prize, 8s., Mrs. Ponting, Calne (Richlieu and Applique Work—Table Runner)

3rd Prize, 7s., Mrs. Ponting, Calne (Silk Embroidery—Set of Luncheon Mats). Highly Commended, Mrs. Ponting, Calne

Silk Embroidery—Duchesse Set). Highly commended, Mrs. Ponting, Calne

(Cushion Cover).

CLASS C. (There were only 5 entries for this Class, and therefore the Judges only awarded two prizes and one highly commended)

1st Prize, 10s,, Miss Fennell, Calne (Gentleman's Pullover)

2nd Prize, 7s. 6d., Mrs. Goodchild, Ipswich (Little Boy's Silk Suit).

Highly Commended, Mrs. Ponting, Calne (Doll dressed entirely in knitting). CLASS D.—No Entries.

In addition to the above, the Judges awarded the following percentage marks in the different Classes :-

CLASS A.

75 per cent., Miss M. Hunt, Chippenham

(Embroidered Bolster and Pillow Case). 70 per cent., Miss K. Strange, Calne (Embroidered Pillow Case).

CLASS B.—(Embroidery).

75 per cent., Mrs. Pearce, Calne (Embroidered Nightdress).

70 per cent., Mrs. Ponting, Calne (Glove Sachet).

CLASS B.—(Crochet).

75 per cent., Mrs. Hawthorn, Horsham (Tea

70 per cent., Miss Haines, Calne (Tea Cosy) The following note has been sent to me by Miss Hulbert and Miss Aspinall, the two ladies who came from Chippenham to act as Judges :-

Judges considered "The standard of work so excellent they found it most difficult to decide on the order of merit, so those who did not get a prize must not be discouraged from trying to gain a prize another time."

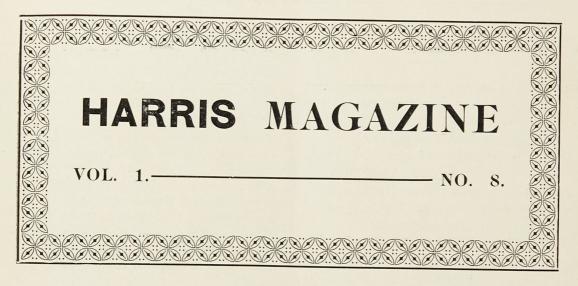
I should not like to let this opportunity pass without expressing my thanks to all readers of this page who were interested enough to take any part in the Competition, and I should also like to say how grateful I am to Mrs. Bodinnar for all the help and encouragement she gave me in the matter. But for her kindly words the task would have been infinitely more difficult, and her entry for the competition (an Afternoon Tea Cloth in Drawn Threadwork), which was the first to arrive, came on a day when things looked very disappointing indeed. The total number of articles sent in for competition reached forty-eight, and although this is not nearly good enough, it is not too MARIAN. bad for a start.

OUR MONEY BOX.

The call of the sea has been heard this month by many of our depositors, and the demands of the Railway Company and the landlady have had to be met by raids on the money box; but these withdrawals have been more than covered by new deposits, and the credit balance at the Bank again shows an increase on the month.

Several depositors have availed themselves of the alteration in the Rule announced in the June Magazine, and more will, no doubt, do so.

Three of the Branch Factories have commenced the sale of Stamps. We want them all to do so.



AUGUST, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

THE HOLIDAY SEASON.

T is generally forgotten that Bank Holidays are only 56 years old. For this act of social amelioration posterity is indebted to Sir John Lubbock, afterwards created Lord Avebury.

Although the Bank-Holidays' Act legalised the suspension of work on certain ecclesiastical feast days, it also created one general holiday between Whit-Monday and Christmas Day—the first Monday in August.

In the early seventies, contemporary with the first Bank-holidays, we read that the staff of one of the houses in the City presented the partners with a gift of plate in recognition of their kindness in making Saturday a half-holiday.

We who have become used to these advantages seldom give a thought to the condition of the people before they were inaugurated, and thus never experience much of the gratitude we might otherwise feel. It is not implied by the foregoing that holidays previous to the seventies were unknown, for the country people attended the nearest fair, helped to celebrate at the village feast and harvest home, whilst in the industrial areas there were Christmas Day, Good Friday, and the ever-present problem of "Saint Monday."

The Bank-Holidays' Act did not so

much create holidays as standardise them in such a way that they came as a right and not as a privilege or as an extra day on Monday to recover from Sunday.

Man of far-sighted vision as he undoubtedly was, it is possible that Lord Avebury did not foresee the expansion of his idea of the seventies to its present extent.

The writer of these notes remembers that in his boyhood days it was no uncommon experience to meet people of all ages who had never seen the sea, been to London, or ridden in a railway coach.

The transition until 1914 was gradual, but since 1918 it has been rapid, and never before have the possibilities of recreation, travel, and enjoyment of creature-comforts been so universal. It would be the exception rather than the rule to-day to meet people who do not spend some days of the year enjoying a change of atmosphere and scene far away from their work-a-day lives.

Apart from holidays, the month of August will be remembered as the anniversary of that period fourteen years ago when hope alternated with doubt and the pessimists learnt that the torch of Britain flamed as of yore. To that generation growing up amongst us, which knew not August, 1914, we appeal for a thought on the spirit of those days which, had it been otherwise, would have resulted in far different conditions from those under which they live to-day.

Between Ourselves.

THE Flower Show on Saturday, August 6th, was another instance of the truth of the old adage, "A pull, a strong pull, and a pull all together." Every visitor must have been impressed, as I was, with not only the good leadership, but the splendid team work that carried the function to so successful a result. This is a word of sincere appreciation to all concerned.

Mrs. Rushton's departure from the No. 1 Factory will cause a gap. Her genial personality and splendid influence amongst all our girls have been of the greatest help to us during all the time she has been in Calne. We desire to wish her every possible happiness in her new married life.

We think everybody will join in the heartiest congratulations to Mr. J. H. Gillett, who has just announced the engagement for his marriage.

It is very pleasing to note the progress made by the Cricket Club this season. The policy of encouraging the youngsters has evidently borne good fruit, for some splendid material has been unearthed, and combinations of them with the veterans have caused dire dismay to many of our visiting teams. One was especially glad to hear of the notable victory over Swindon Imperial, in view of the fact that so many of the regular players were helping with the Flower Show. One has even heard it suggested that cricket has been the cause of the reduction in the waist line of the popular Captain!

And now I hear that the newly-formed Tennis Club is doing well. The original side-show, "Suzanne," we used the other day, was evidently designed to stimulate budding All-England players to greater success. As to whether Mr. McKaig considered the cardboard representation of the famous lady a model in elbow-shapes for

Calne players I am not quite sure. One hopes not!

It looks as though we are to have a real live Ladies' Hockey Team this season. A splendid number have expressed their desire to join, and the preliminary arrangements are going well ahead.

These movements are all to the good; especially if, as one desires, they are made thoroughly representative of factory and office. Some of the best of friendships have been formed on English playing fields, and we are hopeful that by an extension of this sporting and social activity the members of the staff will grow to know one another better, and to gain that appreciation of the qualities of each that are essential to our working conditions. To further these ends we have recently been considering very carefully the whole programme of sporting and social activities; and while it is too early to say definitely what the outcome will be, I think I may forecast a re-setting of the organisation of the Welfare and Entertainment Society along more adequate lines. The winter will shortly be upon us. I should like to see evidences of a desire for not only entertainments but for lectures and other activities that should be useful in a small town like ours during the dark days.

We have been happy in being fairly busy in all our factories during the last few weeks, but the difficulties referred to in the July issue still remain, and a sustained effort towards their solution is the imperative duty of all us.

CALNE MOTOR AMBULANCE.

Sincere thanks are expressed to those who have so kindly sent donations.

The need for an ambulance is great and I invite further suggestions and help.

MA

By The Way.

A correspondent writes:—"Who tried to way some soda while standing on the scale?" "A-weigh" with you!

We agree with our friend who points out that pies cannot be inserted in sealed cans. Euclid called this sort of thing a self-evident truth.

A Relief Salesman on Van No. 12 is mildly annoyed at having been asked to do business with, amongst other people, a Mrs.—, of Geelong, Australia! He tells us that his "hair stood up" at being told to "go to Australia" at the end of a good day's work.

A certain member of the staff is being provided with a new home. The fresh quarters are enclosed by several posts connected with wires. Some bright person has placed a post in the run for the gentleman to rub against. Who is to induct our friend into the niceities of this matter and insist that he does not use every post but the right one?

Somehow, a woman with short hair always makes a man wonder how he would look in petticoats!

We brag about the bread our mother made because we don't have to eat it any more!

Sign nothing without reading it.

"Go to father," she said, when I asked her to wed,

For she knew that I knew that her father was dead;

And she knew that I knew what a life he had led.

So she knew that I knew what she meant when she said—

"Go to Father."

We were pleased to hear from H. J. Derritt, an old employee, who is now

stationed at Khartoum. He sends us a glowing account of the land of the Pharoahs and the Nile, concluding with a brief description of the 1,500 mile journey from Khartoum to Cairo.

Another correspondent, quite a youthful one, has come under the spell of Flatford Mill, famous for its association with the great East Anglican painter, Constable.

Our young friend send us a "Rhapsody on the effect of beauty on an overwrought mind." It consists of twenty-six verses. Space forbids the production of more than one—the last:—

For ten days Flatford was my dream; That Flatford with its silv'ry stream, But if I've failed I shall not scream And put the blame on Flatford.

Mr. P. Coward, our Shop Manager at Chippenham, recounts an incident which happened a few years ago. A child entered the shop and handed over the counter a piece of printed paper, in which was wrapped a shilling. On being questioned as to her requirements, the child replied, "It's on the paper." A closer examination revealed the fact that the paper was a portion torn from the Scriptures. Upon reading through the verses, he came to the following:—"Two kidneys and the fat that is on them." He carried out this instruction, and concludes that the order was executed to his customer's satisfaction as he received no complaints.

We should like to hear more from our other Retail Departments. There must be many interesting experiences which befall them, and which are worth while recording.

It's a very small world in which we live. At the conclusion of a seaside friend-ship addresses were being exchanged for the purpose of forwarding snapshots upon the return home.

"Oh, yes," was the reply," and a very nice young fellow he is."

Conversation continues, and abruptly ends—"We used to call him Hen."

Thomas Hardy.

THOMAS HARDY was born 87 years ago at Upper Bockhampton, near Dorchester. Happily he is still living and writing. Only last year he published a volume of poems about which Robert Lynd wrote in the "Daily News":—"We find in this book the full range of Mr. Hardy's genius. That he should have written such work at such an age will always seem one of the miracles of literature."

Another critic, in "Country Life," wrote:—"Best of all, the poems we could least easily spare are the newest ones... We shut the book and add it to our shelves with that feeling of deep spiritual enrichment, that extension of the bounds of our understanding and our sympathies that only genius can bestow on us."

Hardy's first volume of poems, "Wessex Poems," was published in 1898, though some of them date back as far as 1865. He had worked hard at reading and his professional work as an architect until he was 27. Then he started his career as a novelist, publishing "Desperate Remedies' in 1871. After writing sixteen novels and two volumes of short stories he stopped writing novels after the publication of "Jude the Obscure" in 1896. He has stated that the reception of this novel completely cured him of his interest in novel writing, so for the last thirty years he has written nothing but poetry. In all, he has published over six hundred short poems, a stupendous epic drama, "The Dynasts," dealing with the Napoleonic Wars, and a one-act verse drama, "The Queen of Cornwall," reviewing one of the Arthurian legends of Lancelot and Queen Guinevere. He has also recreated a country, Wessex, in which are laid the scenes of his novels of and many of his poems, and from which he has drawn his imperishable characters. They could have lived nowhere but in Wessex; they breathe Wessex air, think Wessex thoughts, and live Wessex lives. Since Wiltshire is in the Wessex country it should be of particular interest to us.

It would be idle to pretend that the quality of an author's work can be judged by its quantity, though even by this futile standard Hardy would rank high. It would be equally idle to pretend that all Hardy's

work is of the same standard. His early poems are stiff and stilted, and there are imperfections in the novels, but it is a quite justifiable claim that Lascelles Abercrombie makes in his fine study of Hardy:—

"In his Wessex Novels, Thomas Hardy has achieved both a style and a substance that enables it to fulfil the gravest function of art—with the exception, perhaps, of two foreign authors, to fulfil this function for the first time."

In his poetry, too, Hardy has made a genuine addition to English poetry. As Child says, "It may well be that to future generations Hardy will mean first and foremost the poet, the author of 'The Dynasts.'" Even critics like G. K. Chesterton, who abhor Hardy's philosophy of life (" he is like the village atheist brooding and blaspheming over the village idiot"), admit the clarity and perfection of his style and construction. It is natural to compare Hardy with Meredith. We have no space to do so here, but it has been very adequately done by Chesterton in his "Victorian Age in Literature" and by Quiller-Couch in his "Studies in Literature."

We have mentioned Hardy's philosophy of life. Now Hardy himself has warned his readers against the idea that he wrote in order to set forth any philosophy of life. His intention was "to record in various moods and from various points of view life as I saw it." In reading his records, however, we do come upon his philosophy plainly indicated, and, occasionally, plainly stated. His belief is that the world is governed by a Force, or Power, or Will, in itself neither good nor evil, absolutely indifferent to human feelings, passions, or desires. He shows men and women who, due to "some weakness, disability, or inherited instinct, or perhaps to some error in the assertion of their strength, become the chance for the power of the world finally to assert itself against them" (Abercrombie). It is somewhat like a man trying to swim Niagara Falls. However valiant and heroic his struggles, the stream overcomes him, but is indifferent to him and his fate. Hardy has no trace of contempt for human will and passion and desire. He recognises the futility of their struggles, but is sympathetic to them. "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" is an outstanding example of his sympathy and admiration for human beings struggling against the universal, indifferent stream.

This is the answer to the charge of pessimism often made against him.

Such is the basic idea underlying Hardy's work. It is no wonder that a Catholic such as Chesterton finds it abhorrent. You may agree with it or disagree with it. Whatever your verdict, you cannot help admiring the perfection of his style and design; nor can you leave the novels without becoming profoundly interested in the country he so powerfully and sympathetically depicts. Above all, the reading of Hardy's work must result in a deeper and nobler realisation of the innate tragic heroism of human nature and a finer sense of the infinite influence of "clouds and winds, stars and Mother Earth." His works challenge. You may not see life as he sees it, but it challenges you to defend your faith—or lack of it.

In July last, the Public Library Committee, realising that whilst it was necessary to add the latest worthy books in fiction and non-fiction, decided that it was equally imperative for the Library to have a distinctive policy. After an exhaustive discussion it was unanimously agreed that English Literature should receive special attention, and, in particular, because of his greatness and local interest, the works of Mr. Hardy. When the Library re-opens in September there will be a special Hardy section. The works will be complete; each reader will receive a pamphlet on them; an enlarged map of Wessex and an enlarged portrait of Hardy will be hung in the Library; standard works on Hardy and his Wessex will be provided. It is hoped that any reader who sees a criticism of Hardy will bring it to the notice of the Librarian in order that the section may be kept up-todate. Some readers may have pictures or picture post-cards of the Hardy country. The Librarian will be only too glad to receive, either on loan or as a gift, anything that will add to the completeness of this section. This is a municipal scheme, and a municipal interest is confidently expected. A book will be provided for readers' criticisms and suggestions. These will be carefully considered, and wherever possible, acted upon. Please do your utmost to advertise and support the scheme. Its success depends on your personal interest and encouragement.

The foregoing article on Hardy, which Mr. John Haddon has so kindly written, is

meant to stir up local interest in the provision by the Calne Public Library of a complete set of all Hardy's works, and, as it is hoped, the commencement of a "Hardy Study Circle."

We hope that all our readers will take advantage of the facilities offered by our Public Library in this direction.

J. F. Bodinnar.

Loyalty.

Somebody once called loyalty "Staying power in friendship." It wasn't a bad definition. So far as it went it was true. But loyalty is a bigger and a wider thing.

Loyalty to one's kindred and one's friends is a fine quality to possess. It makes one the repository of their natures. And when we exercise it we feel a responsibility on their behalf. We say, in effect, we will stand or fall by them. And so we show a similar kinship to our sex, our employer, our country, when we are loyal to them. We are staking our faith in them against all that can be said or done in opposition. We are registering our belief in their virtues.

Often enough our loyalty in one person or another is tried and strained. . . But we do not falter if the "staying power" is there. We are loyal to the good in them that may be temporarily eclipsed. It is this abiding faith in the good that constitutes loyalty.

And there is still one other kind of loyalty: an abiding faith in our own ideals. It is sometimes harder to be loyal to our own ideals than to our own friends. But if we can keep faith with ourselves and be loyal to our best instincts we shall not find it difficult to be loyal to others.

"The trouble with me, doctor, is just this snoring. Do you know, I snore so loudly that I often wake myself up?"

* * *

"Why don't you sleep in another room?"

* * *

"Oh, papa, can you tell me if Noah had wife?"

"Certainly; Joan of Arc. Don't ask silly questions."

Mr. Roland Harris.

A Biographical Sketch.

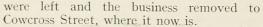
R. ROLAND HARRIS began his connection with the Calne business in 1888, when he joined his father, the late Mr. John R. Harris. Mr. John R. Harris had started business in the city of London in 1872 as a general provision agent, and the major part of the agency was that of agent to his uncle, the late Mr. Thomas Harris. At that time there were at Calne two bacon-curing firms, that of Mr. Thomas Harris and that of Mr. Charles Harris, who traded in friendly rivalry. But very soon

after 1872 the two joined hands and the celebrated Baconcuring Firm of C. & T. Harris became an accomplished fact. From that time the business went ahead rapidly, and grew, as it were, side by side with the growth of London, so that by 1888 it had become more than one person could manage in order to cover London as it then was. The business of the agency was continued then from 1888 to 1899, when Mr. John R. Harris died. For a time Mr. Roland Harris kept things going and growing, but at once it became necessary

for him to throw up all other agencies and concentrate on the Calne business. That phase itself soon passed, for every month saw the further extensions of the wonder city of London. Districts were rapidly absorbed in a growing rush of bricks and mortar. The one-time citysuburbanite became overwhelmed, and leaving such one-time suburbs as Clapham, Highbury, and Camden Town went further afield to Wimbledon, Ealing, and Richmond. This process still goes on. But in looking back to 1888 one remembers many districts which at that time were purely agricultural and where wheat and general crops were grown, which are now almost inner suburban residential districts. One supposes that to-day the population of our great city, and what may be called London proper, is around 8,000,000. When Mr. Roland Harris started in business the ways of getting around were very primitive compared to our present times. There was the old Metropolitan, with its steam trains and tunnels, choked oftimes with sulphur. Apart from that there was the horse-drawn 'bus, and if one wanted to get around with extra speed there was the hansom cab—a weird, but rather delightful conveyance now relegated, as an example of former times, to the London Museum. There were, of course, no electric tubes, no motors, and no taxies. Perhaps the growth of modern London can best be expressed by the figures put out by the underground group of tubes, omnibuses, and tramways which showed an increase over the year 1913 of 112,000,000 passengers. So, from 1888 onwards, London was advancing towards these returns. How, then, could

an up-to-date firm be content to remain, as it were, standing still? Clearly some move was required to meet the rush of business and to rope in potential customers. The Firm took the first step towards this shortly after Mr. Roland Harris took on the one-man job. It became apparent that a division of work was required, so the Export Department was separated from the Home Department and placed in the experienced hands of Mr. John Cole, who, happily, still guides the destinies of that department. The arrangement

satisfied for a time, but only for a time, for while London continued to grow so did the products of the Calne Factory, and the one-time simple business of the heavy goods, such as bacon and lard, was enormously advanced by a continual flow of new ideas in the shape of cooked meats, &c. The next step, then, was for the private offices of Mr. Harris and of Mr. Cole to be closed down and for the Firm to open a joint office with a clerk's room attached and so forth. Here again the remedy was satisfactory for a time, but finally, and with the outbreak of the war in 1914, the old offices were abandoned and moved to Bartholomew Close, with a warehouse and stores in Southwark. Meantime, the travelling staff had been considerably added to, and finally it was deemed necessary to bring the whole business under one roof, and so Bartholomew Close and Southwark Stores



So on, through all the changes and advancements, Mr. Roland Harris was the chief representative, until finally, in 1922, he was given the general management of the Cowcross Street business. Since then the business has rapidly forged ahead, and now, in this present dismal summer of 1927, ranks with the leading Smithfield Houses in Smithfield and on the London Exchange, and with every promise of still further advancement.

The manner in which the business has advanced with the growth of London and the various steps taken to keep pace with the ever-changing and increasing needs has been mentioned. Over a period of around forty years one looks for altered conditions; and, from the purely selling point of view, the conditions are very different to what they were. In some respects business is far more easily done. For one thing the present representative staff are in the position of offering goods which have long since been established as the best and most reliable on the market, and modern ideas have given support to forward movement by the gradually building-up of travelling advantages and office improvements. On the other hand, these very advantages have created new difficulties. Mr. Harris recalls the days of the old Brewers' Ouav Provision Exchange. Here used to gather a market of buyers who came to buy various provisions, and especially butter and cheese, on inspection. There was then a great gathering of the wholesale and retail trades on Mondays, and, in consequence, it was far more easy than it is to-day to sum up the market conditions. Now-a-days buyers mostly remain at home, depending on the 'phone and on representatives calling on them. Also, to-day, there is a wonderfully large range of provisions on the market, and the consequence is that all day and every day the retailer has to face a veritable host of representatives. This all makes for severity of competition in the travelling line.

Mr. Harris is most anxious to insist that in his experience the normal retailer is a good fellow and a good business man. Over a period of forty years he can only remember one solitary case in which a deal made over the 'phone was subsequently repudiated on the score of prices, and only one incident over the same period of time has it been necessary for him to say of a retailer. "This man is an impossible person, a cad, and a bounder, and I decline to call on him." These two incidents, standing out as they do from an experience covering literally hundreds of retailers, only serve as exceptions that go to prove a general rule. It has been a pleasant occupation to visit so many people and to be able to claim so many sterling friends. On the other side of the picture, it is certain that over this long period there is no-one to be found who can say "at such and such a time that man Harris misled me." Mr. Harris, then, is able to say that both his retail friends and himself come to the end of a long road with mutual respect and mutual confidence.

A word might well be added as to the attitude of the Company towards those of us whose work it has been to market the goods. Representatives come into real living touch with buyers. It is the representative who knows what a man requires and what the particular public in a particular district can profitably handle. The Company take the line that the opinion of the representative is worth having, and the sometime regretable methods of sending men around behind a sort of "hot air" push, put out by a Sales Department, is happily not the method which finds favour with the Directors and those who are responsible for the management of the Company. Every effort is indeed towards team work. The representative does not find himself in the difficult position of an isolated pawn in a big game; he knows that all the time the Sales Department really joins hands with him and is anxious in every possible way to further his efforts and to give consideration to his point of view. Mr. Bodinnar has been responsible for fostering and encouraging this idea, and takes every possible opportunity not only of meeting the representatives as a staff, but also of taking each one and making a study of his particular needs and interests, and that not only from a business, but also from a social point of view. What Mr. Bodinnar has accomplished at Calne Mr. Harris tries to do at Cowcross Street, and it is quite certain that never before in the long history of the Company was there anything like the team work and interest in the Company's affairs and anything approaching the general feeling of content and mutual understanding and confidence

as is the case at this present time. One's life experience is not usually or best entirely confined to business. And, indeed, if one wants a job done it is a wise move to get a busy man to handle it. So Mr. Roland Harris has led an active life outside the range of actual business, and has taken a full share in the life of religion, of sport, and of politics. On the first of these Mr. Harris for some time represented the East City in the affairs of the Anglican Church on the Decanal Conference, and, later on, and for a considerable period, represented the Churches of the Rural Deanery of Harrow on the old London Diocesan Conference, only resigning when the old Conference was abandoned for the present Great Assembly, which movement takes up too much time. Mr. Harris' connection with the Church of England was further cemented in 1902 by his marriage with Mary, the youngest daughter of the late Canon Donald Mackey.

In sport, up to the outbreak of war, Mr. Harris, following the bent of his father, took a considerable part in London suburban cricket, playing for Ealing, Willesden, Wembley, and Harrow, and now finds necessary open-air recreation as a player of the less arduous game of bowls.

WRITTEN BY ONE WHO KNOWS HIM.

Whisperings from Our Exhibitions.

* * *

T is only within recent years that advertising has become such a powerful factor in the economic life of the world. We notice daily how its growth continues to revolutionise the whole of industry and commerce. It is the lubricant and, to a very large degree, the driving power of the whole modern engine of production. This fact is fully appreciated by our Directors, and numerous methods are adopted to keep the name of Harris prominently before the trade and the general public. One very practical way of achieving this is by exhibiting our various products at all the important Food Exhibitions. During the past year we have exhibited no less than four times in London, and on two of these occasions our exhibit has been viewed by Royalty. We have also exhibited at Swan-

sea, Newcastle-on-Tyne, Hull, and Edinburgh, where huge crowds visited our stand and were able to see, taste, and handle, under the most ideal conditions, the many lines we produce. Our Stand invariably proves a great attraction. One interesting feature is the display of our large dummy pies, and there is usually great speculation amongst the spectators as to how many people could be fed from one of these. This problem, it is rumoured, has been solved by a man during our show at Newcastle; so perhaps when we visit that city again he will furnish us with full particulars. Another rather amusing incident occurred at the Edinburgh Exhibition. We had one of our mechanical pigs on the stand quietly wagging its tail and flapping its ears, and now and again giving a grunt of contentment, when suddenly the dear old fellow was attacked by a ferocious looking Alsatian wolfhound. The pig, however, behaved like a gentleman and observed the saving that "It takes two to make a quarrel; "so when the assailant had released his hold "the argument was off." These Exhibitions afford us a unique opportunity of meeting our old esteemed customers and hearing their comments on our goods which they are handling. It is also very essential to make new friends to enable us to keep everything going full steam ahead at Calne and at our various factories. We are now looking forward with great expectation to the London Grocers' Exhibition in September next, when we hope to give an exhibit that shall worthily uphold the dignity and tradition of the Historical House of Harris.

W.H.Y.

Doctor: Did that cure for deafness really help your brother?

Pat: Sure enough; he hadn't heard a sound for years, and the day after he took that medicine he heard from a friend in America.

The young wife sat plying her needle. A coat of her husband's was in her lap.

"It's too bad, the careless way the tailor sewed this button on," she burst out. "This is the fifth time I've had to put it back."

Presentation to the Mayor and Mayoress of Calne.

THE GRATITUDE OF THE PUBLIC.

THE popularity of the Mayor and Mayoress of Calne was further evinced at the Recreation-ground on Thursday evening, when, it is safe to say, both Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar had a shock, though it was an agreeable one. The services the Mayor and Mayoress have rendered to the town during the past twenty months, particularly during the two Shopping Weeks, could not be allowed to go unnoticed, and certain prominent residents, who desire to be nameless, took the matter of a presentation up. The small gifts were as gratefully received as the large ones, and were as spontaneously offered, and altogether some 1,155 persons subscribed to the handsome silver salver (which was supplied by Mr. H. H. Bridges) given to the Mayor and Mayoress as a token of the esteem in which they are held.

When the Shopping Week took place in May a cricket match was played between the Corporation and the Tradesmen; a return game was fixed for Thursday evening (after one or two postponements), and the weather again was none too favourable. After the game had been in progress about an hour rain descended and caused an adjournment to the pavilion, opportunity being then taken to make the presentation. The ceremony was a very brief one, and, with the weather clearing, the match was resumed, the Corporation winning.

The Salver bears the Borough Arms and the following inscription:—" Presented to J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., C.C., and Mrs. Bodinnar, Mayor and Mayoress of Calne, by 1,155 of the inhabitants as a small token of appreciation and esteem. July, 1927.

The presentation was made by Alderman F. C. Henly, who said he was proud to be deputed by the members of the Town Council, on behalf of the inhabitants, to ask the Mayor to accept those gifts as a very small acknowledgment of the great and valued services he had rendered, not only in connection with Town Council matters, in which he had always done his best-but of other services. In connection with the Town Council he could go back some forty

years, and he sometimes wondered whether the present Mayor would have been able to manage the Town Council they had then as well as he managed the Council of the present day. He had not quite seen blows resorted to in the Council Chamber in the old days, but he had heard some very unparliamentary language used, and had Mr. Bodinnar been Mayor then he did not know whether he would have been able to have kept them so straight as he did to-day. The Mayor rendered many services in connection with the Council, of which the public knew nothing, and he asked him, with Mrs. Bodinnar, to accept those presents as a token of their high esteem. Mr. Henly added that subscriptions had been limited to a low amount, and no doubt there would have been a much larger number of subscribers, but for the fact that many were away on holiday.

Alderman J. Gale said he had great pleasure in supporting every word Mr. Henly had said. He was sure it was a delightful moment to see the Mayor and Mayoress the recipients of the goodwill of the people of that town. Nobody ever thought the Mayor and Mayoress wished that presentation, and everybody knew that they did not need it, but it was simply the outcome of the pent-up gratitude and affection the people of the town felt towards them. They hoped that Mr. and Mrs. Bodinnar would live for many years to see that Salver and to think of Calne. They had that wish because they regarded the Mayor as a jolly good fellow. This compliment was endorsed by the singing of "For he's a jolly good

fellow.

The Mayor, in returning thanks, said he was once told that he was gifted with second sight, but that evening he knew that to be absolutely wrong, for never in all his chequered career had he been so surprised and taken aback as on that occasion. Why they had done the Mayoress and himself that honour he did not know, and he did not know what to say, except that in all his associations with the members of the Council. and with many of those present, he had been privileged to count them all as his friends. He had never found any disloyalty; he had found the utmost forbearance with all his odd ways and his many idiosyncrasies. If he had had to keep some of them in order it had been because it was a necessary and painful duty. On behalf of his wife, who was more precious to him even than their kind gift, he thanked them, and the gifts would be a reminder in the days that Providence gave them of their kindness that they had put into such a beautiful form that evening. If the gift was a reminder of any powers or services of his he would say to the people of Calne, individually and as a whole, that he should count it a great privilege to give them both, just as long as they were willing and pleased to accept them. He thanked them very much for that bit of quite undeserved kindness on their part.

Accompanying the Salver was an Album containing the names of the subscribers.

TO THE INHABITANTS OF CALNE.

The presentation made to my wife and me last night is a further instance of the overwhelming kindness of our friends in Calne.

We are intensely grateful, and shall count it a privilege to endeavour to be of some future service.

J. F. BODINNAR, Mayor. Calne, Friday, July 22nd, 1927.

(Reprinted from the edition of the "Wiltshire Gazette," dated July 28th, 1927, by the kind permission of the Editor).

* * *

Wedding Bells.

On July 2nd the marriage of Miss Mabel Brittain to Mr. E. Strange was solemnised. Miss Brittain, who has been an enthusiastic worker for the Magazine, was presented with a set of cutlery as a token of esteem by her workmates.

Mr. A. C. Whitting, of the Cost Department, joined the noble army of Benedicts on July 9th. The marriage took place at St. Andrew's Church, Bristol, the Rev. Canon Perkins officiating.

Mr. Whitting was the recipient of a canteen of cutlery presented by the Calne and J. Dole & Co., Bristol, Branch Office staffs.

Round The Town.

It is good to hear the bells frequently again. Whatever the season may be, their melody seems to atune with it. In the winter, Christmas chimes floating over hill and vale have a charm all their own; a sweet silver ring blending with the crisp cold air. But in the summer-time, when grass is brilliant and petal gorgeous, a warmth seems added to their tone as the tongues clash the bells with a golden ring.

"I.J.," who has joined the band of local campanologists, tells us that money is needed to re-hang the bells. We feel sure that when the appeal is made the response will be generous and enthusiastic.

* * * SHOPPING WEEK ECHO.

As a result of the appeal for funds made during the Carnival Shopping Week, a balance of £71 1s. was realised. This sum has been divided as follows:—Fund for the Wiltshire Blind, £24 3s. 8d.; fund for proposed Grandstand, £46 17s. 4d.

Herbert Webb's Jazz Band visited Bradford-on-Avon on August Bank Holiday by special request.

The local Scouts, in charge of Scoutmaster Gregory, spent an instructive and healthy time under canvas at Bowood during Bank-holiday week.

The Calne platoon of the Wilts Territorials returned from camp looking healthy, wealthy, and wise after their annual holiday.

Holiday Tips:-

(1) Rainy days will surely come,

Take your friend's umbrella home.
(2) No one can safely appear to have money save he who has not got it.

There is no time like the pleasant.

* * *

We hear that Mr. Walters, who has managed the Calne Picture House with considerable success during the past two years, is leaving to take over a similar appointment at the Stroud Palace of Varieties. We wish him every success in his new sphere.

Annual Summer Show.

AN UNQUALIFIED SUCCESS.

The number and the quality of the exhibits, together with the steady flow of visitors who passed the entrance to the Hall on Saturday, August 6th, proved that the Welfare Society's Fruit and Vegetable Show, now in its sixth year, was as popular as ever, both with the members of the Society and the general public.

There had been some apprehension amongst gardening enthusiasts that the quality of garden produce would not reach exhibition standard this year, but the bright weather of the last few days before the Show altered the outlook considerably; the result was an assembly of fruit, flowers, and vegetables of an unusually high standard of quality. Several allotment holders, with many years' experience behind them, stated that they have seldom before seen such good uniform quality staged as that appearing in the collection of vegetables' class. The entries in Class 9 (peas) and Class 22 (onions) were also very favourably commen-

The task of judging the entries in the Flower, Fruit, and Vegetable section was undertaken by Messrs. Green and Spink.

The judges in the Needlework and Handicraft Section were Mrs. Bodinnar, Miss Bodinnar, Mrs. H. G. Harris, and Sister Gowen. An excellent selection of work was displayed, and the task of the judges in apportioning the marks between the various entrants was far from easy. It is hoped to extend this department still further at subsequent shows.

During the evening the President of the Society, Mr. J. F. Bodinnar, presented the various prizes awarded to successful entrants in the competitions as follows:—

Ankle Competition.—1st, Mrs. Dowdeswell; 2nd, Miss Thomas.

Beautiful Hand Competition.—1st, Miss Fennell; 2nd, Miss Woodward.

Treasure Island.—1st, Mrs. Horton; 2nd, Miss B. Bailey.

Guessing Weight of Bacon (54lbs. 10½oz.)
—1st, Mr. Hitchens (middle); 2nd, Mr.
Culley (gammon); 3rd, Miss Fennell (fore).
The last two competitors tied, and drew for the prizes.

The Calne Town Band (under Band-

master Mr. Charles Blackford) rendered selections during the afternoon and evening, followed by an excellent dance programme, Mr. A. Flay acting as M.C.

The success of the Show was due to the excellent organisation of the Committee, controlled by Mr. W. G. Gunning (chairman) and the joint Hon. Secretaries, Messrs. F. Nash and F. Edwarde. Mr. A. J. Mail also rendered valuable assistance.

The following, assisted by willing helpers, managed the various side-shows:—Cokernut Shies, Mr. Cottrell. Aunt Sally—Mr. Culley. Laundry—Mr. McKaig. Rodeo Horse—Mr. C. Self. Treasure Island—Miss Aikman. Spiking the Spud—Mr. H. Bennett. Blowing Bubbles—Mr. R. A. Skuse. Ring the Bell—Mr. S. Rubery. Skittles—Mr. Wm. Angell. Serve to Suzanne—Miss Curtiss. Aerial Railway—Mr. Frank Webb.

The Refreshment Buffet was in the capable hands of Messrs. T. Clark and R.

Taylor.

Mr. McKaig executed the signs on the various side-shows and carried out the model of Suzanne in the Tennis Serving Competition, which proved a valuable acquisition.

The thanks of the Committee are also due to Mrs. Sewell for her services in connection with the Needlework section and for arranging the splendid band of young lady helpers.

Fine weather, excellent entries, and efficient organisation helped to make the

Show a great success.

LIST OF PRIZEWINNERS.

Class 1.—Six Apples (dessert)—1, Mr. Job Gingell; 2, Mr. T. G. Wiltshire; 3, Mr. W. G. Gunning.

Class 2.—Six Apples (cooking)—1, W. Angell; 2, H. G. Noad; 3, T. G. Wiltshire. Class 3.—Six Plums—1, W. G. Gunning;

2, J. Holley; 3, W. Angell.

Class 4.—Twenty-four Gooseberries—1, R. G. Kirton; 2, W. J. Angell; 3, E. Grainger.

Class 5.—Currants (any variety, not less than ½lb.)—1, J. Rutherford; 2, T. G. Wiltshire; 3, W. J. Turner.

Class 6.—Loganberries (plate or dish)— 1, W. Angell; 2, Wm. Rouse; 3, W. G.

Gunning.

Class 7.—Any variety of Fruit not shown in schedule—1, R. E. Horton; 2, E. Grainger; 3, W. G. Gunning.

Class 8.—Collection of Vegetables (six varieties)—1, Tom Ponting; 2, W. C. Stanley; 3, Geo. Phelps.

Class 9.—Eighteen Peas—1, Hy. Hill;

2, Tom Ponting; 3, R. Taylor.

Class 10.—Eighteen French Beans—1, F. W. Jones; 2, T. Haines.

Class 11.—Four Carrots (long)—1, Tom Ponting; 2, E. F. Partridge; 3, F. Butler.

Class 12.—Four Carrots (short)—1, Tom Ponting; 2, F. Butler; 3, A. J. Haddrell.

Class 13.—Six Potatoes (round)—1, E. F. Partridge; 2, A. J. Haddrell; 3, Hy. Hill; 4, W. J. Angell.

Class 14.—Six Potatoes (kidney)—1, E. F. Partridge; 2, F. Butler; 3, W. Angell; 4. Thomas Ponting.

Class 15.—Collection of Potatoes (4 varieties—2 kidney, 2 round—6 potatoes each)—1, F. W. Jones; 2, Geo. Phelps.

Class 16.—Two Vegetable Marrows—1, J. Tucker; 2, Wm. Rouse; 3, Tom Ponting. Class 17.—Two Cabbages (cooking)—1, F. Haines; 2, A. W. Garraway; 3, Thomas Ponting.

Class 18.—Two Cabbages (pickling)— 1, E. Britten; 2, Geo. Phelps; 3, F. Butler.

Class 19.—Four Turnips—1, T. Haines; 2, A. E. Hillier; 3, T. G. Wiltshire.

Class 20.—Three Beetroots (long)—1, W. C. Stanley; 2, Geo. Phelps; 3, Tom Ponting.

Class 21.—Three Beetroots (round)—1, Hy. Silk; 2, J. Dean; 3, A. W. Garraway.

Class 22.—Nine Onions—1, W. C. Stanley; 2, J. Dean; 3, F. Butler.

Class 23.—Twelve Broad or Longpod Beans—1, Tom Ponting; 2, Geo. Phelps; 3, Hy. Silk.

Class 24.—Eighteen Eschalots—1, H. R. Bromham; 2, Geo. Phelps; 3, Hy. Richens. Class 25.—Four Parsnips—1, Tom

Class 25.—Four Parsnips—1, Tor Ponting; 2, A. E. Webb; 3, H. J. Butler.

Class 26.—Any variety of Vegetables not shown in schedule—1, W. Smart; 2, Geo. Phelps; 3, J. Dean.

Class 27.—Dish of Cooked Potatoes (9)
—1, H. Lockyer; 2, E. F. Partridge; 3, F. Webb.

Class 28.—Three Pot Plants (foliage or flowering)—1, W. Winter; 2, W. Angell 3, W. J. Turner.

Class 29.—For the heaviest Marrow—

1, W. Hill (12lbs. Soz.); 2, A. E. Bennett (9lbs. 14oz.)

Class 30.—For the heaviest Potatoes (9)—1, F. Butler (8lbs. 4oz.); 2, W. J. Turner, (7lbs. 6oz.); 3, A. H. Gale (6lbs. 14oz.)

Class 31.—Nosegay of Sweet Peas (any foliage)—1, F. Hill; 2, Mrs. Knight; 3, E. C. Kent.

Class 32.—Nosegay of Wild Flowers (for children of employees)—1, F. Partridge; 2, P. Chapman; 3, M. Trembling; 4, R. Rutty; 5, P. Weston.

Class 33.—Nosegay of Garden Flowers (for female employees only)—1, Miss R. Wiltshire; 2, Miss E. Keannea; 3, Miss B. Bailey.

Class 34.—Floral design of the "Crown," not to exceed ½yrd. square—1, Hy. Hill; 2, E. C. Kent; 3, V. L. Davis.

NOVICES' CLASSES.

Class 35.—Twelve Green Peas—1, W. G. Gunning; 2, W. Prior; 3, H. Wheeler.

Class 36.—Eight Onions—1, H. G. Noad.

Class 37.—Four Carrots (any variety)—
1, H. Wheeler; 2, S. Duck; 3, H. G. Noad.

Class 38.—Nine Potatoes (any variety) —1, S. Duck; 2, F. Watkins; 3, A. F. Webb.

Class 39.—Three Beetroots (any variety)
—1, J. Tucker; 2, W. Prior; 3, S. Duck.

PIG EXHIBITS.

Class 1 (Challenge Cup).—1st, A. H. Gale; 2nd, H. G. Silk.

Class 2.—1st, W. Henly.

Class 3.—1st, F. Haines; 2, A. H. Gale. Class 4.—1st, H. G. Silk; 2nd, A. H. Gale.

Class 5.—1st, A. H. Gale; 2nd, W. Angell.

Class 7.—1st, W. Henly; 2nd and 3rd, R. G. Cleverly.

The number of entries this year was not so large as in previous years, but circumstances were against us. We hope for a better exhibition next year.

* * * Our Money box.

Since our last issue two other Branches, viz., London and Ipswich, have begun the sale of Savings Scheme Stamps. We are now waiting for the laggards to fall into line. Hurry up, please!

Harris Cricket Club.

WITH THE FIRST ELEVEN.

Our visitors on Saturday, July 2nd, were Saxby and Farmers' 2nd XI. Having won the toss and elected to bat first, thanks to B. Gough and A. Winter, who contributed 20 and 11 respectively, our total reached 45.

In spite of some good bowling by Nash and Garraway, we were beaten by 1 run. The fielding of our opponents contributed in no small measure to the result.

Our next fixture was with Devizes, where the 2nd XI. entertained us. This is always a popular and enjoyable match. Devizes batted first, and put together a capital 72, although Taylor (5 for 24), Drewell (3 for 26), and Nash (2 for 21) all bowled very well. We opened with B. Gough and our skipper, P. T. Knowles. The latter had a good knock before being bowled for 31. I. J. Taylor showed a marked improvement with the willow, getting top score with 36 (well played, Ivor!). J. H. Gillett was unfortunate in getting a nasty knock on the head when he looked well set. He, however, pluckily resumed, and scored 14. J. Bromham (15) and S. Drewell (9) had a share in compiling an excellent total of 144.

On July 16th some very old friends visited us, namely, Swindon Christ Church. We batted first and a splendid score of 122 for 6 wickets was the result of some fine play. P. T. Knowles, who got 53 not out, J. Bromham (29), and I. J. Taylor (23 not out) also batted very well. Swindon C.C. went in after tea, and scored 36 for 4 wickets when stumps were drawn to enable them to' catch their train. B. Gough, in the one over he bowled, took 2 wickets for 1 run.

Our last mid-week fixture with the Town was played at Lickhill on July 20th. This resulted in a good win for us; the scores being, Harris, 80; Calne, 30; C. H. Ducksbury (26), P. T. Knowles (13), and J. Garraway (11) being our top scorers.

July 23rd was a vacant date, but Swindon Christ Church consented to visit us again in the hopes of getting a decisive result. They had the luck of the toss, and elected to bat, but found J. Garraway and I. J. Taylor at the top of their form, and they dismissed them for 27—Garraway (5 for 10), Taylor (5 for 15). Our opening pair on this occasion was A. Winter and J. Bromham. Thirty runs were put on before Bromham was caught. The total reached 126, thanks to some fine batting by A. Winter (51), G. Ashman (20), and R. Bowman (19).

Lacock were our next opponents, the match being played on their ground. Batting first, we got together 70 runs; the top scorers being A. Winter (10) and P. Stevens (9). F. Nash and I. J. Taylor again bowled very well, dismissing Lacock for 35—Nash (5 for 14), Taylor (4 for 15), Drewell taking the other wicket for 6 runs.

WITH THE SECOND ELEVEN.

Our Juniors have had a lean time since last we reported their activities, one of their matches being cancelled. On Saturday, July 30th, they entertained Lacock 2nd XI. at Lickhill. We won the toss and batted first, puting up a very good score of 123 for six wickets, top scorers being Garraway 50, Batchelor 37, Flay 19, and R. Bowman 10 not out. Both our bowlers, having evening engagements, put on their armour and finished off the Lacock innings in quick time, getting them all out for 62 runs, Garraway, 8 for 17, being very deadly. This is our 2nd's best performance this year—Well played!

FIXTURES FOR SEPTEMBER.

1ST XI.

Sept. 3.—Castle Combe, away.

" 10.—Stothert and Pitts, away.

,, 17.—Stothert and Pitts, home. 2ND XI.

Sept. 3.—St. John's 2nd XI., home.

,, 10.—Seagry House, away.

TENNIS CLUB.

* * *

It is a pity that heavy rain has necessitated our playing nights being few and far between. There is no abatement of enthusiasm, however, and when we are favoured with a fine, dry evening, play is carried on well into the twilight. Novices and seasoned players alike will agree that the evenings spent on the Harris Tennis Courts are jolly ones and "sporty."

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. CHARLES PONTIN.



R. C. PONTIN, whose photograph we publish this month, entered the service of Mr. Thomas Harris in 1872, and has thus completed 55 years' service with the Firm. He is an active member of the Bacon

Invoicing Department, and is an exponent of the art of caligraphy to a degree which many of our younger men envy. He has always been a keen gardener and still finds joy in his flower garden year by year.

Mr. Pontin told us that he had seen many changes since he entered the Firm, but is certain that the employees have never worked under such genial and happy conditions as at present. "Long may it continue," was his concluding remark.

SUNSET.

The gate of Heaven opens in the West; Strange forms of fancy play upon the mind,

Majestic mountains, each a silver crest, Lakes, which all but fancy fail to find.

A purple ridge divides a softer scene; From crimson clouds celestial forms appear,

Soft angel wings, with flecks of faintest green

That softly float from out the hidden sphere.

While angels tune to God their harps of gold,

We gaze with awe upon the deepening sky.

We fain would find some beauties yet untold

That far behind this vision deeper lie.

E'en while we gaze the vision fades away;
Fancy deserts us, the deep veil is drawn,
All is not lost, we will not mourn the day,
Our sunset here is someone else's dawn.
E. M. Howse.

Mrs. Rushton.



Mrs. Rushton, who joined us in 1918, was formerly in charge of the Welfare and First-Aid Room work at Stothert and Pitts, Bath. She has been most active in the welfare of all our employees, but more specially the girls.

Her work in connection with First-Aid will be gratefully remembered by all of us, and she will be greatly missed by Sister Gowan, under whom she so capably served. Mrs. Rushton was well qualified for this work, as she had previously received hospital experience and training.

Amongst other activities, Mrs. Rushton has for several years past organised and been responsible for a weekly dance for the girls, by whom this has been much appreciated. She served for several years on the Committee of the Firm's Welfare Society, and was an indefatigable worker. Always cheerful, a friend to all, we shall miss her presence in the Factory very much.

Mrs. Rushton, before leaving, was presented with a Revolving Breakfast Dish, a Silver Teapot, with Milk Jug and Sugar Basin to match, together with a substantial Cheque, the united gift of all the employees at Calpe

Mrs. Rushton was married at the Parish Church, Frome, on Bank-holiday, August Ist last, to Flight-Sergt. Webber, who is stationed at Netheravon. The happy couple are spending their honeymoon at Bournemouth, and she takes with her, in her new life, the hearty good wishes of us all.

* * *

HOCKEY.

ROLL UP FOR THE "BULLY-OFF."

All those interested in Hockey will be glad to hear that it has been definitely decided to run a Hockey Club this winter.

A meeting will be called early in September, to which all girls, whether they have already played Hockey or not, are invited.

Practice games will be arranged for beginners early in the season to give everyone a chance to play in the matches that are being arranged with neighbouring clubs.

The Broad Highway.

The holiday month, and as we have a full post-bag, we will get straight on to what our distant friends have to tell us:—

GLASGOW.

How exactly does a pig regard itself when it wins a championship at a big event like the Highland? We put the query primarily to edge the psychologist on to a really interesting line, though a visit to this classic Show tempts us to have a shot at it ourselves. The case of, say, the Clydesdale or the Shetland pony is easy, for their "Wha's like us?" pose is unmistakable. But with the pig it is different. It "trots" round the ring with a sublime contempt for the whole domesticated menagerie, and obviously bordering on a state of stupefied hilarity. That it should be bathed, powdered, combed, and anxiously protected from dust and dirt on its way to the capital is surely enough to make it split its sides of bacon! That it should thereafter be paraded for inspection and get a ticketed ribbon round its neck is clearly the last refinement of incongruity. And then to be led away among the sheep! Had they put it beside the hens, a mental vision of ham and eggs would at least have softened the absurdity of its odd environment. But sheep! We have heard of bacon and liver, bacon and chips, bacon and onions, bacon and beans even—but bacon and mutton! But the strained impatience of the pig limits alien confinement—did the psychologists who were there note that? We give them a tip. It was simply dying to get home to reconstruct the comedy in the piggery, and we wager the old piggery will ring with hysterical laughter when the tale is told.

A.S.T.

LIVERPOOL.

No doubt there are many of our readers who have heard of Birkenhead, the town which produced that famous statesman, Lord Birkenhead. I do not wish to write about politics, but rather to let you know that last week they had great celebrations to commemorate their Jubilee of Incorporation; and, of course, we over the other side of the River Mersey lost no time in realising the opportunity we had of advertising our goods. We therefore had a splendid display of our specialities,

both window and inside displays. I am enclosing a photograph that I took of part of the window where the pig stood. (We regret not quite sharp enough to make a satisfactory block for printing—Ed.)

As this is my first attempt at writing to the Magazine, may I express my wish that it will continue to be a success and a medium of getting to know how our co-partners in this big business are going on.

W.R. (Van Salesman).

MANCHESTER.

This particular morning was my busiest, and every minute precious. The driver had been held up at a busy crossing and had the signal from the policeman to proceed, when I observed an old gentleman beckoning me from the pavement. I told the driver to draw up at the curb further along, and I alighted and went to meet the gentleman. thinking to myself that this might be a new account. I greeted him cordially, and asked him if he required me. "Yes, I do;" he replied. "Are you from Calne, in Wiltshire?" I told him that our Head Office and Factory was at Calne. " And do you come up each day?" he said. "No;" I replied. "Tell me," said the old chap, "Do you ever go down to Calne?" "Occasionally;" I replied, with my hopes of a new account rapidly diminishing. "Have you been there recently?" persisted the old chap. I told him I hadn't. "Oh!" he replied, making a move to go on, "I was just wondering if my old Uncle Tom down there is still alive.'

T.J.W. (Van Salesman).

LEEDS.

Heard on journey:—How to pay for holidays.

Mrs. Tyke owed Mr. Smith, her grocer, £70. The grocer wrote her a letter pointing out how overdue her account was, and asking for a cheque for half the total as he had some heavy bills to meet. The lady sweetly replied:—

DEAR MR. SMITH,

Your letter received. We have arranged to go on our holidays on Saturday, but shall be unable to do so if we send you our cheque. We have decided to go.

Yours faithfully,

Mrs. Tyke.

[The above is an actual fact. I saw the letter]. G.S.C.

Friends Elsewhere.

CHIPPENHAM.

Congratulations to our Factory Caretaker, Alfred Massey, on his success at the Chippenham Horticultural Society's Show held on August Bank Holiday, August 1st.

Out of twenty-two entries he was awarded thirteen First and four Second Prizes, and he also received First Prize for the best kept allotment and Third Prize for the best kept flower bed.

As the extent of Mr. Massey's allotment does not exceed 10 perch, his success is the more remarkable, and he has evidently adopted as his motto, "Multum in parvo."

W.V.L.

DUNMOW.

It is our pleasure to now introduce Mr. G. Dobson, whose photograph appears below. Mr. Dobson has been with us a number of years; he has served in many capacities, and to-day deals with traffic matters amongst other duties.



Eager for home when time comes for tea, And the reason we now will tell; It's a charming country cottage wee In which Wife and Sonny dwell.

E.W.W.

This month we welcome a contribution from Mr. W. Greenhalgh, whose impressions of the Advertising Exhibition (to which you will come later on) are very interesting indeed.

It has been said that the time to advertise is all the time, and the heaviest when business is the lightest. I have also read that advertising is not like buying a lottery ticket, and then waiting to draw a very doubtful prize; but rather, it is like

buying a bond and waiting for the interest to accumulate.

It is not my intention to discuss the merits of these statements, but one esssential thing to be remembered in connection with not only advertising, but all affairs of business, is that, no matter what good ideas a person may have, unless he, or someone else, has initiative to carry them to a successful conclusion, the ideas are but wasted brain power.

John Wanamaker gives us another thought on similar lines in the following words, which are well worth taking to heart:—"The chief reason that everybody is not successful is the fact that they have not enough persistency. Do one thing well, throwing all your energies into it. The successful man, unlike the poet, is made, not born."

Actor (searching for apartments):
"Madam, how much are your apartments?
Landlady: "From a pound up."
Actor: ,, But, Madam. I am an actor."
Landlady: "Then it is a pound down."

Mrs. Oldacre: "Have you a pergola in your garden?"

Mrs. Newrich: "Not now. We found it barked at the tradespeople, so we have sold it."

A very thin man, having seen an advertisement in a newspaper headed "How to get fat," sent the required fee, and after waiting several days for a reply from the advertiser, received this simple information "Buy it at the Butcher's."

H. MARKHAM.

Advertising Exhibition.

Some Impressions.

"Those manufacturers who are assembled at Olympia are wise in recognising that marketing is as important as production. The competition with us by manufacturers of other Countries becomes stronger every day, and it is only by the most up-to-date methods of salesmanship that we can maintain and increase the volume of our trade."—
(Mr. Baldwin.)

This message was sent by Mr. Baldwin to the Advertising Convention held at Olympia in conjunction with the great Exhibition of Advertising, and, I think, will be heartily enlorsed by those business men who have their "backs to the wall" in the struggle to meet the competition of to-day, both foreign and at home, which, I venture to say, is as acute in the bacon industry as any.

My own chief impressions at this interesting Exhibition were, firstly, the very clever and great variety of ideas for the "boosting" of anything, no matter whether edible, wearable, or useable. These ideas were submitted by the great men of the Advertising world; men whose stock-in-trade consists of IDEAS, served with tact and persuasion, and garnished with distinctive personality.

Moving from one Exhibit to another is best described as a gradual assimilation or endeavour to do so, of the arts and devices connected with advertising.

The most important Newspapers were represented, and we saw, for instance, a magic little contrivance from which a never-ending strip of paper tape, dotted with perforations (Morse code), was emitted, only to be taken up immediately by an Automatic Typewriter arrangement, which, by some mysterious power, translated these little dotted holes into plain English.

The Mustard Club, that ingenious campaign of Advertisement carried out on behalf of Colman's Mustard, was well represented. Here one met that sporty old aristocrat, Baron de Beef, his secretary, charming Miss Di Gester, and all those fictitious people who make up the personnel of that clever advertisement.

Passing through the hall, where are staged exhibits from Great Britain and her Colonies, we were made au fait with numerous commodities representing the very finest of their class or kind. It was in the Mother Country section of this Exhibit that I espied (10 lean sizeable), accompanied by a small imitation pig and a piece of pasteboard, bearing the name: HARRIS (no further comment, I think, need be made).

"A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM." (With apologies to Wm. Shakespeare.)

I had a dream that night, and saw, Spread o'er Olympia's spacious portals, A flaming sign of huge dimensions, A cryptic message to all mortals, It spoke of Bacon—not the poet,
But bacon that you eat—and know it
to be the best this world produces!
I'll tell the World!
W. H. GREENHALGH, Dunmow.

* * * HIGHBRIDGE.

The employees at Highbridge have voted the following sums from their Benevolent Fund:—

Bristol General Hospital	£.1
Bristol Eye Hospital	\tilde{f} .1
Bristol Royal Infirmary	\tilde{f}_{1}
Weston-super-Mare Hospital	\tilde{f}_{1} 1
Bridgwater Hospital	$\tilde{\mathcal{L}}$ 1
Burnham-on-Sea Hospital	\tilde{f}_1
Highbridge Nursing Associa-	20
tion	10/-
Huntspill Nursing Association	10/-

A very pretty wedding took place in S. Peter's Church, Huntspill, on August 1st, the contracting parties being Mr. Hubert Neath and Miss Millicent Webb. Mr. Neath has worked at the Highbridge Factory for several years, and it was the pleasure of the General Manager to present him, on behalf of the entire staff and employees, with a very handsome Clock as evidence of their good-will and hopes for the future.

IPSWICH.

The month of July has proved welcome to us in several ways. In the first place, with the prospect of the holiday season immediately before us, our killings have been on an increased scale; and whilst there was no apparent increase in demand, indications were not wanting that the holiday season was becoming a fact.

As our worthy Managing Director states in "Between Ourselves," the consumptive demand for English bacon is not up to the usual standard this year, but, being optimists, we have anticipated a certain amount of increased business during the holiday period, and at the moment of writing these remarks our optimism is justifying itself.

The writer, in casting his mind back over a number of years in respect to the holiday period, recalls that in his experience the greatest pessimists in respect to the seaside or holiday trade have always been

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

the seaside traders. When discussing with them the prospective holiday season, invariably it has been the rule for the trade to make a gloomy forecast, giving many reasons—even though the weather appears promising—as to why the season will not be good.

This has usually been the attitude until the holiday season actually commences, and then the seaside trader becomes a frantic buyer, frequently ordering quantities which a few weeks earlier would have been des-

cribed by him as impossible.

This continues as long as the holiday season lasts, which sometimes is extended well into the month of September, and then the seaside trader once more becomes a pessimist.

There is some excuse for him, however. As we all know, this year, owing to adverse weather conditions, the month of July, in most seaside places, found bookings for accommodation very light indeed, and even if the weather was favourable industrial and other disturbances can quickly turn what otherwise would be a good seaside season into a dismal failure.

We must, therefore, be generous in our attitude towards the seaside buyer.

After so much wet cold weather, we sincerely hope that we shall have a fine August and September. This would prove very helpful, both in respect to health and business. Many who have taken their holidays early this year have been unfortunate, from a weather point of view, and will be only too anxious to snatch what they can of any summer weather during weekends and whilst the long evenings are with us. None the less, many members of our staff, upon returning from their holidays, have managed to acquire a goodly amount of tan, so that they must have made the most of any sunshine which came their way.

There is a good sprinkling of visitors to be seen in the streets of Ipswich just now, no doubt coming from the neighbouring seaside places by motor-coach or boat.

One of the nicest trips in the neighbour-hood is down the River Orwell from Ipswich to Harwich and Felixstowe, by London and North-Eastern Railway steamboat, but a word of warning is necessary. For preference, a time should be chosen when the tide is high. Those who know Ipswich are well able to testify to the "Orwell odours" at certain periods, and many are the letters

which appear in the local papers from time to time, urging that steps should be taken to improve the drainage system of Ipswich to remove this bug-bear. There is a monotony in the reply that, although we hear so much of the odours of the Orwell, the health record of Ipswich still remains exceedingly good, and remarkably free from epidemics.

There is not very much to report in our contribution this month of a special character, but we feel it is up to us to send it along; and should it be lacking in interest, then we must plead that it is the "silly season," and we have not escaped the infection.

A few Saturdays ago we held a cricket match on a pitch in one of the local Parks in Ipswich between the Factory and Office staffs, the former winning by the small margin of 5 runs. The Office folk batted first, and were disposed of for 39 runs, Bowman taking practically all the wickets. Mr. Mackenzie was the top scorer, having 11 runs to his credit.

The Factory hands also found runs difficult to get on a wet wicket, and were disposed of for 44 runs. In this innings Mr. E. R. Harris took four wickets and Burrows the other six. It was an enjoyable game, even for those who came out with ducks (no names), and we hope to record further contests in the near future.

H. S. Brock.

TIVERTON.

Within the past two months we have had two changes in our staff—Mr. E. Smith having taken the place of Mr. T. Whitross, who left us after working here a good number of years. The former shows good promise of becoming very useful, and we hope his stay with us will be long and happy. In the second instance, we have this month said goodbye to our clerk, Mr. G. Radford, who has left us to take up a similar appointment.

This month one of our customers, Sergt. S. W. Page, late 4th Devons, brought distinction and honour to the town of Tiverton at Bisley in winning the 50 guinea cup given by the "Daily Mail," and we wish to convey our congratulations to him through the columns of our Magazine. The writer had the privilege of being present at the dinner given on his return.

Thursday, July 28th, was the date of our

annual Agricultural Show, which is one of the largest of its kind in this part of the country, and in which we annually give a prize for bacon pigs. The number of pigs to be shown is only three, but in nearly all the pens exhibited the pen was spoilt by one of the three shown being on the light side; so that perhaps on other occasions we ought to reduce the number to two. Apart from one pig in each pen being light, the quality shown was extremely good, and they cut down good quality sides.

This month we have started with great success the "Stamp Savings Scheme," and we hope to continue with this in the same manner in which we have commenced.

Before winding up, we should like to express the pleasure it gave us on the 28th July to receive a visit from Mr. E. Stevens, of the Costing Department at Calne. The visits we receive from Calneites are so few and far between that the pleasure is all the greater when we receive one.

DUMPLING.

TOTNES.

The Totnes Horticultural Show, held here on Saturday, August 6th, proved a great success, the entries being over 640, which was a record.

The majority of our staff are keenly interested in gardening, and they again came well to the fore in the honours list, as seven of them carried off, collectively, 46 out of the total of about 260 prizes awarded. This indicates that even in their hobbies our men endeavour to maintain the reputation of the Firm to produce articles of the highest quality.

Visitors in this area have not been as numerous as in previous years, possibly on account of the inclement weather, but we are still hopeful of getting a plentiful supply of sunshine during August, with a consequent increase in the seaside population and a greater consumption of our popular brand of bacon.

Holidays are in full swing here, both amongst the Office and Factory staffs. Our worthy manager took the opportunity during the month of viewing the magnificent scenery of the fjords and snow-capped mountains and glaciers of Norway. He reports having experienced glorious weather throughout the trip, but certainly he failed to bring any of it back here in his pocket

as we have had a plentiful supply of rain since his return.

Not having much to write about, it has been fortunate for us that one of our contributors has discovered from some old hat-box, or other receptacle, a good supply of humorous notes which he has handed in, so we propose to dole these out by instalments when we have little else to comment on.

"TOO THICK."

A farmer met his friend, a butcher, in the market, and the butcher being deaf, he had to shout to make him hear. The butcher also spoke with an extraordinary loud voice; consequently, the bystanders overheard all that was said. The subject of the conversation between them was a large fat sow which the farmer had sold to the butcher some time previously; and in the course of his remarks he remembered that he had not enquired after the health of his deaf friend's wife, so he suddenly cut in with: "By the way, your wife is in good health, I hope.' The butcher, not having heard clearly, replied: "Aye, aye, and when I killed her she had fat on her as thick as the length of the palm of my hand." Then the poor man wondered why everyone laughed.

W.J.T.

Considerable mention of cricket has been recently made in our Magazine. Here is an old Devon farmer's view of this great game, as the following was overheard at a Grammar School cricket match played here during the month:—

Old Farmer: What do 'ee call that they be playing?

Youth: Cricket, sir.

Old Farmer: Well, I doan't understan it. What, be them fellas with the boards trying to keep they fellas with the balls from hitting down they bits of sticks?

Youth: Yes, sir.

Old Farmer: Oh, and that's all they have to do, is it, and they call that cricket do em?

"That fool printer set up my article on woman's garb as 'woman's grab,'" complained the unmarried editor. "It all amounts to the same thing," said the married editor, gazing sadly into the cavernous depths of his empty pocket-book.

Just Between Ourselves.

DEAR MARION,

In the first issue of our Magazine you said you would like to hear from us, and suggested we should describe a visit to one of the big stores, or a dinky little hat shop.

Cowcross Street and its neighbourhood, however, does not yet boast of either of these, but what time we have to spare, after we have lunched, is taken up visiting places of interest in the immediate vicinity.

We have taken one or two snaps, which we enclose as they may be of interest to our readers. Two are of Blackfriars Bridge; one of these showing the bridge itself and the other taken at the side showing a few of the numerous pigeons which daily await the advent of the workers' lunch hour, for they are sure to have their share. The third is of the Priory Church of St. Bartholomew the Great. It is the oldest Church now standing in London, dating, as it does, from A.D. 1123. The following is an extract from the notices in the porch:—

"The Church has suffered much under Henry VIII. A Fringe Factory, which occupied the Lady Chapel and projected 17ft. into the Church, had to be purchased and removed. There was also a Blacksmith's Forge in the North Transept, Stables in the Cloister, Schools in the North Triforium, and other secular encroachments had to be secured and removed."

secured and removed.

With all good wishes for the success of the Magazine.

Yours sincerely, L. J. & L. (London Office).

LIST OF WELDON'S BOOKS.

Children's Fashions.
Illustrated Dressmaker.
Ladies' Journal.
Jumpers, Skirts, and Coatees.
Modern Applique.

Knitted Frocks and Suits for Toddlers.

If any of the ladies at the Branches would like any of the Books already published in our monthly lists they are available to them, and, although possibly the Fashion Books may be rather out of date by the time they have gone the rounds in Calne, the Needlework and Knitting Books are

exceedingly interesting, and, of course, are always useful.

MARIAN.

OUR COOKERY CORNER.

LEMON CHEESE.

INGREDIENTS.—2oz. butter, rind and juice of 2 lemons, ½lb. lump sugar (crushed), 3 eggs (beaten).

METHOD.—Mix together and simmer in a jar as above.

B.M. (Bath).

HARRIS FLOWER SHOW.

Cake-making and Needlework Competitions were run in connection with the above, and as these are more interesting to the "spindle" side of the household rather than to the "spear," the Editor has suggested that the results of the Competition should appear on this page.

Cake-making Competition.—1, Mrs. Sewell, cake basket (large); 2, Miss R. Wiltshire, fern stand; 3, Miss D. Coles,

scissors (case).

NEEDLEWORK COMPETITION.

Class A—Plain Needlework—1, Miss Aikman, manicure set; 2nd, Miss B. Bailey, handbag.

Class B—Embroidery of all kinds—1, Mrs. Sewell, case of teaspoons; 2, Miss L. Weston, fruit servers.

Class C—Crochet—1, Miss Simpkins, case of carvers; 2, Miss F. Hill, butter dish.

Class D.—Knitting—1, Miss Fennell, cake basket (small); 2, Miss M. Compton, servers.



The cost of making these pictures is so high that we regret we are only able to publish one of the snaps so kindly sent from London.



West of England Creamery, Highbridge.

We are all, at some time or another, associated with milk, but it is not given to all to continue active association through riper years. Even those who are thus privileged sometimes think that it is for their sins, either in this life or in a previous one. It has, however, the attraction of being anything but monotonous; and King Sol, within certain limitations, is not without his influence in determining the course of values and consequent forms of sale or manufacture.

It is not altogether a subject to entirely divert thought from bacon, for if "we are what we eat" it is not difficult for the discerning mind to see milk and milk-products in the finest raw materials that are converted into the delectable "Wiltshire" of which we are all so proud. (Our modesty precludes the use of other than the generic term)

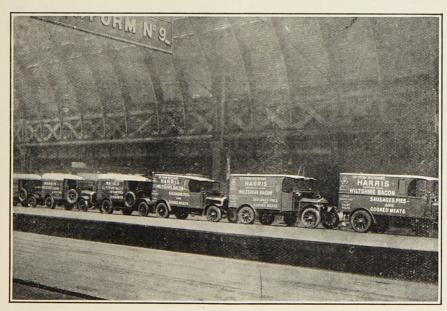
The surrounding photographs may serve to give a little refreshment by reminding readers of that ancient "Pons altus" in the heart of the West, and by momentarily releasing thought from pigs and bacon, as well as to give ocular demonstration of the fact that milk problems have their frequent and ulti nate spur in such a paraphrase of the well-known adage as "Where there's a curd there's a whey."

DESPATCH.



The above photograph shows some of the special Harris through Passenger Vans being loaded at Calne G.W.R. Station.

DELIVERY.



This photograph shows part of our fleet of Delivery Vans drawn up at one of the platforms of Paddington Station.

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SEPTEMBER, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

"IT'S GOOD FOR TRADE."

OW often we hear this remark when something has been broken, and consequently has to be replaced or repaired. As a matter of fact, disaster may mean profit or employment to a limited number, but that small circle's gain means a wider one's loss.

Reducing the proposition to a simple issue, let us consider the case of Mr. X. He is the proud possessor of a modern shop front which functions as one of his chief assets for the attraction of custom. One sad day a lorry demolishes it, and in consequence a contract is entered into for its repair. This results in profit for the shop fitter and labour for his workmen, but the loss of Mr. X is also the loss of innumerable links in the economic chain. He either possessed, or was in a position to borrow money for the replacement of his loss. This money was used for the definite and final purpose of paying the contractor; had it not been required for this, it would

have been employed in the trader's business or used by the bank as an advance to a customer for either the ordinary course of trade or for the creation of new capital instead of the replacement of destroyed or damaged material.

To be of real economic value trade must be directed towards the performance of useful services or the creation of new capital, upon which society can consolidate itself, preparatory to a fresh advance in the improvement of the economic life of the nation. The mere circulation of money on useless or uneconomic things may lead to flighty movements in money values, with the result of fortune for some and disaster for others, but making no improvement in the economic life of the nation as a whole.

Trade is something more than a personal matter. It is the life blood of social existence, and any artery which does not function to the best of its ability is a cause of waste. Imperfect work, damage to material, and misdirected effort are things which do not end with their commission, but the results percolate through the whole commercial system, causing not only personal but national loss.

Between Ourselves.

N various occasions members of the staff have asked me to give some impressions of working conditions in America. The United States, almost alone amongst the countries of the world, have been in the happy position of creating huge sums of surplus wealth. Prosperity from border to border has been unbounded, and with internal expansion there has been for some time work for everybody.

The war found this great country (which, unlike our own, has within it sources of supply sufficient for all its needs) able to sell its commodities at large profits to the countries that were fighting together in Europe.

Her distance from the scene of battle was so great that it was said that during those momentous years there were many people in the far Middle West who had not heard that there was a war.

So, for a long period, whilst the European countries were fighting for their lives, America was able to devote all its energies to the supplying of an immense demand for the implements of warfare and the necessaries of life.

This eventually constituted her as the premier creditor nation of the world, and the surplus of wealth thus created, which was not wiped out by her eventual war expenditure, was used to the mutual prosperity accruing from good trade everywhere.

The cost of living is very high in every part of the States. On the other hand, wages and salaries are correspondingly high, and as usual in these cases, there is a margin for luxury spending.

The question that has been put to me is as to whether the high wages bring forth a correspondingly increased output in regard to similar work done in our own country.

On the whole one would be inclined to say that the answer is "Yes."

For example, I noticed one Sunday (and I am not advocating Sunday labour), on a building that was being erected opposite the hotel at which I stayed in New York that a certain number of men had voluntarily commenced work on that day. They were being paid by piece rates.

Americans are not slow to scrap

machinery which is out of date. Immediately anything better offers itself, the old machine goes and the improved laboursaving model takes its place.

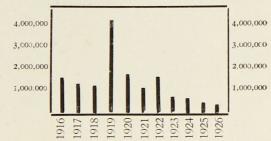
The result of this policy, with a constant even pressure of work, is calculated to make for increased output that lowers the per unit cost of production.

From a periodical which is sent me monthly by the National City Bank of New York I quote an illuminating sentence, and reproduce the whole of the passage in which this comes:

"Industry should not forget that high wages alone do not create prosperity. Only when they are accompanied and supported by increased production do they become the basis for sound business progress."

Here is the paragraph as a whole:-"Contrasting with the troubled social conditions in many other parts of the world, our own country presents a picture of industrial peace which is striking. Due to the high wages paid, our present prosperity has been unusually devoid of the labor difficulties which ordinarily accompany periods of high pressure business activity. With the exception of the soft coal strike, the United States has not had a major labor tieup this year, and records of the Department of Labor show that last year, despite the anthracite coal strike, the number of workers involved in strikes and lockouts was the smallest in over ten years. The following diagram, showing these figures each year since 1916, reflects clearly the improved relations that have come to exist between labor and capital during the past few years :-

NUMBER OF EMPLOYEES INVOLVED IN STRIKES & LOCKOUTS.



Industry can take satisfaction in these figures, but should not forget that high

wages alone do not create prosperity. Only when they are accompanied and supported by increased production do they become the basis for sound business progress."

Efficiency is never the standard of to-day's attainment. It is never safe for us to say we are fully efficient. Constituted as we are of brain and brawn, the progression of a human being can only be retarded by a policy of indolence or a breakdown of mental powers. The mountain peak of to-day's achievement is only reached as a stage in progression towards finality.

To encourage this idea of progression, we have adopted our own ideas of efficiency payments. On the whole they have worked satisfactorily. There are some, perhaps, who are inclined to think that they have now resolved themselves into mere additions to wages. They may never safely be regarded in that light. They are a fair estimate for additional value received, and must always be viewed as such.

We shall all wish Mr. Leslie Martin the best success in his new responsibilities at our latest acquisition of the Bacon Factory at Eastleigh, and, in the same way, convey our good wishes to Mr. F. H. Gale, who succeeds Mr. Martin at Dunmow.

All who read these lines will wish to sympathise with the great anxiety which has fallen upon Mr. G. H. Hudson, one of the Editors of the Magazine, in the serious illness of his only child.

Good art-work pays. It is the ha'pennyworth of tar on which it is never good policy to economise. Cheap art-work is the most expensive commodity an advertiser can buy.

There is a vast difference between wishing and winning. Many a good man has failed because he had his wishbone where his backbone ought to have been.

* * *

By The Way.

In that part of the Factory where the Sons of Vulcan make the sparks fly, a large quantity of a certain powder recently made a mysterious appearance. Enterprising youngsters discovered that, placed in solution, a very refreshing beverage could be obtained from it.

One gentleman, upon brushing some of the powder from his clothes, discovered its cleansing qualities, and then proceeded to "dry clean" himself with unfortunate results.

A Scout, of the wasp force, speedily obtained reinforcements, and following the lead of the wing commander (a very sporty fellow) proceeded to drop spring bombs on the neck and other portions of the mighty man's anatomy. Upon the conclusion of the raid he casually remarked that "their feet were like red-hot coals." A remark worthy of the forge.

Farmhouse Cheddar Cheese will in future be stamped with the mark "Cheddaration." Gorgonzola will continue to rely on its own particular method of publicity.

* * *

Speaking at Bath, Mr. G. K. Chesterton stated that in his opinion "Puss in Boots" was the best short story in the world. Unfortunately, there was a tendency in pantomime for "Puss in Boots" to become "Puss in Tights," and little else.

A very interesting history of the 2nd Battalion of the Wiltshire Regiment during the Great War has been published by Gale and Polden. The price is not stated, but copies may be obtained from the Secretary, Old Comrades' Association, The Wiltshire Regiment, the Barracks, Devizes.

An influential appeal for funds is being made, with the object of retaining the portion of the Plain which surrounds Stonehenge in its natural condition, unencumbered with buildings. The stones have been a source of speculation and wonder down through the ages, and it is well that they should stand in solitary majesty in the midst of rolling downland.

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

Samuel Pepvs describes a visit he made to Stonehenge in the summer of 1638 in the following terms:-"... to Stonehenge over the Plain and some great hills, even to fright us. Come thither, and find them as prodigious as any tales I ever heard of them, and worth going this journey to see. God knows what their use was! they are hard to tell, but yet may be told."

It is surprising that almost everybody has had fine weather during their holidays this year. Only one of our acquaintances has complained about the climate of Albion, and he added an account of an attack of asthma. Honest John!

* * *

A Committee of the L.C.C. which has been examining influenza "curves" spread over a number of years, forecasts an epidemic for the spring of next year. Never mind, start training now. Fresh air by night, fresh air by day, keeps influenza's germ at bay.

We shall shortly commence a regular series of articles and notes in our columns on Insurance and First Aid matters. * * *

Throughout the Football season a wellinformed follower of local sport will contribute his views on the form shown by the "Lily Whites" and their prospects in the League Tables.

It is better to wear out than to rust out.

He that is perfectly idle will be perfectly weary.

> Take things as they come, Eat crust as well as crumb.

Chop! and there will be chips.

SOMETHING NEW.

"Anything new this morning?" said the engine dispatcher as he leaned his back against the cylinder.

"Nothing," said the roundhouse foreman, "except that fresh paint that you're leaning up against."

An Horticultural Society in the Mid-

lands has offered a prize for stinging-nettles. Thus opens quite a series of classes for our next Flower Show. Speaking without prejudice, we know one person whose couch grass is a sure winner.

In view of the number of Aberdonian jokes which circulate in the Calne area, several of our friends who took Scotch holidays camouflaged their cars, and generally disguised themselves. Quite apart from this, the Savings scheme is progressing very favourably.

E. V. Lucas, in the "Sunday Times," recently contributed some interesting notes on Cheddar. Apropos of this he refers to the ancient history of Cheddar Cheese manufacture. Quite a number of places claim to be the birthplace of the Cheddar system of cheese making, amongst them a certain small town in Holland.

Also quite a number of countries scramble for the honour of the names "Real Wiltshire." Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery.

In reply to a note recently circulated amongst our distributors, asking them to be news-gathers as well, we received a reply per return from one of them containing a welcome item of news. This is the spirit which will make the Magazine a constant source of interest and entertainment.

What phenomonal weather we have had! This reminds us that a certain agriculturist has exhausted all other adjectives, and everything is now "Phenomonal." So was the round of community singing which he led in the subway of Piccadilly tube station last cup-tie night. Good old Cardiff City!

The Calne Players are engaged in rehearsing "Tilly of Bloomsbury," which they intend producing in November.

* * *

Traders who have availed themselves of the use of our advertisement pages speak highly of them as a publicity medium. Full particulars of rates for either one insertion or a series can be obtained from the Advertising Dept. of the Magazine.

A resident, within a very narrow radius from the Strand, recently brought forth his jolly old unloaded service revolver to deal with an intruder padding about on the landing. But it was only pussy having a game with a mouse she had caught.

The policy of this Magazine is constructive rather than destructive, but the imp that is within us cannot refrain from throwing this bombshell into the camp of the followers of "Sweet Calne, in Wiltshire" —"An annotated edition of Lamb's Essays has recently come into our possession, and thus say the professors who have edited it:—'Sweet Calne, in Wiltshire, a gratuitous mystification such as Lamb delights in, for Ottery St. Mary, in Devonshire, the home of young Coleridge!

After such a challenge we hope to find our correspondence columns filled with spirited attack and dogged defence.

Regarding the objection of one of our Van-men to paving a visit to Australia after tea, the head of a very important department points out that a visit to "New Zealand" is quite an everyday affair with some Calne people.

A representative at an Exhibition dressed a circular shelf with cans of the same diameter, but two different heights. Seven short cans were placed between each long one, and a circle was completed in this manner.

On the following day, eight short cans were placed between each long one, and a circle again completed.

How many cans were required to complete the circle each day?

All attempts should be forwarded to Mr. C. Stevens, who has the solution under lock and key.

We are looking forward to a very happy time this season. Every effort will be made by the Entertainment Committee towards this end. To ensure a successful season the co-operation of everybody is required. It is not enough to accept the good things as they come round; we must all do our bit towards them. To this end we are earnestly appealing to all our readers to send along their ideas and suggestions to provide entertainment for this coming season. To our many friends elsewhere,

at home and abroad, we ask them to send us accounts of what they are doing. In the big towns many new novelties are introduced that we in Calne would be glad to hear about. We cannot have too many suggestions, and we appeal to one and all to help make this winter the brightest and most interesting we have had. We are of the decided opinion that no week should pass without something taking place. To quote a very hackneyed phrase, "The more we are together ---Everyone, please get busy NOW.

The hot summer sun glared down upon the man as he lav beside the hedge, a gun in his hand. Some distance in front of him a light figure showed up distinctly against the sombre background of the hill; his nerveless fingers pointed the gun at it, but the figure stayed still, quite unconscious of what was happening.

The perspiration rolled down the man's face. He had tried to do the deed before, but, somehow or other, he had not yet accomplished it. Suddenly a hoarse voice was heard; now was his last chance. It must be now or never. He closed his eyes and fired blindly. Someone seized him by the arm, and, amid hoarse shouts, he realised that he had at last actually hit the

VERDANT.

* * * MIDNIGHT.

Hark! the clock proclaims the hour; And in the neighbouring tower Its echo strangely sadly dies away. Yet forth into the night The echo takes its flight And tells the slumbering world of vet another day.

It strikes, but does not know, Its tones, muffled and slow, Mean much to the world—this world of days and years. It makes to-day into vesterday, Turns to-morrow into to-day, Leaving youth and hastening on old age and tears.

In youth we would linger long, But time ever bears us on, Dreams of our youth swift from us flee. Familiar voices fade, Entering first the shade Where time finds place in eternity. E. Howse.

My First Night in the Trenches.

fortnight after our arrival in France we were resting in a village called Suzanne, in the Somme Valley, and on December 7th, 1915, great excitement prevailed at mid-day as we had the news that we were to go into the line at nightfall for 24 hours' instructions with a battalion of the Regular Army and then take over the following 24 hours on our own responsibility.

As soon as it became dark we commenced our march up to the front line trenches, and no-one who was present will ever forget that initiation into trench warfare. On our way to the trenches at last! What were our feelings? In the majority of cases, I think curiosity outweighed everything else. There was no question of fear, as this was a comparatively quiet part of the front, and not one of us had seen a shell burst or heard the quick "zipp" of a bullet.

I well remember the entrance to that trench. We came upon it suddenly on the right-hand side of the road, just at the entrance to the village of Maricourt, and after getting down some steps cut into the earth, we started to walk along it. Words cannot convey what it was like. The first few yards found us ankle deep in water, and then came mud-liquid mud! Of course, it was impossible to see anything, but we could hear splashing in front as our comrades floundered along; and after much time had been spent in falling about, we found ourselves at the entrance to a dug-out, where we discovered the stretcher-bearers of the Regular battalion to whom we were attached for instruction.

On entering the dug-out we took off our kit and then received our first bit of verbal instruction in trench duties. It was a very quiet night, and I well remember trying to have a sleep while sitting upright; but the night passed without getting rested in any shape or form, as when we were not dozing there were always plenty of rats to worry us.

After breakfast we were taken round the various parts of the trenches near by, but we didn't get very far during the morning as they were in such a terrible state.

After dinner came the order to get ready to move into another trench as our

Company were going to take over the front on our own responsibility. Immediately darkness set in we were taken to another dug-out, which was to be our company headquarters, but it was not a very safe

We shared this dug-out with our Company Signal section, and I remember sitting down for hours during the night listening to the buzzer sounding the Morse code.

At about 11.30 p.m. a Company officer came in and called for stretcher bearers as one of our comrades had been wounded. My chum and I went with him, leaving two others remaining in the dug-out in case anything else turned up. On putting on our overcoats we commenced the journey, and never shall I forget it. It was pitch dark, raining hard, and the mud terrible. The mud got thicker and thicker, and our progress became slower and slower. We became stuck into the mud many times, and in one particular part of the trench it was up to my waist. We eventually arrived at the spot, where we found our casualty, and attended to him there as quickly as possible. The next thing was to take steps to get him moved to the dressing station. It was hopeless for us to try and make the attempt on our own as we were too inexperienced, and did not even know the way to the dressing station. We decided that I should remain in the trench with our "case," and that my chum should try to obtain help from the dressing station, which we knew was in the village of Maricourt. This was no small thing for either of us to face. It would have been bad enough in daylight, but it seemed the last straw at midnight. After I had been left with my patient I did my best for him, but even the elements conspired against us, as it rained pouring nearly all night; and the rats hurrying along the top of the trench didn't help one's nerves very much. One of our sentries was on duty about 15 yards along the trench, and he fired a few rounds from his rifle occasionally, but apart from him and the officer on a tour of trench duty, I did not see anyone all night. I cannot adequately describe my feelings. It was not nervousness exactly, but just an uncanny and weird feeling, and not exactly pleasant; but it proved to be a good breaking in. All the time I was standing in water knee-deep, and in the open trench with no cover of any kind. I had to support my tendencies, and trust that the routine would not be too strenuous for me.

Yours sincerely,

WYNNE DUPP.

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September 1st, 1927.

MY DEAR DUPP,

Kindly pardon me for not replying before to your inquiry, and when you have heard my explanation I trust you will understand. I have had to attend sports meetings every evening since receiving your letter. Tennis, swimming, golf, hockey, cricket, glee parties and nigger minstrels all held their sway at Messrs. C. Aunty-Arris's. We run a splendid Magazine, whereby one is initiated into the mysteries of the "Cornish Pasty," "The Dressmaker and World of Fashion," and one is introduced to people one has never met. Ladies and gentlemen from the ends of the country become our intimate friends, and there are many more privileges too numerous to mention. I cannot think of a more congenial atmosphere for one suffering, as you do, and must advise you to enter our noble portals without delay.

Yours,

X.

September 3rd.

DEAR X,

I am sorry to give further trouble in this, to me, all-important matter, but I must remind you that you have not so much as mentioned the work you are called upon to do, nor the companions I shall be associated with. I should be greatly obliged by a further note from you containing these brief details.

Yours sincerely,

WYNNE DUPP.

September 30th.

MY DEAR DUPP,

I fail to see why my account has not caused you to pack everything you possessed into a small bag and travel right here. Your surroundings could not be better, or even equalled. While you work the windows may be opened and heavenly breezes lift the very hair from your head. Your companions will be most desirable. They resemble, for the feminine part, butterflies in the sun-gorgeous plumage, short and sweet. Don't come for a month,

don't come for a year—come for good.

Yours,

* * * A HITHERTO UNPUBLISHED CORRESPONDENCE.

patient with one arm and my knee, as he

was lying on the fire-step, which was sloping,

and consequently he kept slipping. After

some hours I began to wonder if my chum

was on the way back with help, but I could

do nothing but wait. However, at dawn

I was very relieved to see him returning with

the news that stretcher bearers of the Regular

battalion would be coming up to give us a

hand. In ordinary circumstances—in day-

light and dry trenches—it would only have

taken 20 minutes to get from the front line

to the dressing station, but the mud was so

terrible that it took C hours to go down and

back. It must be remembered that my

chum did not know the way, and conse-

quently he was delayed very much and

had many falls into shell holes, &c. Even-

tually help arrived, and we then commenced

being unused to it, we could only travel very

slowly, and we were stuck in the mud on

many occasions and had to be dug out.

One of our officers also helped us, and

worked like a Trojan, and after many halts

while one or another of our party was being

dug out of the mud, we eventually arrived

at the dressing station in a very exhausted

condition. After a cup of tea and a few

minutes rest we then commenced the return

journey to the dug-out, where we had been

previously, but it was some hours before

we got there owing to the awful mud. Luck-

responsibility had not started very aus-

piciously as far as I was concerned, and when

I think of it I often wonder how I managed

to get along and win the battle over the

terrible conditions which existed at that time

The first night in the line on our own

ily for us, shells were few and far between.

to carry our patient out of the line,

Tune 1st, 1927.

"OLD BRAGG."

DEAR X.

As I contemplate applying for the vacancy which has occurred at Messrs. C. Aunty-Arris, and knowing that you are already a member of that select community, I should be greatly obliged if you would forward me a few of your impressions of the life and general environment, &c. I might remind you of my neurasthenic

Calne in the Sixties.

We give this month an illustration of the centre of our town as it appeared when the oldest of our present employees were school-children, and most interesting many of them will, we believe, find it to be.

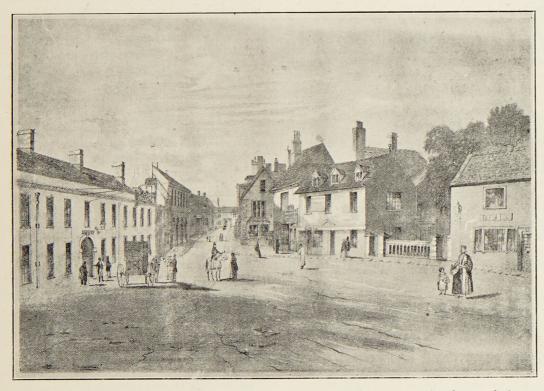
We have on the left hand a view of the lengthy frontage of the old coaching house, called by the elite of that time after its new name, "The Lansdowne Arms Hotel," but by the common people, "The Wheel,"

It was kept by a hairdresser, who often had to leave his customer half finished to serve stamps at the Post Office counter.

The old Guildhall, seen in the High Street on the left hand, had been renovated by the Marquess of Lansdowne in 1829 and made ready for the use of the Calne Town Council.

One remembers many a meeting held in this Town Hall—political, municipal, or social—and as the room was limited in capacity, overcrowding was of frequent occurrence.

The people of Calne in those days took



short for the "Catherine Wheel," the old name of this popular house of call.

In outward appearance the years have wrought little change, but in other respects it has altered considerably. In those days many a dispute was settled in the good old English way in the Wheel yard, Sir Robert Peel's "Bobbies" obligingly looking after the outskirts of the town meanwhile.

On the opposite side of the street, by the bridge where the Post Office now stands, was a Chemist's and Druggist's shop, the Post Office at that time being on the site lately cleared for the new Factory entrance. their politics very seriously; and banter, heckling, and very, very plain speaking were quite the usual thing. Indeed, they were often as amusing as a comedy. They certainly were never dull, although the more recent practice of interspersing political addresses with musical items had not occurred to the politicians of that day.

When this Hall was demolished in 1882, the site, now known as the Central Park, became the property of the Town on condition that it remained an open space for ever.

Where the Police Station now stands

was the old Town Mill, the police headquarters being in the High Street; and at the bottom of the street, on the right hand corner, stood the Butcher's Shop kept by one of the Harris family, out of which the firm of Thos. Harris & Sons ultimately grew.

Our illustration gives one a sense of quietude, which is far removed from the bustle and movement constantly apparent in these days of motor transit. This street, however, was on the regular coach route between Bath and London, and there was often a certain liveliness as horses were changed at the "Wheel." A coach from Calne to Chippenham ran regularly until the end of 1863, driven by a "Jehu" named Perkins, and the writer well remembers, as a very small boy, being a passenger on it in the summer of that year.

Much water has flown under the Town Bridge since this picture was drawn, and the social life of the inhabitants has changed in many respects—mostly for the better. The town is still famous—not as of old, for the quality and texture of its cloth, for none is now made in it, but other and equally useful products have obtained world-wide notoriety for excellence of quality, and there is no indication that the constant movement of the stream of time will ever place it in a backwater.

A Holiday in Switzerland.

T was, I think, the poet Henley who wrote, "What do they know of England, who only England know?" And, in my experience, Henley is right. Foreign travel widens the mind and often affords an insight into some of the problems that perplex our own people in these days.

I went to Switzerland with a small party. Our operations were curtailed in some degree. Frightful weather reports from the Italian Frontier, from the Rhone Valley, and more particularly from the Chamonix district, decided us that on this occasion it was better to confine our excursions to the Bernese Oberland. As things turned out, our decision was a wise one, for not only was the weather in these parts exceedingly bad, but there was a dreadful

rail smash, and loss of life, and much discomfort.

We quartered at the small village of Heimburg, which is but 10 minutes' rail journey from the delightful town of Thun. Thun is situated on the lake of the same name, and at the far end of the lake is the better-known resort, Interlaken. Interlaken is but a short distance from Wengen—famous for winter sports—and Wengen brings one in close touch with the great mountain Jungfrau, just under 14,000 feet high and clad eternally with snow and ice.

It was to Jungfrau that we made our one excursion into the realms of perpetual snow. Other mountains which we ascended, such as Niesen and Stockhorn, are not snow covered during the height of the summer period. But quite soon, almost certainly by mid-September, both will be snow covered. As it was, during our stay in Heimburg, the snow began to fall on the mountains, and brought the lower slopes of the big mountains into the area of snow-clad regions.

The scenery is superb; the contrasts in colour of the emerald green of the low slopes and the sap green of the higher slopes and the pine forests, and in the near distance the clear white snow-clad mountains, set off by the azure blue of the skies, make an

entrancing sight.

We spent the greater part of our time in, on, and around Lake Thun. It is generally accepted that this lake is the most beautiful of the Swiss lakes. The colouring of the immediate slopes is more vivid and more varied than in the case of the much larger and more celebrated lakes, which are, in some cases, in a setting so stern and rugged as to be rather awe inspiring than attractive. Gunton on the lake is a noted spot for sun bathing. Here are large hotels with grounds sloping down to the water. The water of the lake, continually fed, as it is, by streams and waterfalls coming from the snow-clad peaks, is intensely cold, so that, for the majority, the bathing is much more sun bathing than water bathing. One takes a rapid dip and hastily returns to the Hotel gardens where, in the brilliantly powerful sunshine, one joins in various diversions still clad in a somewhat scanty bathing costume. Some parties sit around playing bridge, others content themselves with drinks and reclining on long easy chairs; and some take part in a sort of game played

with coloured footballs. We took frequent and very vigorous exercise by ascending the mountains abutting on the lake by the Mountain Railway and then finding our way down on foot. This diversion is apt to be exciting, as the paths often starting off through pine forests have a nasty knack of fading into nothingness.

We made a notable excursion to the Blue Lake—a lake set high above Lake Thun. The Blue Lake is so called because of the deep blue of the water. It is a very small lake, and in the middle 60 feet deep, but so clear that one can see the bottom of it. Resting on the floor of the lake can be seen huge pine trees which, from time to time, in the past 1,000 years, have been blown down by storms and have fallen into the lake and remained there petrified. The marvel of this lake is that, although it is far above Lake Thun and quite near to snow mountains, fed by snow water and quite cold, yet it has never been known to freeze over, even in the hardest winter. No-one quite knows why, but there is a theory that both the extraordinary-blueness of the lake and the fact of its never

icing over is due to the petrified pine trees.

There are evidently two Switzerlands.
There is the Switzerland of the Bernese
Oberland, where we were. Here are the
particular health resorts. The people are
almost entirely Protestant, and in the
town of Thun and in the capital town of
Berne the style of architecture is very near
akin to German.

Thun Castle, for example, and the Houses of Parliament at Berne are most decidedly German in style.

But, get away to the Italian Frontier, and Chamonix, Zermatt, and so forth, and one is in another Switzerland—the Switzerland of the real mountain climbing. These parts are Catholic, and not so much dominated by German culture and German style.

Apart from romance and beauty, what struck me about Switzerland as I saw it is the astonishing cleanliness of town and village. At both Thun and Berne there are open-air markets akin to our own markets, such as one finds at places like Watford. The commodities chiefly on sale are fruits and a large variety of cheese of the lactic type. But, here in Switzerland, these open-air stalls are kept with an entire absence of that dirt and litter which is too

often observed in our open-air market places. There is an amazing attention to the detail of order and cleanliness, which adds tremendously to the display of the goods. So, in the shops and in the streets and in the houses, both in town and country, cleanliness is the pervading feature.

When our party reached Heimburg, just opposite our hotel the wheat had ripened. We were at the hotel 18 days. On the third day the wheat was cut. It was then stooked (if that is the right term), left for a bit, and then carried. Then the land was ploughed. Then it was manured with an evil-smelling liquid manure from carts, something like our water carts. Then the seed of the October wheat was sown. Three days before we left this October wheat was showing three to four inches above the soil. Now during that period of eighteen days there were four heavy thunderstorms and much rain. In between there were days of bright sunshine and considerable heat. In spite of weather of so varied a character, the work on this farm had gone on.

It was done by the power of the community being thrown in, men, women, and children being busy at every opportunity from sunrise to sunset. One noticed in the wheat fields an entire absence of weed.

So far as one can judge from the superficial observation of a holiday visit and from converse with those Swiss people who speak English, the Swiss people on the land are happy, contented, and healthy. One goes round the countryside with the impression that the Swiss are a strong, healthy, self-respecting, and rather proud people.

As to bacon, I had none in Switzerland—only ham and a variety of sausage in the pork line. I had bacon for breakfast on the train. This was very salt. It may be the Swiss air had given me a great appetite; but, anyhow, I consumed the bacon!

R. E. H.

Our readers will be delighted to learn that J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., J.P., C.C., has accepted the position of Chief Magistrate of Calne for a third term of office.

Nomad Methods of Fishing.

ISHING, although enjoyed by Kings and commoners alike, is a sport not popular in this district owing to lack of preserves. Fishing commences with the youngster at an early age going off with his net and jar to catch minnows or sticklebacks, gradually evolving into the bent pin and worm in the hopes of bigger game. Then the next step comes, the orthodox hook and float, which leads on to the final Izaak Walton, "The Compleat Angler," with fly or spinner. This is fishing as most of us know it, and perhaps it is the most suitable for our waterways; but methods employed by certain tribes of Indians for the purpose are quite adequate. For their purpose hooks, floats, flies, &c., are unknown to them, and further, as their general mode of existence does not permit of unnecessary impedimenta, they must provide a weapon to serve the triple purpose of killing bird, beast, or fish when treking from place to place, either overland or up or down the rivers. These weapons are the bow and arrow and blow pipes. When fishing, the Indians set off in their canoes to hunt their prey, which consist of turtle and piraracu (the latter a large fish measuring 10 to 15 feet). These fish swim in a waved line, coming to the surface and diving again. As soon as the Indians see the water disturbed they know instinctively which direction the fish is taking. Should it be upstream they will canoe across its course or shoot an arrow into the water to divert its direction down stream. They then paddle stealthily to the spot where they calculate it will again rise, and as soon as it appears "swish" goes an arrow. When struck the fish naturally dives. The arrows used for this purpose have a loose head made from a palm wood of a coarse fibrous nature, and are so shaped that the short fibrous spines act as barbes; this is fastened to the shaft by a long cord made of native grass. The shaft is made from a reed. While the arrow head remains buried in the flesh, the shaft floats, and with this they haul in the prize. These fish are naturally too large for immediate consumption, so the natives cut the flesh into sheets which they hang in the sun for several days to "sun-dry,"

which acts as a preservative, and keeps it wholesome for about a month. The surplus thus preserved is kept while they remain in that spot for food, or may be traded to any passing launch for beads, as sun-dried piraracu is a delicacy in the towns also.

A similar method is adopted for shooting turtles, but owing to the hardness of the shell an arrow fired from a canoe would merely ricochet; so, to overcome this difficulty and to ensure the arrow-head penetrating the back, they shoot into the air with such accuracy that it falls perpendicularly upon the turtle, which dives immediately it is struck, but the arrow-head remains secure while the shaft floats and the turtle is captured. If the turtle is not required for food, it is also traded to a passing launch.

BLOW PIPES.—These are identical with the ordinary boy's peashooter, with the exception that they run from 5 to 6 feet long. The manufacture and designs vary according to the tribe of Indian, but the finished article remains a long tube, through which they blow small short darts made from palm spines about 12 inches long. They dip the head into a vegetable poison, and with a tuft of wild cotton on the end to give direction and balance, they can kill birds in flight at 300 yards quite easily. This weapon they use upon the crocodiles, birds, monkeys, and such like.

A railway engine-cleaner was qualifying to become a fireman, and the foreman of the cleaning department, being anxious to help him on, continually impressed on him the necessity to be very careful in regard to any wastage: "Don't waste a drop of oil, that's very dear," he would say; and "Don't throw away a bit of waste, as it costs money."

One day an official of the company met the cleaner while crossing the yard and thought he would test the young man's efficiency, so after several questions he said: "If you were on an engine on a single track and saw an express coming towards you, what would you do?" The cleaner thought for a moment, and then replied, "Oh, I know, sir, I'd grab the oil can and the waste and jump for it."

The man who never loses his temper doesn't get the advantage of that humble and contrite feeling that always follows making a fool of yourself.

By Road through the Lake District and Scotland.

TT was with a good deal of pleasurable anticipation that we started on our 1,400 miles motor tour through the Lake District into Scotland and back through the North-Eastern Counties and the Midlands; and I may say here that our rosiest dreams were more than fulfilled, and that we had not the slightest mishap on the road throughout the journey. Our first day's journey ended at Chester, a dear old town with its "Rows," massive Cathedral, city walls, and beautiful old houses. The next stage was to Ambleside, where we spent three never-to-be-forgotten days among our own beautiful mountains and lakes, which must be seen to be appreciated. Then followed the journey to Edinburgh through Carlisle (where we stayed to see the old Border Castle with its many legends), Gretna Green (with its famous smithy), and then for miles and miles through the beautiful rolling Southern uplands of Scotland. At Edinburgh we spent four most delightful days. Visits to Edinburgh Castle (with its wonderful National Scottish War Memorial), Holyrood, Arthur's Seat, the Forth Bridge, and Melrose Abbey were most thrilling. My thoughts of Edinburgh Castle will always include a small American boy, who caused a good deal of amusement. When going down to the dungeons we overheard the following conversations between him and the guide :-

Boy: "What a nuisance all these steps are. Why don't you have a lift?"

Guide: "Oh! That would be much too modern for an ancient place like this."

Boy: "Well, why don't you make an ancient lift then?

The next stage of our journey was from Edinburgh to Aberdeen via Stirling (full of romantic memories), Perth, Glamis, &c. Here we passed many acres of land covered with raspberry canes, where the pickers were busy and the lanes beautifully scented.

Aberdeen is a fine town with wide streets, and all the buildings of granite. and with statues everywhere. Indeed this last was quite striking at many places we visited in Scotland, especially at Edinburgh. The sea front, too, is a splendid stretch, but it seems bleak and bare compared with

our South Coast resorts. Leaving Aberdeen, we travelled west to Braemar, in the valley of the Dee. We passed through Ballater, and then saw Balmoral, and paid a visit to Crathie church. At Braemar we turned south, and then began the most wonderful and gorgeous part of our tour over the Grampians to Blairgowrie. Words fail me to describe the grandeur of it all—the heather-covered mountains, purple in the sun, the ever-changing views as we rounded each turn in the road, and the bubbling, gurgling rivers rushing over their stony beds, so unlike anything we see in our own land. It was even worth while going down that terrifying hill, "The Devil's Elbow," to see so much beauty.

From Blairgowrie we continued through Crief to Stirling, where we spent the night. Our next stage took us to Newcastle, passing through Edinburgh, Haddington, and rounding the Cheviots to Berwick-on-Tweed, and so back into England. We found Newcastle a busy town, with splendid statues and war memorials. Then, after passing through busy mining districts, we made a halt at Durham to visit the beautiful cathedral, with its perfect Norman nave and lady chapel at the West end, with Bede's tomb and the interesting old castle. Leaving Durham, we soon reached York, with its narrow winding streets and its beautiful old "Minster" with its wonderful old windows and interesting relics. Proceeding through busy Doncaster, Newark, Kettering, and Northampton (a beautifully clean town), we reached Oxford, where we spent a few hours, and then home after a most delightful holiday; and, wonderful to relate, in the most perfect weather.

Although so many miles from home, "Sweet Calne in Wiltshire" never seemed very far distant, for "Harris, Calne," stared at us from the shop windows of every town we visited.

S. G. B.

ROMANTIC MAN (at fancy-dress carnival): "Hail me, O slave; I am the high Priest of Isis." Modern Maid: "Splendid! I'll have a vanilla."

OLD LADY (in Trafalgar Square): "Isn't it wonderful how a single policeman can dam the flow of the traffic?'

Boy: "Yes, grannie; but you should hear the

The Better Part of Valour.

MRS. WIGGS TO THE PAYQUICK INSURANCE CO.

dear sir mi old man coming home last Saturday the nite being dark e couldnt see, so e striks a match and fires is Trowsis both leggs it being a mercie e wornt burnt. i puts the fire out mi old man being so wetted e took ill an carnt rite yer. the Trowsis is dun they cost 3lbs

THE PAYQUICK INSURANCE CO., TO MRS. WIGGS.

Dear Madam,

RE FIRE CLAIM—YOURSELF.

We are in receipt of your letter of yesterday, notifying us of a small claim. If you will be so good as to return the attached claim form duly completed (not omitting to quote the number of your policy) the matter will be our immediate

Yours faithfully,

Hugo Binns. District Manager.

MRS. WIGGS TO THE PAYQUICK INSURANCE CO.

dear sir i returns yore form witch I have fill in the Trowsis cost 3lbs. MRS. WIGGS.

THE PAYOUICK INSURANCE CO., TO MRS. WIGGS.

Dear Madam.

RE CLAIM UNDER FIRE POLICY NO. 3321614 J. WIGGS.

Your favour of vesterday to hand. We observe, however, that you estimate the loss as total, whereas it occurs to us that possibly the trousers might be repaired. If you will state a day and time our representative will give himself the pleasure of discussing the matter with you.

Yours faithfully, HUGO BINNS. District Manager.

MRS. WIGGS TO THE PAYQUICK INSURANCE CO.

dear sir send yore man any time exept munday witch is washing day. the Trowsis is so burnt you carnt see them, they cost 3lbs.

REPORT OF REPRESENTATIVE OF THE PAYQUICK INSURANCE CO. RE CLAIM FIRE POLICY 3321614—J. WIGGS.

I to-day interviewed the wife of the abovenamed insured with reference to this claim. She informed me that her husband, being somewhat bewildered by the darkness of the night, applied a match to his trousers, thinking that he was lighting the gas. The outbreak was extinguished by Mrs. Wiggs throwing jugs of water over the insured's legs.

I was informed that the damaged articles could not be produced for my inspection since they were not to be found, the assumption being that

they were totally destroyed.

In view of the general demeanour of Mrs. Wiggs, and the class of neighbourhood, I deemed it inadvisable either to press this point, or to debate the fairness of the amount claimed. Judging by the rest of the clothing visible I should think five shillings would be a generous settlement.

11th June.

G. ETEMDOWN. Claims Inspector.

THE PAYQUICK INSURANCE CO., TO MRS. WIGGS.

11th June.

Dear Madam. RE CLAIM UNDER FIRE POLICY NO 3321614 -J. WIGGS.

Following our representative's call upon you to-day in this connection, it seems to us that the amount claimed, viz., £3, is somewhat high. Five shillings appears to us a reasonable settlement, and on receipt of the attached agreement form duly completed, we shall have pleasure in forwarding our remittance for this amount.

Yours faithfully,

Hugo Binns. District Manager.

MRS. WIGGS TO THE PAYQUICK INSURANCE CO.

Wensday, 12.

dear sir the Trowsis witch is ruined cost 3lbs. i am a pore working wumun an u are robers. plese send me the 3lbs. or i will go 2 lore. mi old man ses when e is well e will cum and see u an bring sum of is pals. the Trowsis is dun both legs.

MRS. WIGGS.

THE PAYQUICK INSURANCE CO. TO MRS. WIGGS.

15th June.

Dear Madam,

RE CLAIM UNDER FIRE POLICY NO. 3321614 -I. WIGGS.

We are in receipt of your letter of the 12th instant, and have pleasure in enclosing cheque for £3 as an ex gratia payment of your claim. Kindly sign and return the attached form of discharge. We wish to point out that our action in this matter is not in any way to be taken as a precedent. Yours faithfully,

Hugo Binns. District Manager.

MRS. WIGGS TO THE PAYQUICK INSURANCE CO.

dear sir i reterns yore form for the 3lbs. witch the vicar give me for yor check. mi old man has found the Trowsis witch e never took off.

N.S.P.C.C.

THE biggest Society of its kind in the World." That is exactly how the Prince of Wales described

the National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, and it is this, and even more, in its constitution, in its policy, and

to Children, and it is this, and even more, in its constitution, in its policy, and in the character of the work it undertakes. Looking over the years and noting what has been accomplished in the creation of a sound national conscience and a sturdy public opinion for children, it seems difficult to realise what might have still been the fate of many if such an organisation had not come

into existence. It was only formed fortythree years ago—not long as national affairs are measured—yet, as it works it can point to the protection from cruelty, neglect, and other wrongs of nearly four millions of children.

One critic in the early days described the Society as an institution for keeping the faces of children clean by Act of Parliament; yet, only a short while ago, a Minister of the Crown in a great public meeting pictured it as the instrument by which had come into existence the school clinic and kindred institutions.

The Society to-day holds an honoured place with every section of the community, rich and poor, educated and uneducated; and this is due to the fact that its policy is a sound one. It has no idle dreams, but it does try, by endeavouring to weave the ideal into the practical, to solve the many human problems which come before it every hour of the day. This Society knows nothing of politics; it is absolutely undenominational; it is carried on, not by the State, but through the willing efforts of thousands of voluntary workers through-

out England, Wales, and Ireland; its one desire is to secure for every child the right to live under endurable conditions. Last year it succeeded in doing this for 92,000 boys and girls, many of whom were babies.

Another feature about the Society is that its work is that of prevention, not, as some people imagine, prosecution. Only one per cent. of the 38,000 cases dealt with during the past twelve months found their way into the police court, the greater proportion yielding to warning and the skilled and sympathetic oversight and persuasion of the Society's 247 trained children's men and women.

The importance of the Society to the community is only limited by the knowledge of the public as to what the Society can do; and it is for the public—who believe children are entitled to fair treatment—to appreciate the fact that they have a duty in reporting cases where children run the risk of unnecessary suffering. It is one of the cardinal rules of the Society that unless malice is shown the names of the informants are never divulged.

Apart from neglect and cruelty, the Society is doing a tremendous work for

BEFORE TREATMENT.



crippled and physically defective children. The skill of the orthopaedic surgeon has brought us back almost to the age of miracles, and the care of hospital staffs is wonderful. Cases apparently incurable have been found by the Society, which has arranged for treatment, and has had the pleasure of

seeing the children sent home cured. Within the past few years, out of some 3,000 cases of this character, all but 41 responded to treatment.

The Society is not merely the friend of the child, but of the parents. The accumulation of cases under the description "Advice Sought," has shown, as nothing else, the confidence mothers and fathers have in the Society to which they appeal, and not in vain, for just that little piece of advice and help which makes so much difference to the children and the home.

AFTER TREATMENT.



The Society merits the support of all who believe in home life, those who, treating these matters economically, see the value of happy, healthy children to the country in the years to come. It is, in fact, "The Looking Forward Society," for it sees in the child of to-day a potential citizen, and under the power of its Royal Charter, and with the aid of common sense, seeks to assure that the child shall be properly equipped mentally, morally, and physically to take part in the increasingly difficult battle of life. That is true statesmanship.

Calne is a part of the area of the Society's Swindon and North Wilts Branch, the Inspector and Local Office of which may be found at 168, Victoria Road, Swindon.

Anyone knowing of a child who has been assaulted, neglected, or ill-treated in a manner likely to cause unnecessary suffering or injury to health; or of an ailing or

crippled child who might be benefited by treatment; or knowing of a parent who is seeking advice on any matter concerning a child, would be doing an act of great kindness by communicating at once with the Society at the above address.

Photographic Notes.

The following simple rules, if carefully attended to, will do much towards securing successful snapshot photographs:—

1.—See that the object to be photographed is included completely in the view finder. Photographs in which the top of a person's hat or the feet, or the top of the building or other object, are cut off, are bad. All that is necessary is to get farther away from the object.

2.—Hold the camera with both hands, and perfectly level. If it is pointed upwards persons and buildings will look as if they are falling backwards. Pointed downwards, they will appear to be falling forward.

3.—Take a breath before snapping, and hold it while the shutter release is pressed—this prevents the movement of the camera during the instant of exposure.

4.—Do not take a snapshot with the sun shining on the lens. With the box-form camera the lens is set inside the box, and is fairly well shielded, but with the folding type the lens mount is shallow, and affords little shade for the lens. Sunlight shining into the lens will be found to give flat misty results.

5.—As far as possible prevent people staring directly into the camera. The best snapshots are obtained when the subject is not aware that he is being photographed. This rule applies particularly to groups.

If you don't appreciate yourself no-one will appreciate you.

Flies are thick about lean horses, but to a boiling pot they come not.

Salesmanship isn't the science of selling folks things they don't want. It's the art of teaching them to want the things you have to sell.

Calne and Harris United Football Club.

Success in any undertaking can often be achieved by commencing well. The kindly thought of the Mayor brought a very happy gathering of 100 members to sit with him, as his guests, at the White Hart Hotel on the 19th August. Everyone felt convinced that a successful season was certain to follow after such an enthusiastic beginning. The sporting action and witty speech of our host will be long remembered.

Regarding our prospects on the playing field, practically the whole of the players of last season will turn out, with the exception of "Kebble," who finds his wind is not so sound as his heart; but should the Club be in a tight corner, he will be available

B. Dolman also finds that the game does not suit him, and it is with great regret that we hear that this young and popular player is not playing. It is hoped that "Johnnie" Weston will return to us after his few seasons with Swindon Vics, and he should prove an acquisition to the Club.

Several young and promising players have signed on, and it is hoped that our programme in Division II. of the Wilts League will keep them interested and loval to the "Lilywhites." Mentioning, by the way, Lilywhites, a friend of mine asked me some time ago why we were nicknamed the Lilywhites; my only solution was that we

had so many Angells in the club. The first trial match proved very interesting to our supporters on the 23rd August. A collection was made on the ground, and the proceeds have been handed to the Mayor's Motor Ambulance fund. The 1st XI. made their debut at Warminster on the 27th August in glorious sunshine, but found the weather-and Warminster-too hot for them, losing by 5 goals to 1. Ervine Angell notching our solitary goal. The Reserves also found the Marsh too heavy going, and lost to Warminster Reserves by

Both games were played in a sporting way, and considering the last minute changes in the teams, much credit is due to them. Season tickets are now on sale from the Joint Hon. Secretaries, which admit to all matches except Cup Ties. The management are anxious to increase the membership, and appeal to all for their support to ensure the Club's success in every way.

MEREDITH

Wedding Bells.

Miss Amy Rouse was presented with a set of Carvers, Bread Tray, and Knife on the occasion of her marriage. She had been with the Firm for eleven years, and was very popular with her fellowemployees in the Can-making Department.

* * *

Mr. E. Smart-Miss O. Deave.



A very pretty Wedding was solemnised at St. Augustine's Church, Swindon, on August 27th, the contracting parties being Mr. E. Smart and Miss O. Deave. The Bridegroom, who is a popular member of the Slaughter Department, was presented with an Oak Overmantel by his fellow-workers. Mr. Smart was also the recipient of a present from the Calne and Harris Football Club, of which he has been a popular playing member for several

WITH THE FIRST ELEVEN.

Saturday, August 6th, was Flower Show day, and several of the 1st eleven (including Mr. P. T. Knowles, the Captain) were on duty at the Show in their capacity as members of the Committee of the Welfare and Entertainment Society. In consequence, the team which took the field against Swindon Imperials was a mixture of first and second team players. Thanks to a splendid effort by J. H. Gillett (captain for the day), who contributed 43 to a total of 78, and some fine bowling by I. I. Taylor (8 for 33), we were able to avenge our defeat in the first match of the season by the "Imps."

1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 1 Saturday, August 20th, more!!!!

The above is meant to illustrate the rainy weather (not the "exclamations" of some members of the team) which prevented us from fulfilling our fixtures with Saxby and Farmer's 2nd XI. and Castle Combe.

Saturday, August 27th, King Sol having regained his throne from the usurper, Jupiter Pluvius, we were able to play our home game with Lacock, although the "reign" of the latter monarch had left the ground very much on the soft side. After a keen but sporting game we were able to bring off the double against Lacock, winning by the narrow margin of 7 runs. P. T. Knowles (26) and A. Winter (12) did well with the bat, and I. J. Taylor bowled well to get 7 wickets for 27 runs.

WITH THE SECOND ELEVEN.

Our second eleven had only two fixtures on the card for August, these being Derry Hill and Lacock second team. The former match was a "wash-out," owing to rain, and Lacock had to cancel their fixture owing to their ground being in use for a Flower Show.

G.R.A.

Harris Cricket Club. Harris Ladies Hockey Club.

A well-attended Meeting was held on September 9th to consider the preliminary arrangements necessary for the flotation of the Harris Ladies' Hockey Club.

Mr. Bodinnar, who presided, stated at the outset that the first item of business would be to put a resolution to the meeting desiring the formation of a Hockey Club, and then to ascertain the measure of support it was likely to receive.

The meeting having decided to proceed with the formation of a Club, those present were canvassed, and it was discovered that twenty-two young ladies were hockey players, and all of them were willing to play for the Club. The amount of subscription was fixed at 2s. 6d. per season. Miss Watson was asked to report on the cost of tunics at the next meeting. It was decided to supply these at half-price to members.

The election of officers and committee was next proceeded with, and resulted as follows: - Captain, Miss M. Fennell; vicecaptain, Miss Bailey; secretary, Miss Watson; treasurer, Mrs. Pearce; committee, Misses E. Flay, E. Weston, and N. Walters.

Rules will be framed and discussed at the next meeting. It was announced that the first fixture was arranged for October

Closing the meeting, Mr. Bodinnar stated that the Hockey Club would undoubtedly be as successful as the Cricket and Tennis Clubs. He wished them every success, and if he could help in any way, would be most pleased to do so.

* * * TENNIS CLUB.

Exceptionally heavy rain, at times prolonged for three or four days, has prevented play for the greater part of the season, but we can truthfully say that, even if our Courts have been soaked, the elements have by no means succeeded in damping our enthusiasm. We have made full use of those few fine evenings which Nature has seen fit to allow us, and all members are now keenly looking forward to better weather conditions next year.

Our Picture Gallery. The Broad Highway.

MR. W. G. GUNNING.



Thirty-one years ago Mr. W. G. Gunning joined the staff of Messrs. Charles and Thomas Harris & Co., Ltd. After spending several years in the clerical branch of the work, he entered the manufacturing side to develop the Fresh Goods and Canning Departments.

Mr. Gunning's experience and power of organisation were utilised to the utmost during the war period, and his services were recognised in 1919 by the appointment to his present position.

• Tact and a genial disposition make him a suitable controller of labour, and minimises any possibility of distrust or unrest.

Mr. Gunning is a keen gardener—as all good Calne men are—and sometimes, for a change, may be seen careering to the Downs for a round of that soother of busy men—golf.

For many years past he has been a member of the Parish Church choir, and his voice is heard to advantage in solo parts.

"PUT BACK THE CLOCK," ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 2nd.

To put the hands back papa tries Whilst baby looks with wondering eyes When papa slips she thinks it fun To hear the clock—just—strike—one. September! and all holidays over until 1928. A very mixed bag, too, as far as weather conditions go, although some seem to have been very fortunate in spite of the general disastrous spell of wet.

The London Grocers' Exhibition looms very close, and we are busy preparing for something extra special for this year. The new site should lend itself to much more effective display than has been possible in the past. One great feature is that we shall be able to group the different classes of goods and still have a very attractive whole. On the old stand this has not been possible. We are looking forward to seeing all our old friends, and hope to make many new ones. At any rate, we shall have plenty of bacon to sell, and at a good selling price.

London will be closely followed by Cardiff, which should also be a busy show, although we would like to hear more cheering reports of trade conditions in the coal fields.

Taking into account the very unfavourable weather conditions, the summer months have shown very satisfactory increases in the seasonable goods, and we must now go all out for a bumper sausage season.

We sympathise with Mr. Powell, of Edinburgh, in having to undergo a serious operation, and wish him a speedy recovery.

We welcome Mr. Colebrook to the Van Sales Staff on taking over the new second van from Liverpool.

Our representative in Cyprus writes:— "Your Magazine is one amongst the best and most interesting, so kindly add my name to your subscribers' list.

LLANDUDNO.

A TALE OF A SOW AND LITTER.

Mr. —— has had the sow and litter in a pen outside the shop, which has been such an attraction that hundreds of people have stopped to see it. It happened also to be the dinner hour, and the manager had, before closing, given the knives to be set by the grinder, who also joined the crowd with the knives set, waiting for the shop to

open. The people really thought that the sow was going to be slaughtered, seeing this man with all the knives in his hand. One lady made a remark: "What a shame to kill the poor thing and having five such nice baby pigs!"

O.S.

Pigs.

The improvement in the type of bacon pigs offered to us, as curers of the famous "Crown," is a subject which occupies the minds of those who are engaged on the pig buying side of our business to a very great extent. It is a subject which needs long and continued efforts to secure any real result.

During the current year, our various Branches have been represented at all the principal Agricultural Shows, and we are sure that not only have many old friendships been renewed, but many new ones have been made. In many cases the work at these Shows is not productive of results for perhaps a twelve month or two years, but if we are only able to persuade feeders to produce the right article, we feel that our efforts have been worth while.

The education of the feeder in modern requirements is by no means an easy one. It is almost impossible to follow one line of advice since due regard must be given to local conditions, &c. This, perhaps, applies rather more to feeding than to breeding queries. It is with pleasure, however, that we are able to place on record the opinion that the average pig producer is to-day much more inclined to study trade requirements than he was five years ago. The old prejudices are gradually being broken down and old "fancies" thrown aside in deference to the trade recommendations. The result is that a general improvement in type and quality is making itself evident in most parts.

In a recent issue we described the general outline of the Ministry of Agricul-

ture's Marketing Demonstration at the Bath and West Show. The same demonstration has been given at the Royal Yorkshire and Welsh Shows, and will be available for feeders at the Dairy Show in October. In every case it has been exceptionally well received, and has, we are sure, done a very great deal for the bacon trade; and we can only express the hope that this demonstration will be continued for some years.

From a pig buying point of view, the embargo on imported pork has resulted in a serious reduction in the number of pigs available for the bacon trade, but the figures relating to the pig population indicate that the law of supply and demand has already operated to a greater extent than was expected, and that not only has the pig population increased by approximately 487,300, or 22 per cent., but the number of breeding sows has increased by 91,700, or 30.5 per cent. This, coupled with an improved type, must ultimately be for the good of the trade and the country as a whole. It is interesting to note that the pig population of the country on June 4th, 1927, was, with the exception of 1924, the highest number recorded since 1904. The number of breeding sows on the same date was, with the exception of 1924 and 1895, the largest number recorded since 1893. This increase appears to have been shared by every county in England and Wales.

A band, visiting an out-of-the-way village, was a source of amazement to the younger inhabitants, who all appeared to be more interested in the trombone than any of the other instruments.

There was a great deal of argument about this particular instrument, and to settle the matter one young villager went off to fetch the oldest inhabitant, who came hobbling along with two sticks. The old fellow stood gazing at the trombone player for some time, and then wheezed out: "Do what oi do tell'ee, and take no notice on en, there be a trick in't somewheres; 'e 'baint a swallering on en at all every time, I tell 'ee."

Learn to front the world bravely—everybody tosses a brick at a dog who hangs his head.

Keep a stiff upper lip in the race of life. The man who gets down in the mouth will soon be down under foot

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL. A DAY IN CAMP.

A little before 7 a.m. in a Camp one may see a solitary Guider hurrying across the field-calling the Cook Patrol-and then to the cookhouse to light the fire. On this particular morning the sun is shining brightly, and all goes well with the fire. At 7 a.m. Madam—the Camp Commandant appears at the flap of her tent and blows her whistle, the signal that day has begun. The Camp is soon a hive of busy bees, and the duties of the day are commenced in earnest. The Mess Patrol have to report to O.M. at 7.30, the Orderly Patrol must fetch the water, and the remainder of the Guides bring their bedding out to air and tidy their tents. At 8 a.m. the cookhouse is blown and immediately Guides spring from everywhere to the oak tree under which we have our meals. After breakfast all return to their tents to finish their work, except the Mess Patrol, who "wash the jugs and wipe the mugs and clear the crumbs away." Work is continued until 10 a.m., when, with the exception of the Cook Patrol, all attend prayers, followed by inspection. At this point hike parties start away for the hills, and the less energetic follow a track, and those who wish to do their work for badges remain in Camp; only the Cook Patrol remains on duty, and theirs is an arduous task, preparing and cooking for about 50 hungry folk. By 1 p.m. the trackers have returned, and once more sit under the oak tree. This time the weather prevents our staying out in the open; and just as we are in the middle of our dinner a storm comes, and we beat a hasty retreat to the marquees and finish the meal in peace. At 2.15 the rest hour whistle is blown, and silence reigns in the Camp for the space of one hour. In the evening we go out again, and meet the Hikers returning in time for supper. 8.15 is the best time of the day, for it is then that we hold our Camp fire singing-such a feature of camp life. In the next field the villagers are grouped to listen. After Camp fire we prepare for bed; at 9.30 "Taps" is sung from the tents, and then we sleep (?) until day breaks.

A GUIDER.

CHIPPENHAM.



This is a photograph of our Cashier, Mr. Edward Watts. Mr. Watts came to Chippenham when the old Wiltshire Bacon Curing Co., Ltd., commenced operations on the 20th July, 1891, so that he has just entered on his 37th year of continuous service. Mr. Watts is of a genial, kindly disposition, popular with both the indoor and outdoor staffs, and we hope he may be blessed with the best of health and spared to in due course complete his jubilee with us. Mr. Watts is well known and in great request locally as a reader in the Devonshire dialect, and also character studies from Dickens. He is a keen and enthusiastic supporter of the old English game of Bowls, and this year has the honour of being Captain of the Chippenham Town Club.

W.V.L.

Pigs have been in much better supply during the past few weeks, and our killings larger than for several months past. It is a pleasure to all concerned when we can record full time and occasional overtime, as everyone is happy and contented, and can work with much better spirit when business is brisk. We must hope that good numbers of pigs will continue to be available, and that we may soon be favoured with the spell of better and brighter weather, which is certainly very much overdue, when we can look forward with every confidence to a busy autumn.

We are pleased to be able to record further successes for our local horticultural enthusiast, Mr. Alfred Massey. At Calne and District Flower Show held on Wednesday, the 10th August, he entered eleven exhibits and carried off no less than 9 first prizes. As already mentioned, Mr. Massey's holding does not exceed ten perch,

and to secure 24 first and 4 second prizes at the Chippenham and Calne Shows within ten days is a record of which he may well be proud.

A PIE STORY.

A hungry fisherman, after a day's good sport on Dartmoor, came to a little cottage and asked to be supplied with refreshments.

"Ban't nothin' in tha' ouze but a pie, and I doan't spoase you'd care for 'e," said the woman of the house.

The angler assured her that pie would do capitally, and that it was, in fact, his great desire to sample a really genuine West Country pie.

The pie was brought in, and ample justice was done; and as the visitor sat back in his chair with an air of supreme satisfaction, he remarked to his host that he had rarely fared better.

"These pies are really delightful," said he, "and I am told you put all sorts of things into them—mutton, for instance, and chicken?"

"Yes," replied the housewife, "there's a bit of mutton in thicky pie an' a bit o' chicken too."

"And I notice" went on the tourist, "that you also put in fish."

"No, zur; there ban't no vish in un."

"Why, yes," said the tourist, "there must be, for here's the backbone of one" (holding it up).

Housewife inspects object in tourist's hands, and exclaims, "Lor, zur, if that ban't our Tommy's comb; us waz wonderin' where he'd a got to, an't zeed un for days."

* * * DUNMOW.

A few short stories sent along by Mr. E. Pallier, of Nottingham:—

Foreman: "Yes, I think you'll do; you can start now. Have you got your cards?"

Navvy: "Yes, I've got a pack with me, and I'll bring a dart board to-morrow."

An American visitor to London, on enquiring from a small boy the way to the Oval, received the following unexpected reply. "You takes a bus to the Circus, and then changes into an Elephant."

Teacher: "What is an island, Tommy?"
Tommy: "A place where the bottom
of the sea sticks up through the water."

"And how do you account for the fact that you have reached such a wonderful old age?" "Well, zur, I s'pose it be because I was born so long ago."

The following order was received from a way-back farmer by a Brisbane store-keeper:—

"Dear Sir"—Please send this guds at wons. 3 pounds raisints, 1 bag flower, 6 pounds suggar, 6 pounds rise, them butes sent aint the right butes, they is 9 and I takes 7, you must think I got feet like a blackfellows kanoos. I had a bad fire last toosday burning nearly all my grass and fritened the cows, old woman bin sic ever sins, 1 pound bakin soder, 1 packet cawn flower for groowl, they gawn off their milk and wont feed, 10 pound bakin, good bakin, no dride orse, like last time with ide a inch thick; 1 bag sugger; it gave it pertickler to the kangeruse and wallerbees, burned em rite out. 1 tin trekle, 6 tins jam. Tell the Butcher to send 10 pounds rostin beef and there bill, and I will seetil it when I cum in. All is well, baren the missus, and cows off there milk, and the two kids with the measles.

Opin your the same, as it leaves me at present. I box hanterbillyus pills, one packet spice, I tin pepper, and I coil barn wire, I grinstun, 6 pare bute lasses (strong wuns), 6 pound cheese, ded chees this time, last chees krorl orf the table. Tell the kemist to send bottle of kof cure for ole rone cow that is delekit. Jim fell orf cart last week and burst his trowsis. I tin korn mete, 4 bars sope, 4 pairs socks, for big fete, the bucket ya send lekes. Yours truly, I bottle panekiller.

We are sorry to lose Mr. L. Martin, who left us during August for Eastleigh. It is only about twelve months ago that he came to us from Ipswich, but he leaves behind very pleasant memories of his short stay with us. Mr. Martin has every good wish of the Dunmow staff, who hope that he will be happy in his new sphere of activities.

A cordial welcome is extended to Mr. F. Gale, who has arrived from Calne in his stead.

Mr. Martin met with a "might have

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

been very serious" motor accident whilst on his way to Cornwall, where he intended spending his holiday. We congratulate him on his lucky escape. After detention in hospital for three days, he was able to continue his journey by train (his motor cycle having been smashed up).

E.W.W.

PERSPECTIVE.

Fortunate is the man who sees all things in their correct proportion. There are those of us in whose minds the trivial matters of life occupy space that should be reserved for things of greater importance. Most often, it is not so much that we are "trivial minded" as that we view most things in a like manner, exaggerating the small occurrences and under-estimating the things that matter. Opportunities come and pass unrecognised, leaving life a repetition of mechanical routine. We may say, I think, that enthusiasm is the keynote of life; but no doubt excessive enthusiasm produces exaggeration—let me tell you a true story:

An American gentleman recently visited our local park; he was interested, so they say, in an ancient elm which had fallen through decay. I must not omit to tell you that this park is a pleasant park; a sylvan spot, where we may enjoy the flowers and the shady trees wherein sparrows chirp excitedly, fluttering and jostling each other

for best places.

Having said so much, let us return to

this gentleman from America; his impressions may interest us:—

"Folks come into this garden," says he grandly, "and hear the song of birds. Your birds put the notes over some, but they're not on a par with the birds of Wisconsin Mass. They ain't so fluent. In our national park at Wisconsin Mass, the little feathered galoots are sure IT for fluidity. Nature has done a good thing for the birds in Wisconsin Mass., and they're sure willing to do something good for nature."

We paused in the vicinity of the children's playground. "These round-a-bouts and swings," he said, "are good enough in their way, but think, Bo, of the energy that's wasted. In Wisconsin Mass, the kiddies that spin the round-a-bouts generate electricity for the radio station, an' if they don't go fast enough, the park janitor gives 'em

the rod-and," says he, "I don't care a cent. for your racecourse. There ain't a bronco in all the Yewunited States that would disgrace himself by running on such a track. Why, in our national park at Wisconsin Mass, we have a racecourse that'd turn you Britishers green with envy. Every fall we have a great trotting match. Boy! none of the gces that trot in the national park have tails; they run that fast that the wind just simply pulls the hair right out, an' leaves the bare stumps! and they're all that hot on form that nary a race ends with the hosses more'n half an inch behind one another. Last fall Dariel K. Hotchkiss entered his Spitfire Lizzie against Pete Brown's Wisconsin's Pride. In order to make real sure that the whole population turned out to support him, that nigger, Pete, dumped a pail of raw whiskey, with dippers, on the stump of an old oak in the park. The nigger's hoss would have won alright if some mean cuss hadn't pulled a peacemaker on him. The sight of Pete being carried away on a barn door was too much for his jockey, and Wisconsin Pride let out for the open prairie."

Yes, as I was saying, excessive enthusiasm sometimes leads to exaggeration.

W. GREENHALGH.

* * * HIGHBRIDGE.



In anticipation of the marriage of Mr. Hubert Charles Marsh with Miss Florence Dyer, which took place at St. Andrew's Church, Burnham-on-Sea, on Saturday, August 27th, Capt. Cyril Herbert Smith, on behalf of the management, staff, and

employees, presented Mr. Marsh with a Silver Plated Tea Service. Mr. Marsh has been a member of the staff for ten years, and he and his wife carry with them the esteem and best wishes of all.

* * *

IPSWICH. HARRIS PICNIC.

It was decided by the Ipswich staff to hold a picnic, and arrangements were accordingly made for Saturday, August 13th, when we proposed going to Walberswick, a small seaside village near Southwold. We counted the days to the 13th, and great excitement prevailed in the office. We suffered a keen disappointment, however, the day previous when we learnt that our chief—Mr. Bodinnar—was unable to accompany us. We had looked forward to his coming, and anticipated a jolly time with him in our midst.

At last Saturday came, and at two o'clock in the afternoon we sallied forth in motor-cars (kindly lent by members of the staff). It was a glorious afternoon; the sun shone brightly overhead, and everybody was in the highest of spirits. After an enjoyable drive we arrived at Walberswick shortly after three-thirty, feeling rather hungry; so, naturally, our first thoughts were for tea. One of the members of the staff had a relative at Walberswick, who very kindly helped with the tea arrangements, and to her we were indebted for the very merry meal we all enjoyed on the beach. After tea we all joined in games on the seashore, and, judging, by the merry shouts and laughter issued by our little party, everybody seemed as happy as "sandboys."

It was with regret that we climbed into the cars to make the homeward journey, but we are hoping that this is the commencement of many more jolly outings together.

[Our congratulations to Ipswich on what we hope is the forerunner of many happy gatherings. We commend the idea to our other friends. A small party can be as merry as a large one, given the correct community spirit—Ed.]

* * * * TIVERTON.

Mr. Herbert Roynon, of the Calne Office, acted as Manager of this Branch during Mr. Ash's absence on holiday.

REDRUTH.

W.O. writes:

"One is afraid nowadays to move very far For fear of being killed by a train or a car. A person's not sure of himself on his feet, Leave alone in a car doing fifty down the street.

[But where would the Cornish Riviera be if everybody took such a gloomy view of life?—Ed.]

TOTNES.

"THE SPEED LIMIT."

P.C. O'Connor stood in the witness box in all the glory of his uniform, and looked defiantly at the solicitor for the defence. The solicitor glared impatiently back at the constable, and snapped out, "You say my client was driving his car at an excessive speed. How fast was he going?"

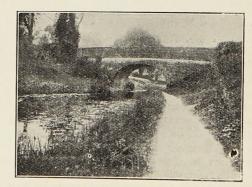
Without hesitation the constable replied, "Sure, sor, bedad, e' wor going so fast that 'e wor gone afore I saw 'im coming."

An inspector, entering a tram car, saw a passenger calmly sitting inside with a pipe in his mouth. Not noticing the pipe was unlit, the inspector stepped forward and the following dialogue was heard:—

Inspector: "Young man, do you know that smoking is not allowed in here?"

Passenger: "I'm not smoking."
Inspector: "Well, you've got your
pipe in your mouth, haven't you?"

Passenger: "Quite right, and I have also got my feet in my boots, but I'm not walking."



A Scene near Tiverton.

Just Ourselves. Between

THE Editor has hinted that he is waiting for copy for the September Magazine, and as he has said the word "September," it seemed to conjure up a vision of

what the month really means.

To some it may seem to foreshadow the end of the year, but to me, September means the most beautiful month of the year, when, the toil and rush of harvest over, the earth seems to have a little time for a rest before Winter comes, with storms and tempest.

The very name has a full, rich, lingering sound; you cannot clip it off short, but must give each syllable due consideration.

And, as is fitting during her month of rest after work, Earth dresses herself in her most gorgeous raiment, so that we look with wonder and admiration at her riot of beauty and the striking effects of her marvellous colour schemes. And yet she does not allow us to look all the time. Who of us has not been enchanted with a typical September morning, with its lacy cobwebs and heavy dews, and everything hidden under a curtain of mist except the nearest objects.

Even the wild things in the fields seem to be more contented and happy than at other times. Little birds hop quietly about over the fields, and squirrels, who have had such a busy time gathering their winter store, seem to consider they can stop for a moment to have a look at those strange things called "humans" who intrude into their woody solitudes.

To turn from Nature, however, to ourselves, may we not take a hint from her, and give ourselves a little breathing time before taking up our winter activities, to see and decide first, what our objective is; and, secondly, is it worth while?

Holidays for most of us are over, and we have come back invigorated and full of plans and hopes. And it is right that this should be so.

Whatever we decide to do, let us make up our minds that it shall be something which, when achieved, shall provide a good jumping-off place for further achievement, and we shall then feel that our time has not been wasted in meaningless trifles, but that we have at any rate begun the building of character which is the true test of life.

OUR COOKERY CORNER.

Mrs. Sewell, who ran the Cookery and Needlework Competitions so successfully in the Harris Flower Show last month, has kindly allowed me to use her Cake Recipe which was used in the Competition. Here it is :-

SULTANA CAKE.

Ingredients:

ilb. Flour.

ilb. Castor Sugar.

11b. Sultanas.

Grated rind of half a Lemon.

2ozs. Candied Peel.

1 teaspoonful Baking Powder.

A little Milk, if necessary.

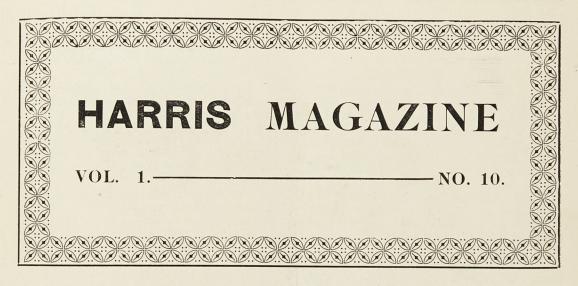
Method: - Sieve flour; clean sultanas and prepare fruit; cream butter and sugar; add flour and eggs by degrees, beating thoroughly; add fruit and baking powder last. The mixture should be of a consistency so as to drop easily from spoon, so, if necesssary, add a little milk. Turn into a prepared cake tin. Bake in moderate oven for 11 hours, but this time depends on heat of oven.

LIST OF WELDON'S BOOKS.

Children's Fashions, Ladies' Underwear, Illustrated Dressmaker, Home Milliner, Ladies' Journal, Jumpers in Artificial Silk, Flower Making, Crochet Matinee Coats for Children.

OUR MONEY BOX.

The Holiday Season is rapidly drawing to a close, and, in consequence, our "Withdrawals" Department is (metaphorically speaking) "enjoying a holiday." Depositors are rightly looking ahead (a number are casting their thoughts towards Christmas), and telling additions to the Deposit total during the remaining months of the year are assured. It is extremely gratifying to note, and record, the unfailing regularity of contributions from our numerous young friends. Keep it up!



OCTOBER, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

WELFARE WORK IN RELATION TO MODERN BUSINESS.

ROM earliest times men have tried to solve those difficulties which have arisen in their social consciousness by means of conferences. Calne, itself, was once the scene of a conference which ended, according to tradition, disastrously for the opposition and triumphantly for St. Dunstan. It is not with the historic nature of conferences, however, that we propose dealing this month. In September, a gathering of experts at Oxford, called together by the Industrial Welfare Society, considered the various problems connected with work-aday life and their reaction on life as a whole. One of the outstanding features of the conference was a declaration, made by a lady delegate, that "The demand for and satisfaction of the desires for education and recreation should be entirely apart from industry, and should not be stimulated officially. The workers should be allowed to go and find their own educational and recreational needs, and satisfy them in their own way."

With the subconscious idea which prompted this proposition, every employer and every employee in Britain will agree.

A conscription of leisure hours, to be used according to a schedule, will never prove acceptable to either masters or men; but equally bad is the idea that social life should be entirely divorced from business life. Twenty-five years ago employers, with the exception of a few pioneers, had hardly commenced to realise that their responsibility to society consisted of something more than merely providing employment. To-day, it is the rule rather than the exception, in big business undertakings, to find an intelligent interest taken in the general welfare of the worker. This change of attitude is generally acceptable, and results in a greater community of interest. This is all to the good, for, apart from national and deep personal issues, what greater appeal can anything make than the centre upon which one's food, clothing, and shelter depends?

It should not be taken for granted, however, that life, either commercially or socially, will resolve itself automatically into Utopia. The clash of temperaments and ideals is essential for the creation of everything which man requires physically, mentally, and spiritually. It is good, therefore, that in the battle of life there should be movements like the Industrial Welfare Society, capable and ready to advise on how some of the irritation and annoyance inevitable to business life can

be assuaged.

Between Ourselves.

A STARTLING question was put to me a few days ago by an American friend. He had been recounting some of the achievements of his country. We had talked of her immensely prosperous business organisations, of the contented and well-to-do workers, and the practical absence of unemployed.

We had considered her reductions in taxation and the well-nigh impregnable

national wealth and resources.

It had been pointed out to me how Germany, hard hit by the war, was recovering her position with persistent doggedness; of how Belgium had rebuilt her shattered towns and villages; and of the material advances made by France into realms that before the war were peculiarly those for English business.

And at the end of it all came his question: "What hope is there for England"?

I suppose it may be argued, on the face of things, that we have lost some of our records. The mind superficially thinks of how boxing-ring championships, swimming, running, tennis, and other blue ribbons of sport are not held by English people to the same extent as they once were.

We see how the produce of English coal fields is not now the only source of supply for foreign countries; we watch contracts that would have been previously ours passed over for lower figures submitted by foreign firms; and it is well that every thinking person should come right up against the stone wall of contemplation of the question asked by my American friend.

It was certainly implied by the manner of his speaking that there was no hope for

England.

Well, when a nation sends the flower of its manhood to battle, many of whom did not return, it is not to be wondered at that sporting championships are not so numerous as in the old days; and in considering that, and all the other questions raised in the challenge of my friend, we have to inquire whether a few years can have altered the material factors which made England what she was.

I was told before the war broke out that a great conflict was necessary to purify the character of England, and that, given such a conflict, she would arise, Phoenix-like, from the ashes of her dead self.

The war, and the economic conditions arising from it, have not altered the fundamental characteristics of England.

Upon our shoulders has been placed a tremendous burden of national debt and shattered trade and hopes. Slowly, but surely, the bowed backs of men are straightening up; vision is becoming clarified; and, with a gradual settlement of national conditions, the promise of the future is surely appearing.

The bulldog grit, the common sense, the "stickability," and the sense of humour which won our achievements in the past are still, in the main, with us, and there will be hope for England until England herself says there is no hope.

We have just re-won the mastery of the air—the gallant flight which brought us the

Schneider Cup.

Our brilliant Betty Nuthall is already held, even in America, as the coming tennis champion of the world.

The countless mills and factories, offices and homes of England have in them many a brain which, combined with a heart, will emulate the Crusader spirit in wresting the fair places of the land from the dismal prophecies of crank Jeremiahs.

British workmanship is still the best of its kind in the world, and British workmanship, if used with British brains in the spirit of general community interests, where each will think of the other and all will think of each, will yet carry England on to greater achievements than have yet been hers

The spirit of incurable optimism, backed by the righteousness of the cause, is surely the spirit in which to face the problems of our country, our own business, and our own particular job.

The sympathy of all our readers goes out to Mr. and Mrs. Hudson during their time of sorrow.



By The Way.

The craze, initiated by the London Press, for accosting mystery gentlemen with a view to relieving them of gifts in kind and money, has been taken up in an unorthodox manner by one of our Branch managers.

Returning home after a round of fun and frolic on Southsea beach, he espied an apparently familiar form approaching him. Marching up with both hands outstretched, he greeted the advancing one with a hearty "Good evening, Mr. Powney." The cool "I think you are mistaken, sir," was understood later when it became known that Mr. Powney was enjoying himself in the "Land of the midnight sun."

It was suggested to young ladies attending a sports conference in Calne that they should make their own kirtles and tunics. The meeting "plumped" for "ready-mades." Sister Susie's sewing seems shunned!

The display of Michaelmas daisies in one corner of North End has been remarkable. Rhododendron drives take second place compared with it.

We receive so many reports on cases of absentmindedness of a certain kind that it is quite refreshing to hear of one gentleman who was so engrossed by his job that the clock struck "One" before he came to earth. Alas! virtue does not always reap its due reward, and the clock struck several hours when our hero returned to a waiting wife and a cold dinner.

People are absent-minded! A young man tore his hair because his bicycle was missing from the cycle shed, and then suddenly remembered that he had walked to work in the morning.

* * *

The issue of "Curse Boxes" to augment the funds of a London hospital, and the subsequent controversy which has centred around Billingsgate, calls to memory a club which flourished in that district a century or so ago.

It was called the "Surly Club," and was established to keep up the genuine vernacular. Workers at the fish market,

coachmen and the like, met once a week to exercise in the art of fine language that they might not be at a loss to abuse those with whom they came in contact. If any member had by mistake uttered a civil expression, or was suspected to be corrupted with good manners, he was looked upon as an effeminate coxcomb, and most likely expelled from the club. This society erected a bumping post at Billingsgate to harden those members who were possessed of a cowardly fear of being kicked.

The proposed regular medical inspection of adults, and the increased efforts of the State to raise the standard of health in the country, will probably force the medical profession to adopt a new system of aportioning fees for attendance. The old method in China consisted of contracting to pay a physician a yearly fee so long as the client maintained a clean bill of health. As soon as illness appeared, the payments ceased. This system would prove satisfactory to all concerned.

As lately a sage on fine ham was repasting, He exclaimed to a friend, who sat silent and fasting,

"What a breakfast of learning is mine!"

"A breakfast of learning?" with wonder he cried,

"Why, what is it else?" the sage quickly replied,

"When I'm making large extracts from Bacon?"

We are sorry to note that contributions have not been sent by one or two Branches this month. News from our friends at other Factories is of great interest to our readers generally, and we hope that the "Friends Elsewhere" columns of the Magazine will continue to be one of its most interesting features.

By the time these lines appear in print we shall be well into the dark evenings. With the coming of winter one's thoughts turn to the fireside, and also convivial gatherings. We expect "Our Friends Elsewhere" expect to hold some evenings amongst themselves, and we shall be glad to receive accounts of such meetings, and so share in their enjoyment. At some places the idea of social meetings may not be practised. May we suggest that where

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

Digitised by Calne Heritage Centre

the numbers are small you invite one another to an evening at home. Adapt yourselves to a recent popular song, "Let's all go to Mary's house," and meet together and "have a real good time."

We do not, as a rule, take cognisance of anonymous contributions, but we must admit feeling intrigued by the following:—
"One of our keenest campanologists has turned his affections from bells to Daisy Belles."

A Pig Buyer sends the following hint on how to entrain a pig:—"Manoeuvre with the animal till you have got his snout in the proper direction facing the cattle truck, then pull his tail as though you wished him to come away, when, from that spirit of contrariness natural in pigs, he trots into the truck without further trouble."

To one of our young ladies, who is afraid of wasps:—

Your cheeks disclose the peaches' bloom, Your breath emits its sweet perfume, And honey's fragrant dew Is scattered on your coral lips, And this he wishes but to sip And taste a kiss from you.

The Bacon Order Department held their annual Outing to London on October 1st. Mr. F. I. Nash did not accompany the party, to the great regret of all concerned. After visiting the Zoo, the party broke up, one section visiting "The Capitol," the other making a tour of the city in the new double-decked omnibuses. Calne was reached in the early hours of the following morning, a very enjoyable day having been spent.

Customer: Hes t' meyt lowered?
Market Butcher: Oh, aye!
Customer: Ha mitch?

Market Butcher: About a farthing a ton.

Customer: Cost o' living coming daan, then, at finish. Well, gie me threepennorth of stake; an hes ta out for t' cat?

Market Butcher: By gum! that's a reyt shipping order, eh?

HAVE YOU EVER HEARD Of old Joe, who sold his fat pig to the butcher at an agreed price per stone, less head and feet? When he attended at the shop to witness the weighing of the carcass, he looked carefully at the scales, and then said: "He don't weight so much as I figured he might," and then added, after a pause, "and I never thought he would."

A Country Butcher writes:—A lady entered my shop last week, and asked if I had any veal. I said I was sorry I had not, but had some very fine spring lamb. Lady: What price? I said: Two shillings per pound, madam. Lady: Oh, well, give me a pennyworth of lites!"

HOW HE TOLD.

"Casey," said Pat, "How do you tell th' age of a fowl?"

"Oi can always tell by the teeth,"

said Casey.

"By the teeth?" exclaimed Pat; "but a fowl has no teeth!" "No," admitted Casey, "but Oi have!"

It happened in a respectable boarding-house:—

Landlady (as a fork accidentally falls on the floor): Ah! That means there's a stranger coming.

Boarder (tired of continual fish): Perhaps it's the butcher.

SOMEBODY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE.

There are thousands to tell us it cannot be done;

There are thousands who prophesy failure; There are thousands to point out to you, one by one,

The dangers that wait to assail you. But just buckle in with a bit of a grin, And take off your coat and go to it;

Just start in to sing as you tackle the thing That cannot be done, and you'll do it.

Mr. A. Firminger, London, sends as the following interesting problem:—

A boy asked his father the time. The father's answer was this:—

Three quarters of an hour ago it was twice as many minutes past four as it is to

Mr. Firminger has promised us the answer for next month's issue, but no doubt many of our readers will anticipate it.

A correct solution of the "Can"

Problem set in our September issue has been received from Mr. J. A. Chidgey, of London.

The answer is:-

	Short.	Long
First Day	 63	9
Second Day	 64	8

GETTING A RISE.

The Assistant: Excuse me, Mr. Blank, but I should esteem it a favour if you would

give me an increase of salary.

Master Butcher: Oh, is that it? Well, the position, so far as I am concerned, is this: If you were half as good as the difference between what you are and what you think you are, you might be worth it, so crack that nut first."

The assistant is still trying to crack it!

* * * * BUTCHER'S STORY.

A woman was buying meat at a street stall. A previous purchase from the same butcher had evidently not given her satisfaction. "I want a pound o' steak," she said," and I want a steak as we can get our teeth into." "Yes, madam," said the butcher soothingly. "Yus," replies the woman, "The bit o' steak you sold me Saturday was that tough I could 'ave soled my 'usband's boots wi' it." "Well, why didn't you?" replied the butcher angrily. Quick as a flash came the retort: "So I would if I could have got the tacks to go through it."

Don't wait until the iron's hot,
But make it hot by muscle,
Don't wait for the wealth you haven't got,
But off with that coat—and hustle.

As we go to press we learn that the Ladies Hockey Team have challenged the Cricket Club to a game of Hockey. In their pride they have offered to provide hockey sticks, liniment, and bandages free. We think it a great pity the Calne Motor Ambulance is not yet in operation! As we hear rumours of tea being provided we are arranging for our special correspondent to be present. We hope that a big crowd of enthusiastic supporters will make Lickhill ring with their stentorian efforts.

DYING SUMMER.

Summer lies a-dying,
And in every tree
Its sighs, with those of Autumn,
Are blending dismally.

Spring has long been forgotten, Summer has had its day, Now it lies feebly breathing Its lovely life away.

The artistic hand of Autumn
Is softly creeping in;
Unseen, unheard, unseemingly
Its beautiful work to begin.

Painting Summer garlands
Into a brighter hue,
Autumn, the world's great artist,
Its great destroyer, too.

It plucks the flower's petals,
Tosses them to the breeze,
Tires of the leaves it has painted,
And nips them from off the trees.

Oh! cruel, cruel, Autumn,
What does your triumph bring?
A fleeting satisfaction
That dies at sight of Spring.

E. Howse.

The snail's speed limit is about half-amile a week.

The thinnest and toughest leather is obtained from the frog.

French beans are not French. They come from South America.

* * *

Blood passes through the heart at the rate of seven miles an hour.

Do something. Methusalah lived to be nine hundred years old, and very little else is known of him.

During the act of sneezing, the muscular system all over the body receives an impulse, over fifty muscles in all being affected.

* * *

Eugene Aram was a learned London school usher who was hanged for a Knaresborough murder fourteen years after the crime was committed.

RUBBER.

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UBBER—the commodity of a thousand and one uses-although known for the last two hundred years, was not believed to be of any commercial value, nor brought to England for any commercial purposes until 1770, the same year as the birth of our Firm, and even then very little was done with it until Charles Mackintosh discovered that by varnishing material with it in solution form, it made the cloth impervious to water or rain. Since then scientists have discovered means of hardening and vulcanising it and treating it in so many different ways that not only does every factory use it in some way or another, but it has become a life necessity.

The chief source of rubber was the Amazon; but a few years ago the seeds of the tree "Hervea Bresilensis," which produces the finest grade, were brought to England and planted at Kew, where the botanist carefully nursed the small plants before shipping them East to start the plantations which have been laid out there in the most up-to-date labour-saving form. Although this transportation of trees was made in recent years, the East has now become the producer of the greater part of

Rubber is the sap or latex of the tree, and is found between the bark and the trunk; and to procure it, or tap it, a nitch is made in the bark and the tree bleeds into a small tin cup, which is placed below. The contents of all these cups are collected in large rubber or hide bottles. To coagulate this latex or milk it is poured slowly over a revolving stick, underneath which there is a smouldering fire of leaves and nuts, and the smoke solidifies it. When a ball, or "pelle," as it is called, is thus made, it is slid off the stick and ready for transport to the coast, where it is cut up and graded.

Of course, Crepe Rubber, of which we see so much to-day, is an Eastern production coagulated by the very latest methods that science can supply; and this, combined with plantations laid out in orchard form, which simplifies the gathering and working, tends to minimise the cost of production. Against this, the Amazonian has to search the forest for the trees, coagulates at any spot when he has collected sufficient, and then transport it to the nearest river bank

to wait the passing of a launch to carry it down to Town, and he will do this, day in day out, for months until his stock of provisions runs out, and then he himself goes down to receive payment for what he has gathered, and buy another three or six months' supply of tinned goods and another gun and some ammunition.

Although this Scringueiro (the name the man is known by) is cut off from all news and amusement, his life is relieved of monotony by the fact that the forest abounds with animals, reptiles, and insects of every shape, size, and form of ugliness, and every one of which, without exception, bites or stings, so his hands are never idle.

A similar latex, but from a different family of plant, is ba'ata; and when science has conquered the treatment of this product there is every possibility of its superseding rubber in its variety of uses and value in the commercial world.

OUR MONEY BOX.

. The Savings Scheme Secretaries report continued progress during the past month. After holidays have been provided for and various other contingencies happily met, the amount of deposits shows a considerable increase on last month's total.

The book-keeper of the Scheme (who, by the way, hails from Aberdeen) points out that many of our depositors have standing to their credit fractions of a £1 which a slight contribution would make interest-bearing. He mentions one such depositor having 19s. 6d. odd money since January 1st, and shows that a deposit of 6d. would have earned 1s. 2d. interest by the end of the year.

The facilities for the purchase of 6d. stamps make neglect of this kind inexcusable, and a word to the wise will no doubt be sufficient.

3, York Villas, Calne, Wilts.

The helpful kindness and sympathy, shewn by our friends, during the illness of our little girl, was a source of great comfort to my wife and myself. We are indeed very grateful.

G. H. Hudson.

Old Totnes.

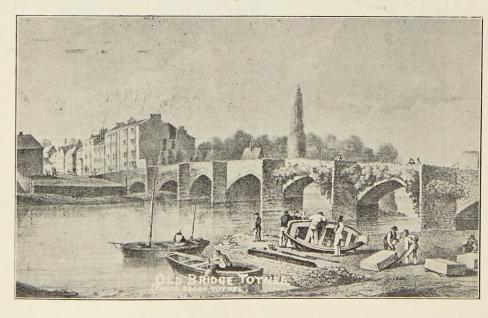
Our picturesque town boasts of great antiquity, being probably the most venerable town in England. Although the early history of Totnes is somewhat obscure, there is a tradition that Brutus the Trojan landed here, and a large granite pebble marks the supposed spot of landing. The story says that on reaching this spot Brutus exclaimed:

"Here I stand and here I rest,

And this place shall be called Totnes." Although doubts have been thrown on the legend, it appears that in olden days the name "Totnes" applied to the whole southern promontory of Devon, and it seems probable that Totnes did witness the arrival of some of these early colonisers. The ancient records show that the town has been called various names — Totenis, Totonese, Toutaness, and Dodonese, signifying a rocky or projecting place; but, regardless of its name, this place seems to have been associated with the early history of Great Britain. There was a Mint here at least as early as 979 A.D. There exists two collections of coins from this Mint, one at Stockholm, and one in the Council Chamber here, which consists of 14 silver pennies of the time of Ethelred (978-1016). Totnes was the second largest Borough

in Devon, and it is stated that the Roman fosseway began here.

When William the Conqueror distributed lands, the town of "Totenaise." as it was then called, was bestowed upon Joel, who figures in history as Judhel (also spelt Judhael), and the castle, of which a picture has appeared in a previous issue of the Magazine, is the successor of the one he built near the church. Judhel also founded the St. Mary's Priory, portions of which still survive. After passing through various hands the Lordship of Totnes was finally sold to the Seymour family, who still own a great deal of the property around here. At the time of the Domesday Survey. Totnes was a walled town, and from a rough census taken in 1702 the population was computed at 1,200, and a century later it had increased to over 3,000, whilst the last census gave the figure at 4,052. The Borough was granted a Charter in 1206 A.D.. authorising the foundation of a Guild Merchant, and a roll with the names of the members is dated 1260 A.D. The Guild continued to the time when it developed into a Corporation. A complete list of Mayors exists from 1377 A.D. Under the Charter granted by Queen Elizabeth in 1596 the Corporation consisted of 14 masters and councillors, and this form of government continued until the Municipal Corporation Act of 1835. Totnes was one of the few towns which sent members to Parliament as early as the



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thirteenth century. The list of names of local men who have played a conspicuous part in the nation's history is too lengthy for insertion here.

The Parish Church of St. Mary, a structure of great architectural beauty, is of great interest to visitors. As will be seen by the illustration, the church has a cloistered walk in front, but owing to its delapidated state this was removed in 1878, and the granite pillars now support the outside canopy of the Guildhall. The earliest record of the existence of a church in Totnes is in the Charter of Judhel, the Norman baron. This church was subsequently rebuilt, and the new one consecrated in 1249 A.D. This was again rebuilt 200 years after; the present place of worship therefore dates from the fifteenth century. The tower of the present church is in the early perpendicular style, and rises to a height of 120 feet. It is crowned by four lofty octagonal pinnacles. During a thunderstorm in 1634, and again in 1799, the south east pinnacle was struck by lightning and thrown down; this was restored in 1801, but in 1869 the same pinnacle again fell, and narrowly excaped doing serious injury to the organ. There are numerous items of interest in this fine old Church,

both from an antiquarian and modern point of view; particularly the magnificent stone screen dating from 1450, which has been stated to be the grandest stone screen of its date existing in any Parish Church in England.

Other interesting reminders of old Totnes which are still existing are the Castle, to which reference has been made; the North and East Gates, dating from the time when the town was walled in; the Guildhall, formerly a portion of the priory of St. Mary, founded by Judhel; and the old Butter-Walk, which is shown in the illustration, several of the pillars of which date from the 15th century. It was in the Butter-Walk in the olden days that the "hose of fine Totnes" was sold, the town being then one of the chief clothing marts of the Kingdom. The age and history of the old bridge shown in the illustration is somewhat vague, and we cannot write with any accuracy thereon. The building of the present bridge was commenced a century ago, and took nearly two years to complete, being opened for traffic in 1828. From this bridge steps descend to the pleasant pleasure ground known as the Island, which is thrown open to the public, and during sunny days persons may recline



THE BUTTERWALK, TOTNES.

(We are indebted to Mr. S. J. Veasey, Printer, Totnes, for the loan of this illustration).

in the shade under the spreading elm and chestnut trees. In closing this article we desire to make reference to the ancient Mill. of which our firm are now the owners. It is generally believed that this Mill dates back for at least a thousand years; certainly there is facing our offices a very fine arch of the Norman period, and which, with the surrounding wall, was part of the very old Mill. The present Mill building is considered to be at least 500 years old, and probably much older, as in the records at the Guildhall of a break away of the water from the Dart in 1500 it is there referred to as "the very ancient Mill of Totnes."

W.J.T.

Sense.

Seventy-six bridges still in use in England were built before the year 1750.

The smallest cows in the world, found in the South Sea Islands, are only 4 feet high.

So is a solution from the bark of the soap tree.

Pepys' Diary was written in shorthand, and had to be deciphered after the diarists' death.

The English Channel was crossed by air for the first time in 1785, by Blanchard, in a balloon.

The human heart makes 10 beats per minute fewer when the body is in a lying position than when upright.

* * *

A worm's body consists of over 100 segments, which are furnished with tiny bristles, enabling it to wriggle along.

So valuable was the Mexican cacao bean fifty years ago that the population used it as money. One bean passed for a cent.

* * *

Kippers are sold in pairs because after curing the fish are placed with the two inside surfaces together for protection in packing.

Nonsense.

Shop Assistant (selling dog-trough): Would you like one with "Dog" painted on it, madam?

Customer: No, thanks. You see, the dog can't read, and my husband doesn't drink water.

The costermonger smiled happily at the thought that his donkey was enjoying a free feed.

"You're a good little girl to be so kind to a dumb friend," he said. "But who gave you those carrots?"

The little girl also smiled happily, "I took them from the back of your barrow," she said, simply.

It was the local flower and vegetable show, and one of the residents of the little hamlet carried off the first prize for cauliflowers with a magnificent specimen.

"That's a fine one," said a friend, admiringly, "dang me if I don't offer you two bob for it."

"Nothin' doin'," replied the prizewinner, unguardedly; "I gave half-a-crown for it myself."

A Scotsman, undergoing a Naval examination, was asked to describe different electric batteries, among them one named "The Daniel cell."

Jock's reply was: "About Daniel's cell very little is known, but it is generally supposed to have been a bare den, furnished with lions. As Daniel is dead, and the lions are dead, what on earth is the good of raking up an old story?"

A certain man was struggling upstairs with a huge roller mangle. His wife asked him what he was going to do with it.

"Paint it," he said.

"Well" said the wife "there is no need to to take it upstairs, is there?" "Of course there is," he replied, "the paint is up there, isn't it?"

Poppy Day, 1927.

The Poppy Day Appeal was instituted by Lord Haig in 1921 as a means of raising money to alleviate distress existing amongst ex-Service men of all ranks, their dependants, and the widows and children of the fallen.

The Flanders Poppy was chosen as it was believed that there could be no more appropriate emblem than the flower which grew in such profusion on the temporary graves of England's dead on the battlefields of France and Flanders.

That it was the appropriate flower, and that the cause was a worthy one, cannot better be substantiated than by saying that when the first Appeal was made on November 11th, 1921, with barely six weeks for preparation, and the merest skeleton of the present organisation, £106,000 was subscribed by the British public on the one day.

Since 1921 the Appeal has been increasingly successful, the following being the yearly totals up to and including 1926:—

 1921
 ...
 £106,000

 1922
 ...
 £204,000

 1923
 ...
 £259,000

 1924
 ...
 £350,000

 1925
 ...
 £395,000

 1926
 ...
 £435,000

What of 1927? The needs of distressed ex-Service men are very great. They tend, with the passing of the years, to increase rather than diminish; and the claims upon the resources of Lord Haig's Fund are particularly heavy just now. Will this year's total exceed the half-million? It is possible if everyone will help just a little more.

CALNE BRANCH.

Will you help Calne and District to do their share towards providing the extra £65,000 required to raise the total collection for 1927 to the half million?

Last year the sale of Flanders Poppies in Calne alone realised the splendid sum of £38 17s. 10d., and Church and Memorial Service collections, £14 13s.

This year our aim is to pass all previous records. Up to 80 per cent. of the amount collected is returned, if required, by British Legion Headquarters for the assistance of our own necessitous ex-Service men and dependants; so the more we send up the

more we shall receive back for distribution through our local Relief Committee.

On behalf of the Committee,

R. P. REDMAN, Chairman.

CULTIVATION.

"How much more readily weeds grow than flowers." The remark was made in a garden, and the gardener nodded. "Weeds are natural," he said, "flowers have to be cultivated;" and then went on to "point a moral and adorn a tale." "Its the same with all of us men and women. The things that come up easiest in us are useless, and may be noxious, like weeds. Bad qualities seem to be natural. Good qualities have to be cultivated like flowers."

A mind that is neglected, a character left to form itself, will soon become, if not evil, ill-shaped and unprofitable. Hard to drag up the growths due to neglect, they plunge their roots deep; seldom can they be entirely eradicated. Hard, too, sometimes to be patient and persistent in the planting and keeping alive of intelligent interests, sound taste, the nobler kinds of emotion. These do not, as the gardener said, seem to be natural; they have to be "raised." But the effort is well worth while

As a garden gay with tulips, tender-with forget-me-nots, brilliant with golden abyssum and Siberian wallflowers, contrasted with a ragged patch of nettle and burdock and rank grasses, so is a man or woman of culture, trained intellect and kindly manners contrasted with a neglected and uncultivated mind. Each is the result of steady, long, continued toil.

THREE THINGS.

Three things to love—Courage, gentleness, and affection.

Three things to hate—Cruelty, arrogance, and ingratitude.

Three things to govern—Temper, tongue, and conduct.

Three things to cultivate—Good books, good friends, and good humour.

Three things to delight in—Goodness, uprightness, and purity.

Lastly—Don't be disheartened if you fail once or twice in any of the above. Set them as a standard and keep on trying. You'll succeed in the end!

Field Marshal Earl Haig

asks that everyone will wear and pay generously for a

Flanders Poppy



on

Remembrance Day

NOVEMBER 11th.

So helping those on whose behalf he appeals—distressed ex-servicemen, their dependents, and the widows and children of the fallen.

The generosity of the public on Remembrance Day 1926 resulted in a splendid total of £435,000

WILL YOU HELP TO MAKE THIS YEAR'S TOTAL £500,000? AN INCREASED INCOME IS GREATLY NEEDED.

Donations should be sent to Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E. Organising Secretary, Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 26, Eccleston Square, London S.W. 1.

A Garden of Eden.

was passing a few days ago the "Garden of Eden," and was tempted to enter, attracted first by the peculiar wording of the sign-post pointing towards a gateway some distance up a rough drive way.

The garden in question a few years ago was simply a waste in every sense. For long years clay had been dug for making bricks and tiles, until large pits and mounds, with occasional stagnant ponds, remained as evidence of a once prosperous village industry.

Nature, in her effort to re-assert herself, brought forth brambles and nettles until the whole of the area was a wilderness, impenetrable to man, but the happy playground of a host of rabbits and birds.

The owner, Mr. F. Rout, of Banham, is worthy of the gratitude of the community for the wonderful transformation he has effected as the result of eight years toil, not forgetting, also, the village postman, his able assistant. So famous has the garden now become in the district that visitors from far and near make a pilgrimage to it. They are welcomed by Mr. Rout, and help to swell the Hospital funds by their gratuities, some hundreds of pounds already having been forwarded.

Photographs have been taken (one of which I have sent our Editor), but they fail to give any idea of the landscape effect or the beauty in colour arrangement of the flower patches—I cannot call them beds, the arrangement is too natural.

As one would expect, ramblers and pillar roses are used extensively, trained to form pretty bowers or over pergolas to give pleasing effect.

À bed of convolvulus is seen making a bold bid for attention by its mass of colour; whilst another effect comes from that corner occupied by Nemesia en masse.

A well-kept grass walk is most effectively bordered with that very charming annual dianthus, whilst an area devoted to double galliardia attracts interest. Mignonette, lavender, and all the old-world sweet-scented flowers, though perhaps not beautiful to look upon, add their peculiar charm by fragrance.

There are fruit trees as well! A Garden of Eden must certainly have apples.

These are trained in interesting ways, and this is the first time I have seen horizontal cordons. These are planted on the edge of the pit, and are trained over on wires destined to give, before long, shade and shelter to the walks underneath.

How about the serpent? Well, that's there, too. It's sad to know that visitors have been tempted to take the fruit, much to the vexation of the owner, who gives us the pleasure of a ramble without fee or reward to himself.

Children, as well as the grown-ups, can enjoy the garden immensely. The underground passage of forty yards or so, leading from one pretty pit to another, gets all the voting. The bend in the middle, in absolute darkness, is uncanny, to say the least. A whisper becomes a ghostly breath, whilst the effect of a shout needs only to be imagined. It makes one feel they must hug very tight until they see the glimmer of light like a small rabbit hole at the other end.

An overhead walk, built of war salvage in the nature of airship struts, is very appealing. From here can be viewed the landscape and watch kept over other visitors wending their way through the gardens or climbing the spiral steps of stone from the bottom of the pits. A lily pond in one of these is being designed.

The cosy caves, where one can rest after arduous climbs, are ingenuity itself, and give pleasing effect, cut as they are out of solid clay, lined with concrete and rubble from an aerodrome, and held together by disused cart-wheel strakes, taken from the familiar old-iron heap in the stackyard.

(It was in one of these caves that I took Mr. Rout into my confidence, and discussed with him the nature of my business. I made him aware that there was such a thing as an outside world, troubled by fluctuating pig prices; that Messrs. Harris (Ipswich), Ltd., existed; and that we welcomed deliveries of pigs from his farms).

Oh, I must not forget the font. At one time this font occupied a position in Banham Church, and is extremely old. Hewn out of natural stone, without ornamentation, it is perhaps the most beautiful, and attracts the admiration of the antiquarian.

Throughout the whole of the garden, salvage is turned to good account. Even the worn-out and familiar milk churns, pensioned off and bought at the modest sum of sixpence each, are brought into more

restful service for the reception of occasional rubbish left by visitors.

I was turned out of the Garden of Eden—not by the owner, but by a violent thunderstorm—and wended my way to the car to find it almost mired.

I had learned many lessons. It has been said that if a scientist can make two blades of grass grow where only one existed before he is a benefactor to mankind. This is perfectly true. I am certain that a man is equally a benefactor who has the soul and industry to beautify his surroundings for the benefit and pleasure of others.

J. E. Smith, Ipswich.

* * *

"THE PORKER'S SIN."

WHEN IT WANDERED INTO BRISTOL CATHEDRAL.

One of the best "house" Magazines issued in Bristol is that published for the staff and employees of Messrs. J. S. Fry and Sons, Ltd. It is full of interesting reading and illustrations. One paragraph in the September number is as follows:— "We often wonder what the policeman on point duty at the bottom of Union Street would do if the clock were suddenly put back twenty-five years and he suddenly found himself surrounded by a huge drove of pigs. Yet Nelson Street was frequently made impassable by pigs in those days, especially on Wednesdays and Saturdays, after the arrival of the Irish Boats at Cumberland Basin. In this connection an amusing (and perfectly true) story is told:

One Wednesday morning, in the early days of the present century, a huge drove of pigs was coming up Hotwell Road, conducted by an Irish Catholic drover with a big stick and a very correct sense of behaviour. When the drove arrived at College Green, one very large porker wandered into the entrance to Bristol Cathedral. Instantly the Catholic drover, with blazing eyes, was after him—all his religious instincts violated by this gross piece of backsliding. 'Come out of that, ye dirty baste,' he roared, 'have I brought yez all the way from Cork for ye to turn a Prothestant on me at the latther ind?' And catching the backslider a mighty whack on 'his latther ind' he drove him back into the path of propriety and righteousness."

Photographic Notes.

When films and plates are developed and prints made, there is usually a chance of improving the photograph by trimming it. With a small camera not possessing a focussing screen, it is impossible to ensure that only the subject required will appear on the print, particularly in the case of snapsnots. In fact, the small viewfinder usually provided with roll film cameras makes it dangerous to give the whole film to the subject or person snapped, for if this is done there is a probability that something will be missing in the photograph. See, therefore, that sufficient margin is given, but cut it off when the print is made. Many photographs are greatly improved by trimming off unnecessary sky or foreground.

Do not blame the chemist if the photographs turn out badly. Grey and flat prints are almost invariably due to badly exposed negatives.

Pointing the camera at a beautiful scene and pressing the button will not necessarily produce a beautiful photograph. The camera does not see as the eye. Its range is limited, and it is far less selective. The camera sees all and records all with a fidelity that may have disastrous result. Some selectivity is therefore essential. For instance, a lamp post can be avoided by moving the camera a foot or so to one side. Similarly obtrusive objects which would fill the foreground of the photograph are often reduced in importance by moving back.



Three of the Best.

Round the Town.

"I sent a letter . . . " so runs the opening sentence of the children's party rhyme. A gentleman in the northern suburbs of the Town did the same recently, and "dropped it . . . " in the hedge on the right side of the pillar box. A kindly burgess retrieved it in the morning and placed it where the sender thought he had put it on the previous evening shortly after ten o'clock.

Our informant refuses to divulge the name of the addressee, so all the young men of North End who send letters, and the young ladies elsewhere who receive them, can rest assured that the matter is definitely

Quite a sensation was caused recently in local gardening circles at a remarkable growth which made its appearance in our enthusiast's cabbage patch. In a more mature state the manifestation was "diagnosed" as a sage bush. Fortunately the vounger generation have forgotten the old wives' tale that in families where sage bushes flourish a certain person of a certain sex is usually the predominant partner.

It hardly seems credible that the Rev. W. H. J. Page has been preaching for seventy years. Mr. Page can recount much from those pages of history which have been turned over during his lifetime. Especially vivid are his memories of the seventies and the Franco-Prussian War. In spite of the storm and stress of over eighty years on the sea of life, Mr. Page maintains a grip of things which is astounding. His sense of humour is still keen, and the writer remembers his hearty laugh when a speaker at a public meeting referred to him as "Johnny Walker —still going strong."

The Calne Players will present "Tilly of Bloomsbury" in November.

We have no desire "to put the breeze up" anybody, but the quantity of iodine and bandages that some of the village football teams are purchasing is simply appalling.

The Harris (Calne) Minstrel Troupe made their first public appearance this season at the Picture Palace on September 22nd. It was the occasion of Mr. Bryant Walter's benefit, and the audience were in gala mood. Judging by the enthusiastic applause, this Troupe is becoming very popular in Calne. Every item was thoroughly enjoyed and encored. Whilst not wishing to single out any individual performer, we must say that once again "Herbie" was the hit of the evening. The absence of the genial corner-man (Mr. G. H. Hudson) was noticeable, but we congratulate Mr. G. Patterson on filling a difficult role at short notice. He played up well to the popular "Alec" MacLean. Mr. Stephens, Miss Davis, and Miss Fennell appealed to the audience in their various songs, and Massa Johnson (Mr. Ashman) ably controlled his Troupe, which was very well balanced. Mr. W. Walters' humorous interlude was much appreciated.

We have approached several of our older hands with a view to obtaining an authentic record of November the fifth celebrations of other days. Whilst admitting that a bonfire of purloined faggots was ignited on "The Green," they one and all deny taking part in the "scrounging" for faggots "Plezee, sur, twerden oi, twer tother chap!'

Our Musical Correspondent writes as follows:-"I hope that success will attend the Town Band's efforts to raise sufficient funds to pay for the new instruments which they have acquired. All the young members have received valuable instructions on the care of their cornets and trombones; so much so that one youthful member turned up to practice the other evening without his instrument. He had left it home because it was raining and he did not want to get it wet. The practice piece on that particular evening was 'Drifting and Dreaming'.'

Talking of bandsmen reminds us of a pre-war musician who stored his choice garden seeds in a double bass . . . Success to our Band!

Earthquakes are felt more on the surface than below it, according to scientists, because the motion often resembles a wave.

Wood may be preserved indefinitely by keeping it perfectly dry or submerged in still water, to prevent attacks of insects.

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. MAURICE HOLLEY.



Mr. Maurice Holley joined the old Firm of Charles Harris and Company on 13th February, 1888.

His experience has covered most of the Departments of the business at Calne. He succeeded his father of the same Christian name on his retirement through ill health in 1904 as head of the No. 1 Accountancy side. He was afterwards appointed Assistant-Secretary and later Secretary of Chas. and Thos. Harris & Co., Ltd., and on the formation of the present Company was made General Office Manager.

Of a bashful disposition generally, Mr. Holley possesses great ability and tact. His friendship and loyalty are greatly prized by those who are fortunate enough to possess them. His enthusiasm for our growing business increases as the years pass. He is the worthy son of a great man, and none of us who know him can fail to appreciate the sterling qualities of his graceful character.

China has a mountain of alum 1,000 feet high.

Greeks and Turks used the seeds of horse chestnuts for curing glanders and other ailments of horses. Hence the name "chest-nut."

The crow population of the United States is estimated at 200,000,000. Each bird is believed to cost the farmers a dollar a vear.

Sport.

HARRIS CRICKET CLUB.

FIRST XI. FINISH THE SEASON WITH A GOOD WIN.

On Saturday, September 3rd, we paid a visit to Castle Combe, a place to which we are always glad to go, not only for the cricket, but for the beautiful surroundings.

Our friends having won the toss elected to bat, but in spite of a good start, in which they made 41 runs for 3 wickets, their total only reached 49, the result proving that our bowlers for the day were well on the work and our fielding excellent.

Owing to the call of football and holidays, several of our players were unable to turn out, but we were lucky in securing the services of three members of the Town Club.

We found the Castle Combe ground quite a difficult place to score on, and boundaries were very scarce. We, however, managed to pass our opponents' total for the loss of four wickets, and with six wickets still to fall we closed the innings for 60.

We were entertained to a splendid tea,

which was much appreciated.

In seconding a vote of thanks to the donor of the tea, which had been proposed by the home captain, our captain for the day paid a tribute to the sportsmanship of the home team, and remarked that the Harris Club always looked forward to the game at Castle Combe with the greatest pleasure.

The last two fixtures of the season against Stothert & Pitt had to be cancelled owing to that club being unable to raise a

Thus a very successful season came to an end.

W.P.

TENNIS.

We have endured a further spell of 'summer' weather during the past month, and no play has been available.

A Meeting of the Committee will be held during October, when the season's activities

will be reviewed.

We should like to say how very encouraging it has been to notice the enthusiastic way in which beginners have taken up the game. Considering the fact that many of the players had not handled a tennis racquet before, the standard of play at the end of the season was remarkable, and with more favourable weather conditions next year, we are hoping to give the game an added interest in the form of a series of tournaments.

CALNE & HARRIS UNITED F.C.

The introduction of the handling code to Calne this season has caused confusion amongst some of our rural supporters. On Saturday evening last, one of these said to me, "How has Calne got on to-day?" I informed him that they won 8 to 4. He replied, "I meant the Town, not the Rugby Club." However, he was delighted to know that the result was correct.

The results during the past month certainly read more like Rugger than Soccer. Twenty-one goals have been scored by Calne, and twenty-two by opponents. Against Swindon Victoria a very sporting game was witnessed, and Calne felt very content with one point from such formidable opponents.

A visit to the Airmen at Netheravon resulted in a fine win by 5 goals to 4. It cheers one to visit Netheravon. They and their spectator comrades always play the game in a true sporting way. We look forward to their visit early in January next.

What of the next match?

After the two previous away matches, to travel to Salisbury to play the City did not tend to make us optimists, but of one thing we were certain, and that was to bring back some "Kudos."

The game coincided with one of the rare fine days, and the manner in which our boys played will long be remembered. Salisbury City could not make much impression in the first half, but superior training told, and in the end they won by 6 goals to 2. Several prominent Wiltshire F.A. officials witnessed the match, and were all agreed that it was one of the finest displays seen on the ground.

Our first home match with Devizes created much surprise amongst our supporters. After having the greater part of the game, we were beaten by 4 goals to 2. All the Devizes goals were scored by Strudley, and were fully deserved by this real intelligent and sporty player. Unfortunately, Harris was injured and had to retire, "Chopper" donning the jersey temporarily. What prompted him, I suppose, was the fact that

he fancied himself a "Guardsman" again. No offence, Randolph!

We were all pleased to see Harris return, and that his injury was not serious.

The reverse at home would appear tohave served a good purpose. The game at Westbury was quite a ding-dong affair. We were down 4-3 at half-time, but recovered and won 8-4, all the forwards scoring for Calne.

It is very gratifying to see the players turn up on Thursday evenings for regular training and chats on the game.

MEREDITH.

RUGBY.

All Rugby enthusiasts will be glad toknow that Calne is at last to have a Rugby Club of its own.

The first game, and Calne did not lose! Again and again did the Swindon men storm the line, only to be frustrated by the strength of the backs, who tackled the man in possession of the ball and brought him down, often within inches of the line. James, the Bath full back, was a tower of strength, always cool and collected, ever in the right place, and not afraid to get down to his man and tackle him low. Of the game itself there are very few incidents to report. J. H. Gillett, the captain, engineered two or three capital openings for his three-quarter line toget going, and some delightful passing was seen, but he and his men were too well marked for much ground to be made. In the second half practically all the play was confined to the Calne end. There was very little open play; once the Swindon threes got going, swinging the ball about in beautiful style, and a try seemed inevitable, but again James brought his man down and found touch in a masterful style. It would be invidious to praise or blame any of the players so early in the season, but if Calne will only play the game as well all through the season, then success is assured. The forwards, ably led by G. Maundrell, played a capital game, although very much outweighted in the scrums, and at a great disadvantage in the line out. The game ended in a draw with no score by either side. "SCRUM."

A new organ, built in America, has 640 stops. A man who recently purchased a second-hand car says he can beat that

"VOT YOU TINK."

I recently spent an evening with a friend of mine who had just come down from town for a few days. Our conversation turned from one thing to the other, when, quite suddenly, he said to me, "Have I ever told you of the experience I had about six months ago?" I said, "No, what was it in connection with?

"Well," he said, "it was like this: one evening in town I boarded a bus just outside Charing Cross station to go to Piccadilly Circus. We had not gone far when a middle-aged lady came along and sat down beside me. I took no particular notice of her, except for the fact that I could see she wore ear rings and possessed a rather prominent nose. One of the tribe of Israel, I thought. About a couple of minutes afterwards she turned to me and said, 'I've lost my votch.' 'Oh,' I said, 'that's unfortunate'; and although she kept making remarks about her 'votch' I took no more notice.

When the bus got to Piccadilly I jumped off and proceeded on my way. However, I hadn't gone a dozen yards before a police constable placed his hand on my shoulder, and said, 'Excuse me, sir, but this lady accuses you of stealing her watch.'

By jove,' I chimed in, 'what did you say?' 'Well,' said my friend, 'What could I say.? I told the constable that I hadn't got her watch and that I had never seen it. 'I am sorry, sir,' he said, 'but we must search you.' 'Alright,' I said, 'you can do that with pleasure.' So down a side street we went to a police station where we each gave our names, &c. The Tewess, for that is what she proved to be, said that her people were pawnbrokers, and gave an address somewhere in Clapham. She also gave her telephone number, which I forget for the moment; at any rate, that is by the way.

Then I was searched, and, of course, they couldn't find the watch. After further questioning by the police sergeant, a constable came into the room. 'An interesting piece of news, sir,' he said. 'I have just rung up this lady's home at Clapham, and I find that she has left her watch on her

dressing table."

'What a relief for you,' I remarked to my friend. 'It was a decided relief,' he said, and I immediately decided on revenge. So, just to frighten her, I said to the police sergeant, 'Can't I sue this lady for defamation of character?' 'Certainly, sir,' he

Then the fun started. The Jewess became wildly excited, and said, 'Oh, no, no, I vill pay you two pounds.' 'That's no good to me,' I said. 'I vill pay you four, then,' she said. The constable standing near gave me an encouraging nudge, and so I said, 'No, that's no good.' 'Vill you accept six pounds for your trouble?' she continued. 'Alright,' I said, 'I'll accept six pounds.'

So she produced a wad of notes from her bag, and commenced to count out my six pounds. 'There's vun,' she said, 'there's two, there's three, there's four, there's five." I never had the sixth because my landlady makes such a noise when she hammers my

door in the morning.'

A FEW WORDS ON THE USES OF AN EGG.

Eggs are amongst the most wonderful things in the world; that is, of course, if you leave out the English summer. One of their chief uses is to keep a nice rasher of bacon company at the breakfast table. Be sure, however, that it is a rasher of the best bacon, otherwise the egg will have nothing to crow about. (What's that, an egg doesn't crow? You just get a nice ripe imported egg that has travelled round the world once or twice, and see if it doesn't crow!) Then again, a local firm I have recently heard about uses them to make their pies look nicer. What looks more enticing than a pie with three or more beautiful eggs right across the middle? Of course, you have to cut the pie to find them, but they're there all right. Some people use eggs to amuse their fowls. They give a hen a china egg on which she can sharpen her beak, then give her a dozen or so real ones to play with. This is called "setting a fowl." Sometimes she gives a chick or two as payment, but this is very rare. The oldest and ripest eggs are generally used as bouquets, and handed (with force) to actors and politicians. The smaller eggs, such as are found in hedges and trees, are very useful to amuse small children, especially if they have to tear their clothes to get them. A hen can always tell when eggs are dear, she will never lay them then; but if they are cheap she can usually be prevailed upon to lay one a day.

A.G.J.

London Grocers' Exhibition, 1927.

THIS Exhibition took place from the 17th to 23rd September, and, from this Firm's point-of-view, has rarely been more successful. Elsewhere in the Agricultural Hall one heard whisperings that trade was not too brisk, but this was certainly not the case on the Stand of C. and T. Harris (Calne), Limited.

The chief feature this year was that we were appearing in an altogether new position and setting. In previous years the Stand had been in the centre of the Hall, an island site; on this occasion we were showing in a corner of the Hall, which lent itself to a far more attractive display. In the first place, the bacon is always seen to the best advantage when forming the background to the exhibit. This is also as it should be; as, after all, Harris Wiltshire Bacon, Crown Brand, is the foundation of the present position in which the Firm finds itself

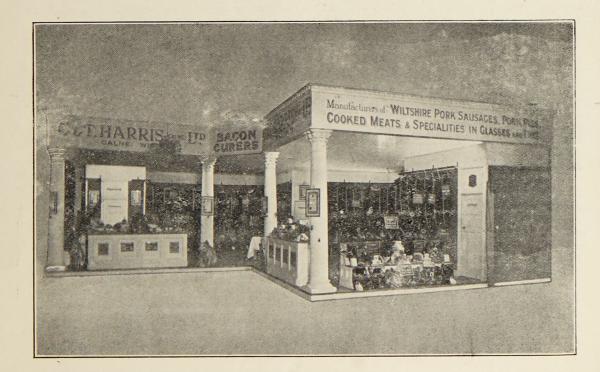
Secondly, having far more room, we were able to arrange all the different goods in sections. Thus sausages and pies ap-

peared on one counter, cooked meats on another, with a further attractive display of the latter on a dining table in the centre of the Stand. Glass goods occupied a similar position to the tinned goods seen in the photograph, but on the right-hand side of the Stand, and thus not apparent in the picture. It was thus possible to deal with customers far more systematically than in former years; and this, undoubtedly, led to increased business.

Messrs. Robert Seager, Ltd., had their own display of goods on the right-hand side of the Stand, and the Bradenham Ham Co. occupied a similar position on the left.

Increased office accommodation was also possible—always a pressing need in former years.

The three chief days, Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, were exceptionally busy, and practically all the Firm's biggest customers paid us a visit on one of these days. Very important business in many directions was concluded, and a very fair number of new accounts opened. All customers were very enthusiastic concerning the new arrangement of our exhibit, and Mr. York and his most efficient band of helpers are to be congratulated on the result of their labours.



The Broad Highway.

When writing these notes for the September issue, we were in the midst of preparations for the London Exhibition. Well, that is over now, and a full report will be found elsewhere. Cardiff and Bristol start this week, and we hope will lead to as successful results relatively as did the London Show

Bacon prices are again down to a very low level after the temporary rise at the end of August, and there are some astonishingly cheap figures quoted. 1927 has certainly shown us some remarkable fluctuations in price.

We again make an appeal to all those so far away from Calne to send us regularly their items of local news, which are of so much interest to all.

We congratulate Mr. Powell, of Edinburgh, on his rapid recovery from his serious operation.

We welcome Mr. Hillier on his rejoining the Sales Staff after a temporary absence.

A Sydney commercial traveller was presented with a sucking pig by a former client. The problem of transporting the animal home presented some difficulties; but, by tipping porters, he contrived to take the pig with him in his railway carriage, boxed up and covered with a rug.

At Sydney the pig was transferred to a cab and taken out of its box that it might breathe more freely. When the door was opened the pig hopped out, and was only re-captured after an exciting chase.

The traveller built a pig-sty. Neighbours complained. The local Council prosecuted. A fine of £2 followed. The unlucky owner resolved that if he could not keep the pig alive he would kill it. He did.

The health authorities stepped in. Slaughtering was not allowed within the city boundaries. Another fine of £2.

The traveller found that sucking pigs were only fetching fron 5s. 6d. to 10s. 6d. It had cost him about £5.

Derbyshire, in its rural parts, has not always made a success of its attempts to introduce industries. "Strong i' th' arm, weak i' th' 'ead," is an unkind description the Yorkshireman gives of his Derbyshire neighbour. But the Yorkshireman is not looking askance at the project to establish on a large scale a cement works in Derbyshire, no doubt because Yorkshire brains are at the back of it.

A story is told of a Derbyshire farmer who was also the innkeeper at a village where ramblers from Sheffield were frequent callers. The farmer-innkeeper used to lean over the wall of his piggeries and invite the approval by the visitors of two or three fine pigs he was fattening. In his seeming ingenious way he led the discussion on to home-fed ham, and booked many orders for the autumn. On days when visitors were not expected motor lorries used to deliver quite a number of hams at the inn from Sheffield importers, and in moments of loquacity the farmer used to confess that he had sold 173 hams from three pigs! He said he was demonstrating the "weak i' th' 'ead' idea to his Yorkshire friends.

SHAKESPEARE AND BACON.

NEW LIGHT ON AN OLD CONTROVERSY.

I was at Calne, in Wiltshire, yesterday, On pleasure bent, and so it rained, of course,

And most completely hid the famous horse—

The Cherhill one; but that is by the way. Well! here I met a pink-white pig astray Upon the road, a pig of much resource, Out all upon his own. I felt, perforce, Obliged to have a chat with him, and say.

"Oh! Mr. Pig, ours is a tragic fate,
Ours is a life of mingled joy and sorrow.
In which both faith and hope are often
shaken.

Strait is the way and narrow is the gate.

I never can be Shakespeare, but to-morrow
You may, and very likely will be—Bacon!"

Pigs.

The month of September is generally expected to bring with it a series of rapid falls in pig prices; and in this respect the past month has not varied much when compared with previous years.

Continuity of output must result in a fair average price during each year, and if

the total annual output is so arranged that deliveries are made at regular intervals, which should be as short as possible, the feeder should secure a better average price for the year than he would by putting his pigs on the market in larger numbers and at longer intervals.

It is so often stated that what is wanted more than anything else in the pig industry is stability of prices. This, of course, is governed largely by the law of supply and demand, and if the supply is forthcoming in regular quantities it will more nearly approximate the demand and do much to reduce the rapid fluctuations in prices.

The pork season has now opened, and for the first time in the history of our Company we have definitely set out to cater for this trade. A good start has already been made, and we have every hope of increasing the present numbers so that it will become a large section of the business.

To do this it is necessary that particular attention is paid to the type of pig bought; and in this connection it is worthy of note that the pork market demands a pig of very similar type to the bacon market, in that they both require a pig which is long, lean, well-fleshed, and white. Pigs of the "store" or "feeder" type are quite unsuitable.

The question of weight is an important one, and to secure the best price the pig must be between 60lb. and 80lb. Pigs over 100lb. are still difficult to deal with as they are too heavy for best pork and too light for best bacon.

L.A.T.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

"Makes washing a pleasure, does it?" snapped the grocer's angry customer, tossing a packet down on the counter. "Does the washing while you wait, does it? Just throw the soiled linen in the wash-tub, and out it comes quite clean, does it? It's the little flakes of soap that—

"Madam," interrupted the grocer, "One moment, please. This is not soap.'

"Not soap!" shrieked the angry woman.

"Not soap?

"No," replied the grocer, "Your daughter asked for half-a-pound of cheese and half-a-pound of soap when she came in the shop. This is the cheese.'

"My stars!" ejaculated the other, "And last night I made a Welsh---

Friends Elsewhere.

CHIPPENHAM.

September has been a very busy month with us. Pigs have been in plentiful supply, and our killings heavier than for a considerable time past.

Our sausage season has opened promisingly, and we anticipate increased business in this department.

* * * DUNMOW.

We have been exceptionally busy during the past three weeks. Our pig supplies have been heavy, and the staff depleted through holidays. This has left very little time for Magazine notes; nevertheless, as we usually find something for our column, we cannot let this issue slip by without at least an effort

We often hear the expression, "He is a brick." How many of us, I wonder, know anything of the origin of this expression?

The expression, "He is a brick," is said, according to Plutarch, to have originated with Lycurgus, the law-giver of Sparta. As the story goes, an ambassador from Epirus to the city of Sparta was much impressed with what he saw, but wondered greatly that the city possessed no walls nor other defensive works, and so expressed himself: "Wait till morning," said Lycurgus, "You cannot have looked carefully."

Early on the following day the law-giver conducted the ambassador to the athletic field outside the city, and, pointing proudly to the army drawn up in array of battle, exclaimed. "There thou beholdest the walls of Sparta, and every man is a brick."

A puzzle for those who have the patience and time to sit and think it out.

EC/ATIAU/TSI AFT

> EFA CUO

> > ATU ATU

This is an ordinary division sum, and the letters represent the numbers 1 to 9. What are the respective numbers?

(The answer will appear in the next issue)

The following is a copy of an order received by us during April of this year, and is distinctly amusing:-

SIR.

I have the honour to write you to ask you if you will be so good to let my son the Bearer, Have Two lovely Pieces of Streakey Bacon as I am quite without. I want as thick as you have got please. I am very busy on the Garden Field.

I remain, Yours most respt. J. J.....

A FEW GEMS.

A "wanted" advertisement reads: "Small fish and chips wanted"-Minnows and matches?

A milkman, against whom a summons was dismissed, was named Waterer, which he isn't.

A scheme prepared by a near-by District Council was delayed because a cow swallowed the plans. It took some time for the Surveyor to get the Council to swallow them, too!

He was a specimen of the languid youth; and when the girl asked him a question he was too tired to reply. "Why don't you answer?" she demanded. "I shook my head," he replied. "Well, you didn't expect me to hear it rattle with the band playing, did you?" was her retort.

E.W.W.

* * * IPSWICH.

The month of September has proved a very busy one for all of us at Ipswich. Pigs have come along very freely indeed, and now we are looking for good bacon orders to enable us to carry on the good work.

There is no doubt that everyone is happier when business is going with a good swing, and in addition, although it may seem strange, with more to do the out-turn seems to be better all round than when work is slack and there is not pressure as in busy times.

It is difficult to explain this, but we all know that when a job is going with a swing the whole machine seems to be more effective. There is a certain rhythm apart from that to be found in music and dancing. Even

when a car is running, the expert driver can tell by the tone or rhythm of the engine when it is working smoothly and at its best.

In the same way in a factory. Where the machinery and plant all combine with the human element and work in harmony, there can be detected a rhythm which, whether we realise it or not, adds to the interest in our work, and unconsciously produces a better effect.

This has been demonstrated in various ways from time to time by employers; and we have heard of music being provided where large numbers of operators have been engaged upon one class of work in itself monotonous; and here we can trace the apparent need of something such as music, which again brings us to that rhythm which has been wanting and is met by providing music.

We cannot say, however, that a string band would be of much help to us in the Slaughter House whilst killing operations are in progress, as this work is generally accompanied by music of its own.

To follow this theme a little further, supposing we proceed to the Sausage Department to ascertain what constitutes the rhythm there. We are all acquainted with the hum of the choppers as the meat is being mixed prior to being filled into the casings, and it is not difficult to realise that, unconsciously, those working thereand especially the girls who so deftly weigh, twist, and label the sausages—find a certain rhythm which regulates each operation; so much so that if the buzz of the machines ceases, something appears to be missing, resulting, unknowingly, in a variation in the speed or efficiency, which once more is difficult to be accounted for.

We could wander through other departments and find that each has some kind of an atmosphere of its own, but we do not feel too sure that the particular rhythm of the Casings Cleaning Department has yet been discovered. Even here there may be a rhythm in the scraping, but some of us do not stay long enough to recognise it.

All that we have said on this subject so far has borne more particularly on the out-turn of work in the various departments; but to follow the matter to its conclusion, we are quite sure that the final result for which we are all working will prove more satisfactory to all concerned when the business is running to its maximum, or, if

not to its maximum, then somewhere on the

We appear to have fallen into the habit of making seasonal remarks each month, and, as habits are hard to break, feel that we must just touch on the month of October.

We all delight to see the varying tints on a lovely autumnal day, but unless October is going to be kinder to us than the month of September we shall not have much opportunity for admiration this year.

The harvest operations have been sadly hampered during September through the bad weather, but there was one spell of fine weather for about a week, which sent every possible worker into the harvest field, thus very much restricting the supply of pigs.

We are afraid that the harvest which was not gathered during that week will be of little value now that as on all hands we hear that there will be plenty of cheap feeding stuffs for pigs, as so much will have been damaged by the incessant rain.

October, however, if the weather is fine, is a lovely month. The crisp, bright mornings send one to the breakfast table with a good appetite for Harris bacon and sausages, and we start the day's work with a bright hopeful outlook.

There is also an atmosphere of mellowness throughout the countryside, and to those who have been successful in safely gathering good crops, a feeling of satisfaction.

The month of October also brings us within measurable distance of Christmas, which during the late summer months seems too far away to take seriously into our calculations. We know that trees will soon be bare, and the season of fogs is approaching, but the prospect of Christmas somewhat mellows this, and our outlook is one of hopefulness.

We feel that we must not say more this month, otherwise the Editor will be asking us whether we consider the Magazine is run for the benefit of the Ipswich Branch alone.

The following has been received from Mr. Geo. Morcom:—

"I fell I should like to express my thanks to all concerned for the enquiries made during my illness. I am glad to say I am now getting on very well, and have started with some light work. I hope this time it will mean a better start. I should specially like to mention the kindness of Mr. Bodinnar, who, in spite of his many

activities, found time to write to me personally, also to enquire through Mr. Ludgate."

September. It is not many years agosince it was regarded as the custom-which, under all circumstances, must be rigidly maintained—to prepare sausage circulars for posting on the first. It is generally considered that pork is only in season when there is an "r" in the month. This may have been the case in the old days, when refrigeration was not what it is now; but we do not think we are wrong in stating that the consumption of pork during the hotter months is becoming as general as either beef, mutton, or lamb. Many shopkeepers will be making the announcement that the "Pork Season" has now commenced; and that means we all turn our minds to sausages and their manufacture. When the housewife has found a sausage that, in her opinion, is good, she works on the old adage that "when you find a good thing, stick to it." Of course, we can imagine that the various people who read these notes will say that, naturally, this will be the sausage manufactured by our factory. What is there more tempting or appetising during the early autumn mornings, which are just beginning to get a little "nippy," than the aroma of the sizzling sausage being prepared for breakfast? In our opinion the really best sausage is that one which, upon taking your seat at the table, gives you all the pleasure and anticipation you anticipated. There is one thing quite certain, and that is, you cannot make a good sausage with inferior ingredients, neither is it possible to flavour attractively indifferent ingredients. We are on the doorstep of another season, and all those who read these notes are hoping that their particular factory will have an increased share of the coming season's trade. We can only say, in conclusion, the best of luck, and may the best man win.

* * * * TOTNES.

Our killings for some weeks past have been the highest for the year, whilst our direct sales of bacon have also been remarkably good. The intense competition from foreign bacon has also shown some signs of slackening; and this, with the general revival of activity, has created a feeling of hopefulness that we are nearing the end of the trying period through which we have

been passing, and to which our Chief has several times referred.

Although the weather has been adverse, the number of visitors during September appears to have been fully equal to previous years, which proves that the seaside resorts in our neighbourhood still retain their great popularity.

With the exception of the Totnes Races, held early in September, there has been no social events of any importance to record.

W.I.T.

Two neighbours were stood inside a doorway sheltering from the rain when Mrs. —— asked, in a puzzled manner: "I wonder wot becomes ov all the rain?" Her friend stared at her, and then replied: "You'd best ask old Garge the milkman, what comes to some av it, if yer wants to start a row."

"TOO WELL,"

"How about that pig I sold you, Murphy, is it doing well?"

"No 'e bain't," came the doleful reply.
"Well, I don't understand that, as it
appeared to be quite healthy when you
first had it."

"Yes, it wor, but it wor loike this, ye know that pig were a glutton for food, whoi, man'e ate hisself to death, and then 'e died."

The doctor was being cross-examined by a solicitor, who, trying to be a trifle sarcastic, said with a sneer: "Now, if I collided with his Honour, and our heads met rather forcibly, do you think we should both suffer concussion of the brain?"

"Not by any means," answered the doctor gently, "But," he added, "His Honour might."

An architect remarked to a woman that he had been to see the great nave in the new church.

"Don't mention names," the woman replied, "I know the man you refer to."

Hostess (endeavouring to fill a gap in the entertainment): Mr. Johnson, I'm sure you'll help us out with a song.

Johnson: Sorry, but I'm afraid my vocal efforts are confined to singing in my bath

"Oh, do sing; and I'll warn them that you're rather out of practice!"

Our Post Bag.

CORRESPONDENCE.

(To the Editors "Harris Magazine"). SIRS,

Your correspondent, in the course of his excellent contribution entitled, "A Holiday in Switzerland," falls into error in attributing the line, "And what should they know of England who only England know?" to the poet Henley.

It appeared in Henley's Magazine, the "National Observer," in the early nineties, and was part of a poem from the pen of Rudyard Kipling, entitled "The English Flag."

The poem created an unfavourable opinion, caused chiefly by the line which runs as follows: "The poor little street-bred people that vapour and fume and brag."

Yours faithfully.

Union Jack.

CALNE MOTOR AMBULANCE. Sirs,

In response to the request for suggestions for raising money towards a Motor Ambulance, I should like to propose a Sporting Motor Trial as a very interesting and enjoyable way of raising money.

A cross-country route of about fifty or sixty miles could be selected, with a variety of good, bad, and indifferent roads, a steep gradient or two, and perhaps a water splash. There could be three Classes:—

1.—Private Cars.

2.—Motor Cycle Combinations.

3.—Motor Cycles.

And certificates could be given for best driving, petrol consumption, hill climbing abilities, &c., in each class.

A stop for an hour or so could be made at one point for tea and refreshments, and an inclusive charge made for each person taking part in the trial, either as driver or passenger.

Yours faithfully,

E.C.K.

Venice stands on 117 small islands, among which, winding through the city, are 150 canals, spanned by 380 bridges.

It has been found that chocolate and sugar have a definitely beneficial effect in counteracting fatigue and improving the staying power.

Just Between Ourselves.

"SWEET LAVENDER!"

SWEET LAVENDER" used, in our great-grandmother's time, to be one of the most familiar calls in the streets of London during the month of October; but, although the lavender girls are no longer to be seen or heard, there is no reason why, if you have lavender bushes growing in your garden, you should not make your own lavender bags and "pokers" so that your household linen may retain the scent of this old-fashioned flower.

Those who have lavender bushes will find it a very pleasant occupation for an early-autumn evening to fill little bags or make "pokers" for perfuming their linen

and clothes.

Many people, however, make the mistake of putting the lavender flowers straight into bags before they have been dried. It is much better to dry the flowers first, as otherwise they lose their perfume and often

get a slightly musty smell.

The lavender should be laid out in the sun on trays or newspapers and so thoroughly dried. The flowers may then be removed from the stalks and put into bags of muslin or silk. If you have not too generous a supply of lavender, dried thyme and mint may be mixed with it, also some ground

cloves and carraways.

Lavender Pokers are made with the aid of some narrow satin ribbon, mauve or purple preferably. A bunch of lavender should be arranged with the heads placed tightly and evenly together. (In this case the flowers should not be dried). Cotton should then be wound round the stalks just where the blooms finish, then the stalks should be bent over to form a little railing round the blooms. The ribbon should then be twisted in and out of the stalks so that a tassel effect is obtained, and finally tied round the stems lower down. These make a fragrant finish to a present of handkerchiefs, and as Christmas presents are not so very far away, you may begin to make your preparations now at once if you are going to make handkerchiefs one of your gifts, as these lavender pokers give a very original

touch to what would otherwise seem an ordinary present.

Last, but not least, when you make lavender bags, don't throw away the stalks. Keep these and burn one occasionally on your fire. If you light these dried stalks, and let them smoulder, you will get the effect of very delightful incense.

HOCKEY.

The first Practice Match was played on Wednesday, 21st September. Twenty-four people turned up to play, which necessitated playing four half-backs on one side. The teams shaped very well, and after a few more practice games should present a really decent XI. The fixtures already arranged are:—

DATE.	OPPONENT	S.	VENUE.
Oct. 15 - 0	Calne Secondary	School	 Home
,, 22.—N	Melksham		 Away
Nov. 12.—7	ytherton		 Home
., 26.—0	Corsham		 Away
	Marlborough		 Home
., 10.—Н	Rodbourne Cher	nev	 Home
	Melksham		 Home
	Calne Secondary		 Away
	Calne Secondary		 Home
Mar. 10.—7	Tytherton		 Away
	Rodbourne Cher		 Away
	Marlborough		 Away

LIST OF WELDON'S FASHIONS FOR OCTOBER.

Evening Dress, Home Milliner, Illustrated Dressmaker, Ladies' Journal, Medium and Outsize Styles, Children's Fashions, Knitted and Crochet Hats, Crochet D'Oyleys.

RUG MAKING.

A Class for rug making will be started in the lower room of the Company's Hall, Church Street, Calne, on Thursday, 20th October, 1927. All girls will find a welcome. Hours 7 to 9 p.m.

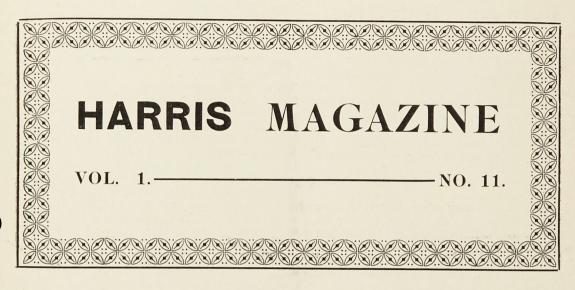
Refreshments, 2d. per head.

Full particulars in next month's issue.

Don't wait for that, come and see for yourselves.

A lady of a certain age says that the reason an old maid is generally so devoted to her cat is that, having no husband, she naturally takes to the next most treacherous thing.

A bachelor can always please a married woman by telling her he is sorry he didn't meet her before it was too late.



NOVEMBER, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

THE BOY—WHAT WILL HE BECOME?

OME years ago a famous publishing house used this sentence to call attention to a "Self-Educator" then being published, which catered for the adolescent youth desiring a course of instruction. The sentence was accompanied by a series of portraits, showing improvement in the appearance of the lad who started well and maintained the struggle, and deterioration in the case of the youth who drifted. This work was published at a period when the field of opportunity in commerce and business was spacious. Employment was at hand for all, and the lad with wit and intellect, sharpened a little finer than his contemporaries, was cast for a position of leadership. With the development of our educational system, and the general raising of the standard of comfort demanded by the people, the problem which faces the lad on the threshold of life to-day has altered.

A speaker at a recent conference of school teachers stated that "Many lads' hearts are broken within six months of leaving school." The lad either cannot find employment, or the employment is unsuitable

for his temperament and capabilities. There is an almost total lack of liason between the preparation for life and the entrance into and early days in that life, which is haphazard and wasteful.

In the United States there exists a vast body of people who, owing to lack of early training, drift from occupation to occupation. America at present is young enough to escape the effects of a wasteful system, but we cannot afford speculative methods ourselves. A few choice personalities certainly forge through such confusion to an honourable distinction, but a vast section never find the right and some not any course which is likely to bear them to a useful vocation.

This problem of "Leaving School," which contains the germ of the dilemma which will assail the nation in the next generation, is much more worthy the attention of thoughtful men and women than many of the topics over which they lash themselves into excitement and anger. The task of graduating our youth from school into employment will always be a momentous one and fraught with difficulties; but succeeding generations will realise, with increasing force, the truth which Ruskin has given us in the following sentence: "When men are rightly occupied their amusement grows out of their work, as the colour petals out of a fruitful flower.'

Between Ourselves.

WANT to thank sincerely all those who have helped me by sending gifts and suggestions in regard to the Calne Motor Ambulance.

All the latter have been handed to the Committee of the Calne Nursing Association for consideration.

We hope to have the Ambulance in Calne for its inaugural ceremony on Mayor's Day.

A great number of our friends have asked us from time to time as to how we view the position in the controversy between those who advocate what they call the "humane" method of killing cattle, sheep, and pigs, and the system in operation in our factories.

For the information of all concerned, I am this month including in my article a few notes on this subject.

(a) The shooting method is slow, cumbersome, and in some cases likely to increase rather than diminish suffering to animals. It is utterly impracticable in Bacon Factories owing to the time taken in getting the animals into a favourable position for shooting, and to the violent reflex action which occurs before the animals can be stuck.

In one case, at the Birmingham Demonstration the highly-skilled demonstrator of the R.S.P.C.A. took more than five minutes to shoot and stick one pig.

(b) Mechanical instruments are uncertain, and quickly get clogged and out of order, and when in the hands of other than expert operators are likely to inflict greater suffering than is entailed by the existing method.

At a Sheffield demonstration five attempts were made upon a sheep with a Captive bolt pistol before the animal was stunned.

(c) The method now used in Bacon Factories is speedy, humane, and certain in its operation. Pigs can be slaughtered by this method at the rate of 10 to 12 per minute—say six seconds per pig. The sticking operation occupies only the fraction of a second, and the consequent severance of the carotid arteries, by

depriving the brain of the blood supply, brings about instant unconsciousness. The subsequent movements of the animals are reflex, and not conscious movements as so many ignorant people suppose.

(d) Blood is a medium in which microbes most readily grow, and practical and scientific evidence has established beyond all doubt that carcases cannot be efficiently drained of blood if the shooting method is used.

At the Birmingham demonstration the only meat fit for human consumption on the conclusion of the tests was that from animals killed by the ordinary method. The portions from shot animals were in a state of advanced putrefaction.

The flesh of pigs has to be kept a considerable time for curing—hence the importance of perfect bleeding. In a large percentage of cases the shooting method brings about obvious "blood splashing" of the tissues, and even where this is not apparent, scientific tests have shown the presence of considerable quantities of blood and serum in the small vessels of the muscle and fat, which renders it impossible to make a satisfactory cure, and seriously affects the keeping qualities of the meat. This condition is not found in the flesh of pigs slaughtered by the ordinary method, owing to the more effective bleeding.

These facts are confirmed by many of our most eminent physiological and veterinary experts.

The presence of blood serum in the tissues enormously increases the danger of taint in hams and bacon, and would prevent the giving of the guarantee of keeping quality required on the sale of hams for export.

(f) The National Farmers' Union and, so far as is known, all the Live Stock and Breed Societies are opposed to the shooting method.

(g) One Bacon Factory, in an area in which the Bye-Law was operative, had to close down owing to the damage the shooting method would have caused to its products, and did not re-open until the Bye-Law was amended.

(h) Some of the most enlightened and progressive local authorities in the

country declined, when the real facts were placed before them, to adopt the Bye-Law; these include Birmingham, Bristol, and others.

(i) Over £40,000,000 worth of bacon and pork products are imported annually into this country, largely from Denmark and America. In each of these countries the Government has declined to enforce the use of the shooting instrument in the slaughter of pigs, being fully aware of the grave injury to the flesh caused by the use of such instruments. The general enforcement of the shooting method in this country would give a great and valuable preference to our foreign competitors who slaughter their pigs by the very method sought to be prohibited here. This would, of course, mean the crippling and eventual destruction of more of our home industries and a yet further addition to the swollen ranks of the unemployed. And all this because certain theorists (devoid of practical knowledge of the subject) are agitating in support of their assertion that the shooting method may be a second or two more rapid than the methods which throughout the ages have been found to be right in the slaughter of animals for human food!

(j) It is generally admitted that in the slaughter of cattle the use of the pole-axe in the hands of a competent man is as certain, as expeditious, and as humane as the pistol or gun, and it is hardly necessary to add that the use of a pistol or gun in the hands of a learner or an incompetent man can inflict as much, if not more, pain and suffering upon the animals than a pole-axe, even if used by a learner.

In practice, however, the pole-axe is never used by slaughter-men unless and until they have had ample experience in the handling of butchers' implements and in the cutting up of carcases and the severance of different parts, so as to obtain certainty and accuracy in the use of such instruments.

The argument is frequently put forward that cruelty arises during the period of learning, but this is more an appeal to sentiment than a statement of fact.

(k) The butcher and meat trader is under an implied obligation to the public to offer the meat he sells in a clean and hygienic condition; and the investigations of scientists, as well as the experience of practical men, shows conclusively that where the shooting method is used it is impossible to effectively and efficiently drain the carcase of blood as is the case where the ordinary method of slaughter is in operation. It does not necessarily follow that the amount of blood left in the tissues can always be observed by the naked eye.

In very many cases, particularly of large and important authorities, where the subject of the adoption or rejection of the Bye-Law relating to the use of mechanical instruments has been fully and exhaustively considered, such authorities have declined to adopt the Bye-Law on the grounds, first, that the existing method is speedy and humane; and secondly, that the shooting method does seriously depreciate the value and affect the hygienic qualities of the meat.

With regard to the question of defective

(m) With regard to the question of defective bleeding and blood splashing due to the use of the pistol, remarkable confirmatory evidence of this is to be found in the report of experiments made by Dr. M. C. Hall, and reported in the American Journal of Veterinary Medicine, 1918, in which a large number of dogs (116) were killed by means of the pistol, and in which blood splashings (extravasations of the heart) were found in 80 per cent. of these whilst in 67 per cent. of the cases extravasations in the lungs were also found. No such results were found in animals killed by means other than the pistol.

These experiments were entirely independent, and had nothing whatever to do with the question of the means of slaughter of animals for human food, and they therefore carry very great weight in supporting the views of those who maintain that blood splashing is the direct result of slaughter by means of mechanical instruments.

MA

By The Way.

Quite a tornado raged on the front landing stage when a happy carter announced that his load consisted of "hurricane beans."

From another source we received the following:—"It was in Somerset that Uncle Alfred burnt the cakes, but in Wiltshire that Cousin Charlie burnt the biscuits."

Which reminds us that the method of punishing bakers in Grand Cairo consisted of baking them in their own ovens.

Butchers were also provided for. They were nailed by their ears to the posts of their doors, and pieces of stale meat were placed under their noses.

At Cliffstancy, a farm labourer spends his spare time making cricket bats. Our correspondent informs us that they are made from the willow and splendidly modelled. The Boy Scouts of Hilmarton are deeply indebted to this sportsman for his services in this direction.

Several gentlemen from Calne visited London a few weeks ago and were generously entertained by the manager of a leading theatre. At the supper party which followed the "show," members of "the profession "were unanimous in their opinion that one of the "Calneites" would have made a great reputation as an actor. Inspired by this praise, the gentleman in question insisted upon giving the other members of the party an example of his histrionic ability in the privacy of his apartment at the hotel. Interviewed by our dramatic critic, the "actor" seemed rather hazy as to whether the world has lost a Martin Harvey or a George Robey. He stated, however, that on their way home to the hotel one of the party went into Covent Garden and ordered four oranges, explaining to an irate market porter that he wanted one for himself and one each for his four mates.

Mr. E. H. P. Brown, B.A., at a recent League of Nations Union meeting in Calne, opened his speech with the cryptic remark "That he was about to fulfil the difficult role of a prophet in his own country." Two excellent speeches were delivered, but the meeting was marked by the usual paucity of questions on this subject. It is possible that the League of Nations Union will eventually be forced to adopt a method of propaganda different to one which merely reaches that portion of the public already in sympathy with its aims.

Quite a "cave man" touch has been imparted to a list of presents given by a contemporary in connection with a wedding solemnised in a neighbouring county. "Cheek by jowl," with the usual asparagus tongs and canteens of cutlery, one reads the following:—

To Bridegroom—Bride, as requested.

In Persia it was the custom for the contracting parties to state the nature and value of their wedding presents before the ceremony. In spite of these solemn undertakings, many Persian bridegrooms received gifts similar to the one referred to in the previous paragraph.

Our post bag is full of the usual queries regarding the activities of various people. For instance, one young lady wants to know "why Miss Blank was so interested in the electricians that she ladled out some liquid with a strainer." For our part we should like to know why our informant was so interested in Miss Blank and the electricians.

Cross Words and Broken Hearts marked the installation of a boiler, wrong side up, at Broken Cross.

Elizabeth Chester writes in our sprightly contemporary, "Fellowship," that "Bacon and Eggs make the best of all breakfasts for this climate of ours. . . ."

Foreigners are especially intrigued by our first meal of the day. The manager of a large hotel in London stated recently, "That our Trans-Atlantic cousins so thoroughly enjoy their breakfasts that the profit on their visits is reduced accordingly." This is a high tribute, coming, as it does, from residents in a land where breakfasts are carefully planned and studied.

Cases like the following emphasise the progress made in the social elevation of our country during the last ninety years:—

"Isaac Spencer was committed to prison at the Michaelmas Sessions in 1833 for placing a halter round his wife's neck and taking her to Melksham market, where he disposed of her for 2s. 6d."

> The maid stood at the garden gate, A tear was in her eye; 'Twas the Sunday evening parting, Her boy was saying good-bye.

For a week he would not see her, He worked in a distant town; No wonder the lump rose in his throat As fast as he gulped it down.

His sorrow was turned to anger, His loving words were tainted; He discovered, to his great dismay, That the gate was freshly painted.

COMING ATTRACTION.

* * *

Under the auspices af the Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society the film "Behind the Scenes of a great Newspaper" (by courtesy of the Daily Telegraph) will be shown in the Picture Palace, Calne, on Friday, 2nd December.

After the showing of the film there will be a Concert by popular artists. For full particulars see bills.

Little Abie heard people talking about "Business Ethics," and asked his father the meaning of the term. "Well," said his daddy, "I will explain. A customer comes into the store and buys a six-dollar pair of shoes. He hands me a ten-dollar bill. On the way to the cash register I notice that there are two ten-dollar bills sticking together. Now here's where the 'business ethics' come in—should I tell my partner?"

* * *

We are indebted to "Well-wisher" for a suggestion whereby the Welfare Society's work could be augmented. We feel, however, that the activity he refers to is catered for by so many organisations that it would prove to be another case of overlapping.

A Few Words on the Various Methods of Cooking and Using Eggs.

I want to enlighten some newly-married ladies on "Egg Cookery." There is quite an art in boiling an egg. For example, a friend of mine had been married just one week, and wished to give her hubby an egg for breakfast. She came running to me, and said that the egg had been boiling for twenty minutes and it wasn't soft yet, how much longer would it take? I replied, "Give it another twenty minutes, stick a fork into it; if it comes out clean, the egg is cooked." The great advantage about an egg is that you have neither to skin nor pluck it; you simply put it into a saucepan and let it boil until it is wanted.

If anyone wants it soft, you take it out before it gets hot. Some people prefer scrambled eggs. For this, obtain some eggs and a large frying pan, then throw the egg up to the ceiling and catch the pieces in the pan, give them a good stir, and serve on toast.

Other people like them beaten. For beaten eggs a horse whip is not necessary; simply get several pieces of wire, join them together, and stir the eggs until either you or the eggs are out of breath. If the eggs give way you will have beaten them.

If anyone desires to know any other way of serving eggs, please write to "Awful Skale, c/o 'Harris Magazine,'" and I shall be delighted to give further recipes.

A.G.J.

We are not aware that any sensational innovations in the marketing of pigs have been ordered. One gentleman in this district is not "so aware." In the failing light of a recent autumn evening he visited his sty and varnished several of its occupants. Why he did so, neither the "Slaughter House," the gentleman himself, nor, last, but not least, his wife, have been able to discover. "Wife" was very angry about the whole business.

"All men are liars." This is a phrase one often hears. Let us examine it. The author was a man. Then it follows that if all men are liars he was a liar, and what he wrote was not the truth. As what he wrote was not the truth, then all men are not liars. If all men are not liars, then

what he wrote was the truth. Then it follows that all men are liars. If all men are liars, then he was a liar, and what he wrote was not——— and so on.

Perhaps some of our readers can furnish us with phrases of a similar nature.

* * * A MENTAL TEST.

(The following story is popular as a test of acumen in the quick detection of a fallacy. Readers are invited to discover the fallacy and pass the mental test).

A lady accompanied her husband to church one Sunday morning. The day was sultry, and she carried her fan into the family pew. Later, feeling oppressed by the heat, she began to fan herself while listening to the sermon. Her husband, having no such relief, gradually nodded and fell asleep. In so doing he leaned more and more forward until his arms were on his knees and his back was nearly horizontal. In his sleep he had a terrible dream. He thought he was living in the time of Danton and Robespierre and that he had been sentenced to the guillotine. At last he was brought to the guillotine blindfold. He was led to the fatal plank, and was so horribly conscious of the blade being about to fall that he felt a stinging sensation on the back of his neck. At that very moment his wife noticed for the first time that her husband was asleep. Somewhat ashamed, she closed her fan and, in order to waken him, tapped him with it on the back of the neck. He fell dead in the pew.

It may be taken for a fact that such a fatality, in the circumstances, is possible.

* * * ELECTION ECHOES.

A remark overheard by one of our readers may account for the election of some candidates: "I'll put a cross against so-and-so to keep him out."

We hear of one elector who went to the Police Station to record his vote. Evidently he intended voting for the Chief Magistrate.

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Correct solutions of the problems set by "Dunmow" and Mr. Firminger have been received from Mr. Chidgey, of London.

Up to the time of going to Press we have not received our Football Notes from "Meredith."

Children's Christmas Carnival.

Although perhaps very few of us have given a thought to Christmas, there are some events which occur round about that time which make it necessary to look a little ahead, and we understand that the Committee of the Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society are beginning to discuss their biggest event of the year, viz., the Children's Christmas Carnival.

From now onwards the Committee will have many Meetings to solve the problems which always creep into a big undertaking like this, and everything which can be prepared beforehand is done, but the week which makes us realise that there is to be a Carnival is the one preceding the event.

If our friends at the Branches could pass the new Factory any evening during this particular week they would find much activity on the ground floor, and should they venture to look inside the Warehouse would see a "big band" of voluntary workers as busy as bees.

Mr. J. F. G. Edwarde, who supervises the decorations, usually divides the Warehouse into sections, and small squads of helpers are given a section to dress. By this method the Warehouse is soon converted into a fairy glen.

At these events Mr. A. J. Mail can be relied upon to see that all the heavy work of removing tables, &c., is done, and he also plays a big part in the erecting of Side Shows.

We understand, however, that to dismantle and assemble a room of the size of the Warehouse, too much voluntary aid cannot be given, and the hon. secretary, Mr. F. I. Nash, would, we feel sure, be very thankful for the services of anyone who would offer a hand on the week preceding the Carnival, or on Carnival night, to ensure it being a success. To quote the proverb, "Many hands make light work."

No date has yet been fixed for the coming Carnival, but, as with its predecessors, it will probably be the early part of January, and the usual gifts, &c., to the children will be made, and we have heard that apart from new side shows a number of novel suggestions will be introduced.

Further details will, however, be published in a later issue of this Magazine.

The forthcoming Carnival will be the sixth which has been organised by the

Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society, and, with the facilities which the Directors have always given the Committee, each has been a great success. The effort is entirely self-supporting, and no call is made upon the Company for financial help.

During past Carnivals, perhaps some members have thought that a certain thing would have been an improvement here or something might have been fitted in there. If this has been the case, the Committee would welcome any suggestions for the coming Carnival, for they are anxious that, if it is really possible, this one shall eclipse all others.

* * * 1st CALNE TROOP BOY SCOUTS.

Once again the committee are obliged to appeal for generous help to maintain the Scout Hall and equip the Troop. The hall costs them about £25 a year, and they feel that this sum ought to be provided annually by subscribers. At present the subscribers are few and the amount small. It is unsatisfactory to have to rely upon entertainments for providing income, and what is required is a steady annual income of £30 or £35 provided by annual subscribers. The committee desire to emphasise the fact that the Scouts themselves subscribe extremely well towards their camp. This year the camp cost £29, and the Scouts subscribed £16 towards it.

The committee appeal for far more generous support and for a greater increase in the number of subscribers. Subscriptions need not be for large amounts only, but lesser sums of 5s. and 2s. 6d. will be welcome. Subscriptions will be gratefully received by Colonel W. L. Palmer, Elm Field; Rev. L. Sharp; Mr. L. Garraway, 50, North Street; and Lloyds Bank.

Last winter Dr. James very kindly spent many evenings teaching the older Scouts something about First Aid for the Ambulance Badge. The Scouts appreciated his visits immensely.

The annual camp was held in Bowood, by kind permission of the Marquess of Lansdowne.

If you get your hands stained try rubbing them with olive oil and castor sugar. If rubbed well in, the stains will come out when the hands are washed.

A NOBLE MOVEMENT.

Cancer is one of the six principal causes of death, and often strikes down men and women in the very fullness of their powers. Our object in calling attention to this dreadful disease is not to awaken gloomy thoughts, but to appeal for support for the campaign against it. Much has already been accomplished in the attack made by medical science upon cancer. There is every ground for hope that the conquest of cancer will be achieved. Distinguished public men, surgeons, physicians, scientists, and laymen have joined in an endeavour to extend existing efforts in fighting this fell disease. These men are giving their services gratuitously in forwarding the noble movement known as The British Empire Cancer CAMPAIGN, formed some four years ago. Over one hundred thousand pounds have been distributed in supplementing and strengthening the financial position of existing Institutes carrying out cancer research. The results of the campaign are becoming more and more apparent every day. Overlapping of effort has been avoided, and grants made to the principal Cancer Research centres have enabled them to function at maximum efficiency and to initiate important new lines of investigation. The Campaign, which has the Duke of York as President, does not capitalise its donations, and requires all the help it possibly can obtain.

How vital to our national life is the work being carried out by the British Empire Cancer Campaign will be gathered from the official statement that approximately one person in every seven over the age of forty dies of cancer. Is it too much to ask the public for contributions to the fund by which is supported the cost of research into the cause and for the cure of cancer?

Campaign funds are under the administration of leaders of finance, whose names are a guarantee that the moneys subscribed will be wisely spent, and increased funds are urgently required if this great work is to be carried to a successful conclusion. You can help. Will you?

On the initiative of the Mayor, a Local Committee has been formed, under the chairmanship of Miss Ferguson, and with Mrs. Spackman as honorary secretary. These ladies will be pleased to supply further information to anyone interested in the movement.

Heritage Digitised by Calne

Crime in Wiltshire.

IN the year following the accession of Queen Victoria, George Maslen was executed at Devizes before a concourse of 10,000 people. It appears that Maslen, whose home life was very unhappy, had been upbraided by his wife because, whilst she and her children were half-starved at home, he got many a good dinner at the farmer's, by whom he was employed. Goaded by these repeated taunts, he commenced stealing his master's fowls, then his wood, and other things; and lastly, for the purpose of procuring the woman money to pay their debts and appease her anger, he determined to waylay and shoot Mr. Bryan Rumbold, a farmer of Lyneham, as he was returning home from market across one of his fields. The enormity of this man's guilt was increased by his attempt to throw the charge upon an innocent man. Whilst Maslen's house was being searched relative to this charge, the police discovered lots of feathers, and ultimately stronger evidence of his having been engaged in fowl stealing. Upon this charge he was taken into custody, tried, and convicted, receiving a sentence of twelve months' imprisonment with hard

While undergoing this sentence, circumstances transpired which led to his being tried on the capital charge, by which his life was forfeited. Being asked the day before his execution "How he was?" he replied, "Quite well; but I could not sleep till four o'clock—I felt so funny—so much pleasure—it was a real pleasure, like that felt on going to a fair, that I could not close my eyes-it was a real pleasure that kept me awake; since four o'clock, however, I've had a comfortable nap." He appeared free from all anxiety, and looked forward to his execution as a most happy event. "He hadn't," he said, "the least doubt of pardon for all his sins." His appetite was voracious, eating double or treble the prison allowance; and on the morning of his execution he was eager for his meal long before it was ready. He submitted, with the greatest indifference and coolness, to have his arms pinioned, and composedly asked the executioner when he was to give the signal. But on the way to the scaffold his whole manhood, or rather hardihood, forsook him.

He was in great mental agony, and groaned aloud, and just before ascending the scaffold fell prostrate on the ground, sobbed most piteously, and was afterwards obliged to be supported by the executioner. The convict made a full confession of his guilt to the governor of the prison.

Three years later, James Taylor was executed for the murder of his wife at Tockenham. The facts of this case are that Taylor, living by the side of a railway, took in lodgers, and among them was a railway man called "Jack," with whom Taylor's wife one day eloped. Taylor, highly exasperated, went after her and brought her back, and when seen in the evening by some friends, they appeared to be on good terms with each other. On the following morning the husband told a female neighbour that if she saw " Jack" to let him know, and if she did not do so he would shoot her. The woman did shortly after see " Jack," and, fearing Taylor's threats, went and told him that "Jack" was in an adjoining field. Taylor, upon hearing this, went indoors, and, loading his gun, said, "Its no use who lives, it's your fault." He then shot his wife dead, the gun bursting at the same period. He made an attempt to cut his own throat with a common table knife, but could not succeed in doing so. While the sentence of death was being passed upon him he was quite unmoved, and at its conclusion coolly said, "Thank you, my Lord." Returning to the jail after his condemnation, he expressed the utmost carelessness about his fate, and said if his liberty had been given him he should immediately have gone and shot two or three more in the parish. His blasphemies were awful; and he sneered and jeered at every attempt at religious instruction. Upon being asked how he was one morning he replied, "Never better in my life." He had passed a delightful night, having dreamt that he was in company with the devil, and found him one of the most pleasant and agreeable old chaps he had ever met with. Upon being reproved by the chaplain for such wickedness, he called him "an old sniveller," and then, continuing the conversation, said, "It would not be much of a sight for the people to merely see the hemp round his neck, but if they would bring the chaplain on one side, and the governor of the new prison at Devizes on the other, it would be something

worth looking at." On the Sunday before his execution, being asked to attend the service, he said he would if they would give him half a pint of gin first. As soon as he awoke on the morning of his execution he commenced singing "Jim Crow," and when the officer went into his cell he jumped alertly off his bedstead and said, "You can't let me have half a pint of gin, can you?" On entering the prison yard he sang:—

"When I was at Devizes they wanted me

And now I'm at Salisbury, I'm hanged if I run away;

So turn about, and wheel about, do just so; Turn about, and wheel about, and jump Jim Crow."

Suiting, as far as his irons would enable him, the action to the words. He then slapped his hands together, and exclaimed, "I assure you I don't care a bit about being hung. I only wish I had committed more murders." He may be said to have rather danced than walked to the scaffold. Gazing on the multitude beneath, he addressed them, saying he was glad to see so many present—it was a fine sight, a very fine sight, and he liked it much, and advised all persons to murder as many as they could. He was pursuing this strain till the drop fell.

The above extracts are taken from an old record of "Crime in Wiltshire," 1800-1850, formerly belonging to the late Mr. Clarkson, Solicitor, of Calne, and now in the possession of Mr. Bernard Dixon.

Experiments are being made with a certain breed of pigs "to enable them to fight the foreigner," so a contemporary informs us. We presume that this will be the next sport when the "electric hare" boom has run its course.

Half-tone blocks of the illustrations which have appeared in the "Harris Magazine" may be obtained at reduced prices. Write for particulars.

The man who says he never makes a mistake probably doesn't know one when he sees it.

"Know thyself" is a good motto, and most people would know more about themselves if they consulted their neighbours.

Nature's Treasure House.

(No. 1.)

THE DIAMOND.

T is one of the marvels of the work of Nature that these gems, in the winning of which thousands of men have sold their lives and many dark deeds have been done, are really only common lamp-black in another form, and have been produced by the operation of Nature in the depths of the earth.

Deep down, buried beneath some six hundred miles of white-hot and molten rock there lies vast masses of iron containing dissolved carbon. The hundreds of miles of rock above this iron have compressed it with such a stupendous force as to be almost inconceivable to us. In consequence of upheaval, going on for ages, and sometimes on account of some great volcanic disturbance, these low-lying layers of iron are forced nearer the surface, and then they slowly cool during hundreds of thousands of years, and the carbon dissolved in it, under the enormous pressure, forms diamonds.

Moissan, a great French chemist, succeeded in making some very minute diamonds from lamp-black by imitating, on a very small scale, the work of Nature; but his diamonds were so very small that they were of no commercial value.

If men were able to produce the enormous temperatures of the central region of the earth, and the terrific pressure exerted there, they would be equipped with the necessary conditions to make diamonds as large as those found in the mines of Africa.

Undoubtedly, the diamonds now found near the surface of the earth have been brought up from the earth's molten interior by the volcanic convulsions of former ages. At any rate, in South Africa the diamonds are actually found in old volcanic ducts filled with a peculiar blue earth which, like vast pipes or chimneys, rise from unknown depths and burst through the surrounding shales. The old volcanoes, of which these were the throats, have, however, been swept away ages and ages ago by wind and rain from off the earth, and their materials disseminated over the surrounding districts. All that remains of them are these pipes plunging into the earth.

The diamonds found in the beds of streams, and in alluvial soils, occur in the debris of these washed-away volcanoes. The diamond is almost unalterable, and endures for ages. Long after the rock in which they were embedded has been corroded away by wind and rain, the diamond remains unchanged. The vast diamond fields of old India were of this alluvial nature, and are now exhausted; but somewhere under the soil, perhaps buried by the mud and ash of millions of years, there still must exist old diamond pipes coming out from the depths below.

In South Africa, however, these pipes have been discovered, and the miners are steadily digging their way down them towards the centre of the earth. Already they have penetrated them for thousands of feet, and still there is no dimunition in the diamond supply. How far down these mines will ultimately extend we cannot say. The heat of the earth will prevent them from going deeper than a few miles, but there is no reason to doubt that the diamond pipes may go down for hundreds of miles into white-hot regions below.

The discovery of these South African diamond mines is in itself a romance. It appears that in 1867 a child of a Dutch farmer, Jacobs by name, found a pretty pebble in a stream in the neighbourhood of the farm, near Hopetown. The brightness of the stone attracted the keen eye of the mother, though she regarded it simply as a curious pebble, and gave it no further thought. Some time after, when a neighbouring Boer, named Schalk van Niekerk, happened to visit the farm, he was shown the pebble, and offered to buy it. Mrs. Tacobs laughed at the idea of selling a common pebble, and at once gave it to the farmer. He put it in his pocket, and some time later showed it to a trader, O'Reilly by name, who was going south on a hunting expedition, and asked him to ascertain its nature from any trustworthy mineralogist he might meet. It was dispatched by post to Dr. Atherstone, of Grahamstown, who was known to be an excellent mineralogist. Of so little value was the stone thought to be that it was sent to the Doctor by ordinary post gummed up in an envelope like a letter. Dr. Atherstone, after examination, pronounced it to be a diamond worth at least

Of course, the discovery caused a great

sensation, and everyone began searching their back gardens for diamonds, with the result that these gems were found scattered far and wide over the whole countryside. Near Colesbury a Dutch farmer was surprised to find diamonds embedded in the walls of his house, which had been built of mud from the neighbouring pond. This led to the ground round about being examined, which was also found to contain diamonds. Such was the origin of the famous Kimberley Diamond Mine, which from that day has never ceased working, and which at the present time employs 12,000 coloured men and three thousand white men. Over 10 tons of diamonds have been found, representing a value of 80 million pounds.

Next time my reader sees a diamond gleaming in a jeweller's window in a busy street, or glittering on a lady's attire, let him recollect for a moment its strange story how it was conceived in the depths of the earth in an ocean of liquid fire, how it slowly grew and took form during countless ages of slow cooling in subterranean furnaces, how it was suddenly brought to the surface during some titanic convulsion of the earth's crust when, amidst vast thunderings, the earth split open and torrents of white-hot molten rock came pouring out from the throat of some old-world long-vanished volcano millions upon millions of years ago, bearing with it our diamond; how it lay buried in rock in utter silence for age after age, while successive races of plants, animals, and men came into existence, rose to power, slowly declined and passed away; how then, at last, its long rest was broken, the pickaxe of man was heard, daylight flashed upon it, and it was plucked from its age-long hiding place and sent to circulate from hand to hand in the world of men and women. Whence came the carbon of the diamond? Probably from a living plant. Yes, possibly every diamond in the world at some remote epoch, millions upon millions of years ago, formed part of a living plant. First as carbon dioxide gas in the air, then as wood in a tree, then as coal, then deeper in the earth as graphite, and finally, after undergoing the purification of the fierce central fires, as a glittering gem. This is the strange life-story of the diamond.

JACK OF ALL TRADES.

There are more than 27,000 gallons of water in an inch of rain per acre.

London Grocers' Exhibition, 1927.

THE finest Show in the Exhibition."
This has been the description applied to the Harris Stand at the London Grocers' Exhibition for many years past. But change is one of the ingredients of progress, and I do not think it can be denied that the change we have made this year is progressive.

The four large circular pillars, the expanse, and ample illumination had an effect that could hardly fail to arrest the notice of the most disinterested person. The additional floor space and office accommodation were much appreciated by everybody.

The "Crown Brand Bacon" hung as bacon should be hung, and, forming a fitting background to the stand, made a brave show. It was an innovation; and a good one, too, to separate the selections—lean sizeable, sizeable, and medium—and it proved of much assistance to customers. Apart from tangible results, it has been good as a stimulus and incentive to new efforts and ideas for ourselves, and good as further evidence to our customers, present and prospective, of the progress and enterprise of the House of Harris.

They came to us on the Stand and congratulated us on our Show, and we have heard the same thing since in the course of our ordinary daily round.

Of the rest of the Exhibition we saw very little. The Exhibition has acquired more dignity in recent years, and I certainly think that this year there was a marked improvement in the dressing and general appearance of the stands.

J. KINGTON.

It was Emerson who wrote:—"If a man write a better book, construct a better motor car, or breed better stock than his neighbour, the world will make a beaten track to his door."

The above thought was very much in evidence in connection with our recent display Stand at the London Exhibition. I doubt whether any visitors attending the Exhibition missed the opportunity of following the beaten track to the stand of the "House of Harris."

Several of the staff who have attended the previous Exhibitions were all agreed that the move to the new position in the Hall was a most successful one, and a decided improvement with regard to space and display as compared with the old position. It was freely commented on that the erection of the capacious stand in a very prominent position in the hall was quite in keeping with the good name of the House of Harris. The display created very great interest amongst our customers and visitors, and the result should lead to a still greater and immediate demand for our various lines.

The centre position and ends of the stand were devoted to the display of our bacon. All sides were hung upon rails in place of the old method of placing them on the stand. Our other products, viz., glass and canned goods, smoked hams, bath chaps, lard, &c., were grouped in departments, all bearing the various descriptive tickets and arranged for inspection by customers.

Cooked meats, sausages, pork pies, &c., were tellingly arranged upon the specially designed counters, and built along the front portion of the stand.

A large table was also brought into use for the display of cooked meats, and an electric lamp in the centre of the table showed off this display to advantage. Bradenham hams and chaps (the "black hams" as they are termed by the public) never fail to create interest wherever they are shown. This special display was placed upon the outside end of the stand.

Another and pleasing feature was the display of Suffolk hams, &c.

Wednesday and Thursday were very busy days, and it is pleasing to record the attendance of a large number of visitors and customers, and we were all kept busy. Everybody on duty was keenly interested in the success of our display, and rendered loyal assistance in making it a great success.

It was quite a pleasure to notice the good feeling existing between the Company and the staff. This good fellowship is of great benefit, both to the Company and the staff, who have aided the remarkable progress made by the House of Harris during the last few years.

Another fact with which I could not help being impressed was the cordial welcome extended to the "Country Representatives" by our "London" colleagues. To them all,

including our Cowcross Street friends, I desire to extend, through the "Harris Magazine," my sincere thanks for their hospitality during my pleasant visit to the 1927 Exhibition.

A. T. TERNETT.

An "Exciting" Game.

ON'T you fellows think that because you live in large cities you are the only people who see life. We had considerable entertainment recently from a game described as Football. One man, who took a leading part, has now other names for it. Between his good lady at home and the footballers, he had a lively time. But let dear old Smith tell the sad, sad story:-

"You know, they do say that the older one gets the more 'youthful' one grows. Well, friend, that's the way with me. But between you and me and the village pump, I made an awful ass of myself the other week. For some time back our little Town has been football mad, and has actually got a team together, named the 'Lillyblack Fliers.' They fly about, you know, with striped jerseys and trousers (whisper it not) really far too short for them. Their fantastic antics with the ball, to me, seemed-but I reckon you'll understand about the game without reiteration (good word). I have had little experience of it myself anyway, but like every good citizen of the ancient Borough, I arranged (with myself) to witness the fight-I mean match-with the Derryham Rangers. The next performance was to arrange things with Mrs. Smith, so I quite casually mentioned that I was going down town in the afternoon. Of course, I didn't say football match—not likely. Oh, it's not a question as to whether she was pleased or angry; but there is no use causing a rumpus if it can be avoided. I suppose it is natural for a woman to ask questions, so I replied that I intended buying some ointment for pimples. Not that I have any pimples, but one never knows, and the ointment would be a handy thing to have in the house. But if it was little I required, goodness, she wanted plenty. It is a queer thing, but when I go anywhere near a shop I get a long list of orders from my wife. This time she said I could call on the grocer and purchase marmalade, polish,

flour, and Swiss rolls (if the price was right) and currants. Then look in past Blackie and order coal (see that he sends better quality than the last lot), and call at the fishmonger's-and heaps more. When I heard the last of it I thought I might arrange to do without the ointment and stay at home. No, I had made up my mind to see this football match. I manfully accepted the position. But, really, it was dreadful trying to remember everything; and when I had accomplished the task my arms and pockets held as big a stock as some shops. I then walked as fast as the parcels would allow, and reached the ground on starting time. There was a serious breakdown in the arrangements, as I overheard the captain of the Rangers protest against the referee. After a squabble, lasting some minutes, it was apparently decided to fix up another referee, and one unconnected with either club. Looking round for a substitute, who should they select but poor little me. Now I have played athletic sports such as darts and dominoes, but football! Anyway, as it was only a bit of fun, I agreed. They kindly suggested that I should hand over my parcels to the goalkeeper, and this done, they placed me in the centre of the field with a whistle in my hand. How we started off I cannot recollect, but they were soon jumping about like 'Red Indians on the warpath.' I was beginning to enjoy myself, and was watching for an opportunity to get a kick at the ball, when, crash! something happened, and my nose was buried an inch and a half in the turf. Which of them knocked me down I cannot say, as they were after the ball without saying as much as 'Excuse me.' This was hardly playing the game, so I blew my whistle and stopped play. At once the players crowded round me and inquired whether it was a foul, or a touch, or a corner-kick, or what. 'I hardly know what sort of a kick it was.' I replied, 'but anyway, it was a nasty kick.' They endeavoured to prove it was a pure accident, and soon I was pacified and the game re-started. A few minutes later I was drawn into another affair. The ball happened to come my way, so I let drive with my left foot and sent the leather flying through the Rangers' Goal. 1 thought I had scored a goal for the Lillyblack Fliers. but they would not admit it-said the referee's kicking didn't count (as if it made any difference who scored so long as it went

through). They all laughed at me, and I felt like throwing the whistle at them. But I was determined to see the game finished, only I had not the same interest after that. Suddenly I remembered about the parcels, and made my way towards the goalkeeper. Goodness! You should have seen him, sitting with a jar between his hands, up to his eyes in my marmalade, and a dozen or so boys fighting for my currants. I crept up quietly behind the goalie and pushed his nose right into the jar. I was wild at the time, but when I saw his face covered with juicy preserve I was bound to laugh. And so would you. I left the players fighting it out between themselves, gathered together what was left of my parcels, and went home. And when I arrived indoors, the wife!! Ah, friend, you will understand!!

"SPEC."

Our Money Box.

Our daily papers are, as usual, giving a considerable proportion of their space to racing events, both horse and greyhound, and for one penny invested in any news sheet one can get more information "inside." or otherwise, than one can effectively digest.

There can be no doubt that in doing this they are fulfilling the purpose of a newspaper in supplying a widespread and apparently growing demand. One doubts, however, if this information, so generously given and freely acted on, results, in the long run, in any substantial sum for the investor's money box, or if anything worth having is purchased with the proceeds of those rare

events—a successful "spec."

We heard a little while ago of a working man living not one hundred miles from Calne, who was in the habit of having a little flutter once or twice weekly during the season, without ever having seen a horse run. This continued for some years, until at last our friend thought he would very much like to see a race, and determined to be on Epsom Downs when the next Derby was run. His winnings, however, had not in the meantime enriched him, and when the eventful day drew near he borrowed of a friend the few necessary shillings for the day's outing. Our thoughts have been drawn in this direction by having worked

out the result of a speculation of another character.

Here is the case of one who, week by week, speculates half-crown in "Harris Sixpennies." At the end of the first year he will have invested £6 10s., and will have 2s. 11d. interest added. Let us set this out in tabulated form :-

		Mon	ey ac	tuall	y I	nter	est	
		invested.				earned.		
		£	5.	d.	£	S.	d.	
End of the 1st year		6	10	0		2	.11	
,, 2nd year		13	0	0		13	8	
,, 3rd year		19	10	0	1	12	10	
,, 4th year		26	0	0	3	0	11	
,, 5th year		32	10	0 -	4	- 18	- 8	
,, 6th year		39	- 0	0	7	6	0	
,, 7th year		45	10	0	10	4	1	
,, 8th year	ir	52	0	0	13	13	8	
,, 9th year		58	10	0	17	15	3	
,, 10th year		65	0	0	22	9	4	

He would thus have standing to his credit the sum of £87 9s. 4d. at the end of the tenth year, £65 of which he will himself have contributed, the remaining £22 9s. 4d. being accumulated interest. How useful such a little nest egg may be to its fortunate possessor needs no demonstration. See your Stamp Steward at once if you are not already an investor.

DANCING.

Dancing, to-day, is something more than "just walking round the room" (as it is so often described). A sense of "rhythm" is essential, and the way in which partners hold influences both tremendously. In the old days, when men held their partners at arms' length, it was impossible to do anything else but prance about—the polka, &c. It is the proximity of the modern hold (so severely criticised!) that enables dancing couples to glide smoothly and gracefully over the floor.

Of course, there are exaggerations, and one should remember that dancing which may look very effective on the stage with an appropriate background is not considered good form in a ballroom.

There are four things that come not back:-

The Spoken Word.

The Sped Arrow.

The Past Life.

The Neglected Opportunity.

Behind the German Lines, 1918.

READ with interest the article in our September Magazine, signed by "Old Bragg," and thought that some of our readers would like to hear my experience of one night's stretcher bearing.

With many others I was taken prisoner on April 16th, 1918, in front of Kemel. Our last meal was at 4.30 p.m. on the 12th, before we went up the line. Between this and the time we were captured ten of us shared one tin of meat and vegetable rations and one loaf.

We arrived at Lille on the evening of the 18th, and were quartered in the Arsenal. On our arrival we received one slice of bread and some mangel wurzel soup. Our sleeping accommodation was vile; the bed consisted of powdered wood shavings and lice, stuffed into a mattress. We had been living under these conditions for about a week when one night the guard said he wanted fifty men for a good job, with plenty to eat and drink. The majority were not anxious about Jerry's good jobs, and let him carry on. However, he got them together, and they returned the next morning about eight a.m., and told us a glorious tale of waiting for a hospital train that did not turn up at Lille station, and passing the time away drinking coffee and with as much to eat as they liked.

Four or five evenings later the guard again came into our room with the same old tale-plenty of food and drink. Among others I felt that a good meal would do me no harm, and took the bait. This happened about ten p.m. We were marched to a large hotel, which certainly looked promising. and lounged about the courtyard for an hour, when suddenly the guard called out, "Vic! alley! Tommy!" "Swinerider English!" Outside we went, and there stood a motor ambulance with two trailers attached. Then began our stretcher bearing. How many we unloaded from the ambulance to the reception room I could not say. Once inside the reception room the doctors ran quickly over the labels attached to the patients. We were then told off as follows: - "937," "658," "Theatre," "Dead House," &c. After a time we began to discover where these places were. Stretcher bearing! Oh, yes,

we had some! Up endless stairs, round impossible corners, lifting sixteen stone Germans over the corners of bannisters is nice work on one slice of bread and one basin of mangel soup. Visits to the operating theatre were very appalling. This was fitted up in a beautiful saloon, surrounded by mirrors and illuminated by three fine cut-glass chandeliers. Once the floor had been polished, but now was covered with filth; notices covered all the walls, large nails had been driven into beautiful mahogany door panels, and gilt frames around the mirrors had been treated in the same way. All the notices appeared to be the same—to the effect that something or other was "Verbotten." The atmosphere was foul: ether, chloroform, and vile gases were mixed with the smell of poor unfortunate men who had been lying on the stretchers, saturated with blood and mud for days. In some cases we had to place our feet on the stretcher so that we could lift the poor fellows from the canvas which had become part of their bodies. Around the table were doctors and nurses, clad in white rubber from head to foot, intent upon their work of cutting, stitching, and bandaging. This done, we were then told where to transfer them to. We were present in the theatre whilst the operations were being carried on, sometimes having to undress patients who were still fully dressed.

All nationalities seemed represented there—English, French, Italians, Belgians, and Portuguese. These would look up as we entered the various rooms, and sometimes an Englishman would call out, "Chum, give us a drink." I have been in the act of doing so when the German guard has smashed the bottle in my hand and threatened me with his bayonet.

We worked all night until about eight a.m. We were then marched back to our pals in the mattress (too tired to be even irritated by them). About 4.30 the same day we received our ration—one slice of bread and one basin of mangel soup.

An old proverb says, "One volunteer is better than ten press men." I can assure you I never did anything voluntarily after

"ADSUM."

To clean velvet rub with a cloth dipped in powdered magnesia.

A Visit to Smithfield Market.

"Hi! hi! hi! Mind your back, sir," was the greeting I received when I entered London Smithfield Market at six o'clock one morning on the occasion of my first visit. In "minding my back" I nearly had an eye poked out by a pig's foot. In dodging one porter I went into another, and was then treated with a specimen of Smithfield language. However, that passed off all right, and after a few minutes I felt more at home. I was, in the first place, struck with the huge number of waggons and motors of every description standing outside the Market, some unloading and others loading. Some of these vehicles seemed of the latest type, whilst others, I should imagine, dated back to a good many years.

When I went in I found the place a hive of industry. It was brilliantly lighted up, and there was a continuous hum of conversation. I went in with the intention of having a look round, especially to find certain "stands" or "shops," and in looking up for the names I had my aforementioned contact with the Smithfield porters. I am told that we should always have a tendency to look upwards, but I do not agree with that when walking round Smithfield. One fellow did his best to sell me some plucks, and my curiosity about prices nearly landed me with a bale of them. Fortunately, I named a price that was too low for him. I got away from that

gentleman with all speed.

After discovering the people I wanted to see, and having a little conversation with them. I went further on a voyage of discovery. Whenever I heard the cry, "Mind ver backs!" needless to say my agility was great, but I nearly came a cropper later. I saw a boy carrying four or five cups of hot liquid refreshment. Whilst watching the lad dodge the many people who passed to-and-fro and the various carcases that they carried, I was debating with myself how I should fare if I tried the same thing, when an extra loud voice in my ear brought me to earth, so to speak. I had almost walked into a man carrying a similar cargo, and although there was no actual damage done, I was the cause of the saucers overflowing. The man gave me a glaring look, and I was just bracing myself to receive a torrent of choice language when he thought

better of it, and walked on. I thought better of it, too, and made my way back to Farringdon Street station and breakfast. H. S. Brock.

* * * In Our Village.

"Them folks next door is getting very funny. They've got this 'Wireless,' and when I goes in, there they are, sitting all round the table with the 'phones on their heads and vacant looks on their faces, which look right through you. Presently they gasp, and says, 'It was lovely!' and "Won't I listen?" Not I. I get's enough shock coming in and looking at them without having any more. They says its all right; but then, there's they batteries with it, and I had a shock once when I were asked to catch hold of two handles on a battery, and I ain't having any more.

Well, now, the other day I were going up on the Downs, and when I gets up to where the hard road turns into a green track up the hill, what should be there but a young lady in a motor car. I passes the time of day with her, and then she tells me that she wants to get to London, and the map said this was the right road. So it might be if she could keep on going, but she can't, and so I goes back to the farm for them to bring some horses and pull her out.

Now there's that family of boys just across the way. Well, one day their mother. had a sheep's head a-boiling in the pot and a dumpling apiece for them. What must one of these boys do but take one out when nobody was looking, and when their mother comes to take them out, of course there's one short. Nobody knew anything about it; and she still holds fast that the sheep's head must have had it.

Then there's the gardener. He's one as likes his little drop, and goes regular every evening across to the 'Bear.' Well, one evening he had rather more than usual, and when he was coming back across the fields in the moonlight he sees something all in white following him. He goes a bit faster; and then he gets to running, but the thing still keeps up with him; and when he gets indoors his wife wants to know what's the matter with him. Well, 'twere nothing but a big cobweb on the back of his hat. However, he goes all round the road ever since . . . to the Bear!

VERDANT.

Hockey. ey Club, 4 goals. 5 goals.

Ladies' Hockey Club, 4 goals. Cricket Club, 5 goals.

This is the result of the Challenge Match in goals as given by the presiding official. There are other results—bumps, bruises, and a black eye.

The hefty-looking team of mere men consider they accomplished a notable performance, and are bubbling over with excitement and swank. You will not be surprised.

The "flannelled fools" (Lillywhites for the day) came to Lickhill in a spirit of do or die—otherwise they would not have fought with the ferocity which marked their methods from the "bully-off."

The Ladies' Team, in the face of fearsome faces, gave signs of nervousness, not to be wondered at, and in the opening moiety allowed the C.C. centre to enter the circle practically unmolested. The aforesaid C.C.C. accepted his good fortune, and scored with deliberate judgment, thus drawing first blood.

A fine example of concentrated effort on the part of the L.H.C. defence resulted in their drawing second blood—from the head of a "Lillywhite" from Fishersbrook. The young ladies concerned effected so much interest in the "patient" that he whispered to the Referee afterwards that "It was worth while."

It was a titanic struggle for a time, featured by some astounding incidents. One that nearly brought the house down (and the goal posts and goalkeeper, too) occurred when the Ladies, by superior tactics scored their initial success.

"Sammy," in goal, made a frantic effort to prevent the ball passing over the line, but failed to divert it. How the spectators cheered—even the Ref. joined in the demonstration.

Encouraged, the Hockey Team became a most exhiliarating and aggressive side, and without consideration for permanent waves and smart costumes, dashed into the fray and the Cricket Captain—with rare abandon.

After lemon time, both teams brought up reinforcements, and goals came so fast that the hard-worked "Whistler" found a difficulty in accurately recording the scores.

Five goals to four wants a lot of explaining away, and certainly the margin exaggerates any superiority the C.C. may claim.

There was much to admire in the losers-Really the Ladies gave a fine exhibition of sound constructive hockey and created a favourable impression amongst the many supporters present.

From this report you may have gathered that the Hockey Club were unsuccessful in the field of play, but the Cricket Team were the first to acknowledge the great success attending the tea provided by the Club after the match. Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. and Mrs. Redman accompanied the teams and officials, and said they were delighted with the game and tea, and heartily congratulated the Ladies. Mr. P. T. Knowles, captain of the Cricket Club, and Miss M. Fennell, captain of the Hockey Club, responded.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

Rugby.

On October 1st Calne entertained Swindon "A" at home. The result was a good victory for Calne, the score being 20-3. This match was played in pouring rain, and the handling was remarkably good considering the slippery state of the ball. Tries were scored by Hathway (3), Daniels, Rogers, and Hunt, one of which was converted by Gillett.

October 8th, v. Bathampton. Calne lost 5-12. This match was played at Bathampton, and was very hard fought. The Calne team suffers from lack of weight and height in the pack, which puts them at a serious disadvantage for possession. The tackling was excellent, however, and the team did very well to keep the score down to this level. The only try was scored by Hunt, and converted by Gillett.

October 15th, v. Avon Rowing Club, played at home. This was a most enjoyable open game to watch, and showed rugger as it should be played. The tackling was very keen, but Calne again suffered from lack of weight. The forwards in this match showed that they were settling down very well, whilst the full back, J. Northway, put up a capital exhibition. Calne lost 0-9.

FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER.

Dec. 3—Stotherts & Pitts 1st ... Home ,, 17—Combe Down Home ,, 31—Swindon "A" ... Away

Unison of Ideals the Basis of Harmony of Character.

RIMITIVE desires and passions are the very make-up of our human nature. Moreover, these passions of ours, which are the basis of our nature, are not in a natural state of harmony. We are not born in a state of unity like the animals are. An animal lives by its passions, and it follows them all one after another exactly as they drive it, and it thereby lives in a state of health and harmony, because animals are finished as compared with us. They have reached the height of their nature, and they are now born, more or less, into a state of eternal harmony.

But these passions of the animals are physical passions, and not pain or agony of the soul. We are not born in a state of eternal harmony. Every child is a bundle of longings, desires, impulses, temper, and wants, &c. We have to achieve it—make it—we have not got it by nature. We are not born good, we are born in a state of conflict; and that is why the gospel of self expression, which is so popular in these days, is a menace to the truth. For it says that there is to be no restraint, no checking of the instincts or passions, but that you are to go "all out," live out, express yourselves.

There is every necessity for discipline—and very strict and stern discipline—and every necessity to say, in addition to "Thou shalt," "Thou shalt not."

Of course, these passions must be found out, and there are many of them; they cannot be destroyed or eliminated; they have got to be uplifted and brought into a state of unity and harmony. Now you will find that, although you are not born with natural harmony inside, not born at peace, you are born with a natural urge—a natural drive—to find peace; to achieve it within yourselves. And that is the basic power in your nature. There is within you the desire to make a unity of yourself and your experience.

It is a unity of heart and of head which we want, and you have to get a unity of the heart first; that is, a unity of want, a unity of desire, a unity of passion. You have got to have a unity of heart because we are all stronger in the heart than in the head—all of us; it is the heart that drives the head.

Now we have this capacity for unifying ourselves, and it is a basic thing. We can do it, or try to do it, and we are attempting to do it over almost everything, good, bad, or indifferent. We call the passion enthusiasm, and it is a peculiar human gift. You never met an enthusiastic donkey or an enthusiastic cuckoo. You never met a cuckoo that went mad over his cuckooing or a dove that goes mad over its coo-ing. They don't go mad, but men do. They will go mad over almost anything. They talk about it, think about it, and dream about it. They have gone crazy on a pastime; crazy on a fresh sensation. They centre themselves around the thing, and it is a thing which is absolutely inadequate. We are all bound to do that to find a centre for our enthusiasm. We and our friends and children are looking for a centre of enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the greatest thing in the world. There are cut-and-dried people who want to cut it out, but if you cut enthusiasm out you cut all hope of advancement. Very often an enthusiastic person is not a pleasant sight; he may be troublesome and irritating. But real enthusiasm can keep a man working for hours together on long rows of figures in order that he may be perfectly accurate about the facts; it can keep a man energetically engaged upon his garden that he may see beauty in colour and design. If his enthusiasm is set on a goal, it is the thing which the unity of the whole of man's nature is gathered round. It is the driving power of human nature. We have to direct it to its true centre.

There are lots of men who are enthusiastic for a certain time about something which is perfectly inadequate, and they find that it is inadequate, and it doesn't interest them any more, so they give it up and try something else. There are a large number of people who are not living, they are only putting off death; that is exactly what we want to prevent.

We have all met the man who started out cheerily and happily, but now is gently sliding downhill—irritable, disillusioned, disappointed, dying. You must keep enthu siasm alive and awake. Everything depends upon the centre to which you attach it. It is the one thing that does matter, what the centre of enthusiasm is, what the real thing is which he or she is centred around; the thing which gives meaning to life in all its varied aspects—home, social, work,

recreation—and makes it worth while.

This spirit of enthusiasm is developing in all activities which bind us all in one. May it grow infectious, thereby fostering and cementing that true spirit of comradeship, and strengthening other qualities of mind and character which build up inward harmony; broadening and deepening our sympathies to those who need encouragement, especially at the present time, when there is trial and anxiety in many of our homes.

Behind the Counter.

A knowledge of human nature helps a salesman quite a lot. Each customer has her or his little fads or fancies, which must be respected and anticipated as far as possible. By so doing the salesman can create and foster that spirit of friendship which is so essential in all classes of business.

Appreciation for a customer's visit to the shop can be shown in word and manner. The customer then leaves the shop with the feeling that her patronage has been appreciated. Treat all customers with the same courtesy and respect. Serve children in their turn. Keeping the kiddies waiting means keeping the parents waiting also (probably just outside the shop with feelings antagonistic to the shop being rapidly aroused).

A shop, to a certain extent, is a social rendezvous; your customers are your guests. A good memory for faces and addresses is of great value to the salesman; a memory of a customer's likes and dislikes is of still greater value.

A shop cannot be compared with a post office, which has no competition, and is bound to get all the trade there is. No, a shop is probably surrounded by competitors; it has no monopoly of goods, every customer is free to go elsewhere if not satisfied. In fact, a shop must depend upon the enterprise and efficiency of its manager and the salesmen.

A. E. Webb.

For a cold in the head, inhale, gargle, sniff up the nose as often as possible hot salt and water—1 oz. of salt to pint of water. Drink hot lemon water and eat hot onions and milk going to bed, This never fails.

Our Picture Gallery.

MR. W. C. CROSS.



Mr. William Clement Cross, known, so we are creditably informed, to all his friends in the West of England as "Billy," succeeded to the representation of the Firm in the West of England after being associated with his father, Mr. T. C. Cross, for many years. We were glad to have given his first business training after he left Clifton College to his son, who has now joined his father in our representation. Mr. Clement Cross is assisted also by Mr. Salter in the important work they do for us.

Wedding Bells.

October 1st at the Free Church, Calne, Miss May Watkins to Mr. Thomas J. Wright of Biddestone. The bride was presented with a handsome case of cutlery, subscribed to by members of the staff.

October 15th Miss Edith Mable Clark to Mr. Charles Edward Alexander of Swindon. Both bride and groom have been employed in the Pie department for a number of years and were presented with a case of cutlery by their fellow workers.

"The highest kind of power, the supreme source of satisfaction—better than money or temporal authority—is the power to do good."

* * *

The Broad Highway.

The Cardiff and Bristol Exhibitions were eminently successful, accounting for nearly fifty new accounts between them. At Cardiff one could almost imagine oneself in an entirely foreign country to hear a certain Van Salesman being greeted in Welsh by his friends from the "Rhondda Vallee"! It is also a peculiar fact that one unconsciously finds oneself adopting the intonation of the district. This is especially so in Scotland; if you don't you feel rather out of it!

We sympathise with Mr. Fry, of Ipswich, in his illness, and hope that an operation will not prove to be necessary.

We are also sorry to hear that Mr. Hatcher, of Cardiff, is again in very bad health.

LEEDS.

Van Salesman: "Good morning, Mr. A., I hope you are well in spite of the wretched weather we are having."

Customer: "Don't mention the weather, please. I am sick and tired of it. It rains *every* day. I don't know what it is coming to, for we don't seem to get two days alike, do we?"

W.H.B.

A Scotsman, having seen an advertisement for a safety razor for the small sum of half a crown, wrote to the advertisers asking them to send him one. But, not having a postal order, he concluded his letter by saying he was omitting to enclose the 2s. 6d., but was sure that a firm of their reputation would, notwithstanding, send the razor. He received the following reply: "We are in receipt of your esteemed order for one of our half-crown safety razors, but we are omitting to enclose same as a man with your cheek surely has no need for one."

Two readers assure me that they had never previously heard of the elector who wasn't interested in the Empire because he preferred the Hippodrome. They amaze me!

A rough classification of chestnuts to hand seems to show that, after the curate's egg, honours are fairly equally divided between—

(i.) The minister who prayed that the Committee might hang together. "Amen," said one of the congregation with meaning. "Hang in accord and concord," corrected the minister. "Any sort of cord will do," retorted the voice.

(ii.) The Army officer who was courtmartialled for drunkenness. His servant, for the defence, said that he gave instructions that he was to be called early. This was a point in his favour until "Prisoner's friend," without enough sense to let well alone, asked, "Did he give any reason?" "Oh, yes," replied the man, "He said he was to be Queen of the May."

(iii.) The German who, when asked his age, said, "I am dirty and my wife is dirty-

two.'

(iv.) The second-hand clothes dealer, who shouted after an absconding customer, "Shoot him in the pants; the coat is mine."

(v.) The school inspector who asked the boys to give him a number. On being told 79 he wrote up 97. There being no protest from the class, he asked again, and was told 86. He wrote up 68. Still no protest. "Very dull boys," he thought, and asked again. "Thirty-three," said a voice, "and twist that about if you can!"

THE ROMANCE OF AN INVOICE.

Every year millions of invoices reach this country from abroad. They come from many lands, they are sent out by tens of thousands of different firms, they deal with all kinds of goods. Commodities have their modes, business houses have their idiosyncracies; yet, in spite of these differences, the invoices of each country conform definitely to a type, and are real social documents presenting a surprising amount of information about national characteristics.

American invoices display every mark of a machine civilisation, in which business is a great game. They are invariably typed, they are elaborately headed with an array of index figures and cross index letters; they are lavish with space, and tend to run to many sheets, as befits a land of such immense resources, but never, or hardly ever, are the sheets separately totalled and

carried forward. The total is presented at the end.

What a vision of endless arrays of calculating machines is thus displayed! But, alas! invoices must be checked, and time-saving at one end means loss of time to the less completely equipped recipient at the other. Nevertheless, there they are, slick, competent, and so alike in their headings that they might all be turned out of the same printing works. They are the very apotheosis of standardisation.

What a contrast are the advices from France! Everyone is different from the other. The greater proportion, even in these days, are actually hand-written, and, wonderful to relate, even when duplicates and triplicates are furnished, these

are frequently hand-written too.

These French invoices are of every size and shape; usually they are quite innocent of reference numbers. It is true that each sheet is laboriously added up, but the additions are not infrequently wrong. "No wonder," growls the English checking clerk as he looks at the columns of French figures with their irritating fives and nines and those too easily transposable decimal dots.

But a bunch of French invoice headings is a veritable collection of pictures and designs, an exhibition of the printer's art—always interesting, usually decorative, and often really beautiful. They show no monotonous mark of a single printery. Many of them, indeed, are obviously produced by printers with a long tradition of craftmanship and under the stimulus of a strong sense of emulation. Those who send them out and those who print them alike proclaim aloud that in France the small business and the individual workman still more than hold their own.

The German turns out something very solid. His documents are typed and indexed, and run to a uniform size; each sheet is carefully and accurately totalled, and its values are probably given in pounds—or at least the grand totals are so converted. While the American sits with pride on his dollar and the Frenchman clings with conservative vanity to the franc, the German is eagerly ready to oblige. His descriptions, too, are in English, in sharp contrast to those of the French, and also to invoices from Italy.

He is anxious to make business easy,

but he is not without pride, for his habit is to arrange his invoice heading around an advantageously displayed picture of his factory.

As for Italy, she shows the marks of her Latin pride and of her recent industrialisation in her Italian documents and the influence of America, in the fact that the typewriter has skipped the French and come into very general use. Czecho-Slovakia industriously copies the Germans, but tells a great deal about herself in a general raggedness of execution. So each country writes its character unsuspectingly on these records of business transactions.

G.S.C.

TUNBRIDGE WELLS.

Father (a compiler of a daily "Do You Know" column): "Who invented the Sausage, and when?"

Family (in unison): "Henry du Pois, an Austrian perruquier, invented the sausage on May 6th, 1639."

A.H.H.

A diplomat is a man who shuts up when he has said enough.

THE LATE MR. TOM HILLIER.

Our old friend Tom Hillier, who passed away on October 10th this year, was born on the 7th April, 1855, and was thus 72 years of age. He commenced with the Company in 1870 and rendered 57 years of faithful service. In his early days he was employed in the offal cellar with the late Mr. John Butler. After that he took on the responsibilities of ham curing.

Tom was a most conscientious worker, cheerful and obliging in everything he did, and it will be many a long day before his cheery face is forgotten.

He was a great man for his home and did not take a great deal of interest in outside affairs, except possibly as a Forester, when on festive occasions he might be seen carrying a banner of that order.

At the Summer Show arranged by the Welfare Society in 1925, Mr. Hillier was one of those presented by Mr. Bodinnar with a suitably engraved clock as a token of the firm's appreciation of his many years service.

Friends Elsewhere.

CHIPPENHAM.

We would like to convey to our worthy Chief and Managing Director, Mr. Bodinnar, our sincere congratulations on his re-election as Mayor of the Ancient Borough of Calne for the third successive year, and we feel that we, in a measure, share in this honour, as Mr. Bodinnar is still a resident of Chippenham. That he may be maintained in the best of good health to carry out the onerous duties of his office for the ensuing year is the fervent wish of the whole of the indoor, outdoor, and travelling staffs.

W.H.

WILTSHIRE BACON COMPANY, LTD. WORKS COUNCIL.

A Nomination Paper was posted on the Factory Notice Board for a period of seven days, but no candidates other than the retiring members were proposed for seats on the Council. Messrs. Ambrose, Andrews, Chivers, Dight, and Taylor will therefore serve again for the ensuing year.

These gentlemen are to be congratulated on retaining their seats on the Council, which is conclusive proof they enjoy the full confidence of their fellow employees, particularly in view of the fact that Messrs. Andrews, Chivers, Dight, and Taylor have served continuously since the inception of the Works Council in November, 1920, and Mr. Ambrose from the date of his appointment to the Council in January, 1925.

* * * * IPSWICH.

The town of Ipswich has been honoured with a visit by one of the members of the Royal Family—Prince Henry—who opened a very fine Exhibition of Paintings by Thomas Gainsborough. The collection has been loaned by persons all over the country, and is valued at almost a million pounds. It has been rumoured that her Majesty the Queen is to pay an unofficial visit to this Exhibition. The Prince also opened another addition to the Ipswich Parks, given to the town by Mr. W. F. Paul. Prince Henry received a very warm reception in Ipswich, and members of the staff of Harris (Ipswich) were well to the front with their cheers.

PEOPLE WE TAKE OUR HATS OFF

1.—The residents of Calne, whose water has "flown" under their bridge for many years.

DUNMOW.

The answer to the problem set in last month's issue is as follows—

Code: FABETIOUS 123456789

The figures should therefore read:—

215

412

387

258 258

"And what are you going to do with your son?"

"Well, when he leaves Oxford, he'll take orders"

"That'll be nice. My husband began as a commercial traveller."

A Frenchman had returned to his native town after doing some hundreds of miles on the English Railways.

"There are no trains in the world to equal those of England," he told his awestruck listeners. "Why, they have compartments for everyone and everything. I have seen carriages not only labelled 'Smoking,' but 'Reading,' 'Bath,' 'Sandwich,' and a lot of other things."

Is this not a good definition of a friend?—
"A friend is one who knows all about you, but loves you just the same."
Such would be a friend indeed!

E.W.W.

"As keen as a razor's edge is invisible."

Shakespeare.

The British Army, we read, will be served out with safety razors. I was not aware that the "Tommy Atkins" of to-day was still scraping his "chivvy" with the "sickle-like" contrivance which was part of one's kit between the years 1914—1919—the article which was responsible for the bon mot, "No shave?—no razor"! and

usually followed with the consequences, if I remember rightly, of "Seven days C.B."

Exactly what all this has to do with bacon, I'm sure I cannot say, unless it is part of the procedure of curing—to shave the bristles from the pig's back; an operation which would certainly demand skill if it were done before killing. No doubt the reader has already decided that in the technicalities of bacon producing, I am hopelessly at sea—in any case I should like to get Mr. Heath Robinson to illustrate my theory.

MASS PRODUCTION.

British goods are accepted generally as the acme of quality, but when it comes to mass producing (with the consequent lowering of cost on the individual article), the foreigner seems to excel.

With conditions of trading changed as they are, by which, I mean, that more money is being distributed amongst the buying public, there is a growing market for the mass-produced article at a popular price.

W. GREENHALGH.

* * * TIVERTON.

During the past month we have launched out into the porker trade, and we are pleased to report that our killings have consequently increased very considerably, and we are now hoping for a greater proportion of the supplies in this district. The farmers around are very pleased with this new venture of ours, as now it will be possible for them to bring us all their supplies of pigs.

During this month we in Tiverton have held our annual Carnival, the proceeds of which go to swell the funds of our Hospital, and we are pleased to say that each year this institution is benefited to the extent of a figure somewhere around £1,000 (one thousand). This, we think, for a town of about 9,000 to 10,000, takes a bit of beating.

Tommy told his teacher one day that he was going to be a soldier when he grew up. "Well," said his teacher, "Perhaps so; but if you were walking down a road, and you saw in front of you a precipice and behind you came the King in his carriage,

and the horses took fright, what would you do?" Tommy replied, "Shut my eyes and sing 'God save the King!'"

KNEW HIS HANDWRITING.

Postman: "Bad luck, Pat, I'm afraid. Here's a black-edged letter for you."

Pat (glancing at letter): "It's me poor brother Mike dead. O'id know his handwriting anywhere."

DUMPLING.

TOTNES.

Several times in the past some of our leading citizens have endeavoured to persuade our worthy manager to take up municipal activities, and this year he consented to allow himself to be nominated for the casual vacancy on the Town Council, having doubtless been inspired to do so by the splendid example set by our chief at Calne. We are sure all our readers will be gratified to hear that Mr. Powney was successful in the contest by a majority of 740, polling 927 votes against 187 obtained by his opponent. This figure of 927 constitutes a record number of votes cast for any one canditate in the history of the ancient borough, and provides a striking illustration of the high esteem in which Mr. Powney is held by all classes of the residents. We confidently predict that he will soon be making rapid strides along the road towards the Mayoral chair.

"Where are you going," the teacher wrote on the board. "Johnny, read that," she said. Johnny did so. Then the teacher added the question mark at the end of the sentence. "Now read it, Johnny." "Where are you going, little button hook," said Johnny.

"Are you sure," asked the nervous patient of his medical adviser, "Are you sure I shall recover? I have heard that doctors have sometimes given wrong diagnosis and treated a patient for pneumonia who afterwards died of typhoid fever." "You have been woefully misinformed," replied the physician indignantly, "If I treat a man for pneumonia, he dies of pneumonia."

Just Between Ourselves.

RUG-MAKING.

A suggestion has been made that employees who are interested in Rug-making (or indeed any other kind of needle craft) might meet once a week in the Company's Hall, Church Street, Calne, and work together.

The suggestion was submitted to Mr. Bodinnar, who entirely approved of the idea, and gave permission for the Hall to be used, and the Class commenced on Thursday, the 20th October, at seven o'clock, being closed again at nine p.m.

Light refreshments are provided for a small sum, viz., 2d. each person, and on some occasions we may be able to provide some entertainment of a vocal or instrumental nature.

Thirty-three people expressed themselves as interested as soon as the suggestion was made, and it is hoped that before many weeks are over others will join. It is greatly regretted that some members of the staff find Thursday evening inconvenient, but we trust that whenever they have a Thursday evening free they will join us.

Rug-making will not be the only occupation, of course, but any other form of needlecraft may be carried on, and if there are any girls who would like to do something in this way, but who are afraid to attempt it, a cordial invitation is extended to them to come and explain their difficulties. They are sure to find a solution on Thursday evenings, and may depend upon a hearty welcome.

At the end of the season a "Rug Show" will be held, at which the winter's work will be exhibited; and in connection therewith prizes will be offered, but full particulars of this will be given in a later issue of the Magazine.

Miss Fennell will be pleased to answer any enquiries for canvas, wool, and other necessary materials for rug-making, and enquiries about other branches of needle-craft will, to the best of her ability, be dealt with by

MARIAN.

With the thought before us that Christmas is not very far away, one's mind turns naturally to all the good things that tempt us from the shop windows—piles of raisins, almonds, chocolates, sweets of all kinds, to say nothing of the beautiful boxes now sold to contain these sweets. For those who like to make pretty things which are thoroughly wholesome, there is a great fascination in sweet-making, and below we have much pleasure in giving three recipes for the benefit of those who confess to a "sweet tooth":—

CHOCOLATE FUDGE.

Put into a saucepan one tablespoonful and a half of butter and set over the fire. Allow it to remain until all the water has evaporated and it has turned a rich brown. being careful that it does not burn. Add to the browned butter three-quarters of a cupful of milk and two squares of chocolate, shaved. Put back over the fire until the chocolate has melted, then remove and stir briskly until the mixture is smooth and perfectly blended. Add two cupfuls of granulated sugar. Now let the fudge boil slowly for a while, then remove from fire, add one teaspoonful of vanilla, and beat until creamy. Turn into a buttered pan and, when cool, cut into squares.

PEPPERMINT CREAMS.

Take 1lb. icing sugar and half a teaspoonful of oil of peppermint. Sieve sugar into basin, add flavouring and enough water to make the mixture into a stiff paste. Turn on to board sprinkled with sugar, roll out and cut into diamond-shaped pieces, or any other shape you prefer.

COCOANUT ICE.

1lb. Granulated Sugar.

1lb. Dessicated Cocoanut.

3 or 4 drops of Cochineal.

Place the sugar in a saucepan with four tablespoonfuls of cold water. Bring to the boil, stirring every now and then to prevent burning. Allow the mixture to boil for five minutes, then add cocoanut, stirring all the while; then leave to boil for three minutes. Remove from gas and place half the mixture in a well-greased dish. Add four drops of cochineal to the mixture remaining in the pan. Stir well, then place the pink mixture on top of the white, pressing down well. Allow to cool, then cut into fingers.

HOCKEY.

The Practice Matches are well attended, the beginners showing some ability. Despite the result of our first match, we are not discouraged; in fact, we are more determined than ever to "win through." We would like to remind our critics that these matches were fixed weeks ago, but the bad weather at the beginning of the season prevented us from having as much practice as we had hoped, and, as we are quite willing to admit, we badly needed.

May we invite you to support your team at the home matches, when you will, at least, have first-hand knowledge of the players' capabilities.

W.W.

HOCKEY FIXTURES FOR DECEMBER

Dec. 3—Marlborough ... Home ,, 10—Swindon 2nd XI. ... Away ,, 10—Rodbourne Cheney ... Home ,, 31—Bradford on Avon ... Home

WELDON'S BOOKS AVAILABLE.

Illustrated Dressmaker. Ladies' Journal. Children's Fashions. Rug Book. Blouses, Jumpers, and Coatees. Coats. Motifs and Insets in Crochet, Richlieu, &c. Catalogue of Fashions. Children's Fancy Dress. Fancy Dress for Grown-ups.

TO WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS.

Something taking—something keen
Is what we want for our Magazine;
Something brainy, something snappy,
Something to make the dull ones happy.
Anything brief, anything jolly,
Anything to drive away melancholy.
Anything arresting, bright and clear,
Anything to bring about "Righte goode cheer."

Nothing dismal, nothing dreary, Nothing to make the reader weary. No long lectures, nothing mean, Nothing but the *best* for our Magazine.

M.E.B.

When washing sateen or any cotton goods with a satin finish, rinse in borax water to give a gloss.

Photographic Notes.

Figure Studies are fascinating subjects, and it is easier to make a pictorially effective photograph of one or two people than of a group of ten or twelve. Your great object should be to make the result both artistic and natural. If the figures are natural they will probably be excellent likenesses, even though they may not be facing the camera.

Whenever you take a figure study, try to make it a character study, too. You will find that the greatest help towards this is to get your subjects to do something, even if

it is only enjoying the sunshine.

Next to the pose and expression of your subject, the background is probably the most important fact in a figure study. It should blend with and be a part of the rest of the picture, but it must never be too obtrusive.

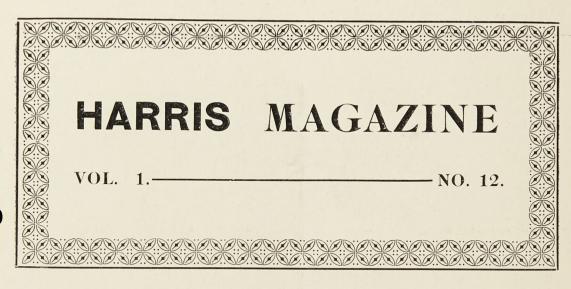
If you are lucky enough to be able to use a beautiful landscape, or a peep in a charming old garden, as a background, you will naturally take advantage of it; but with a little ingenuity it is possible to obtain satisfactory results from much less promising material.

It is often a good plan to have the background in vivid contrast with the figure in the matter of tone. This can often be arranged by careful choice of the lighting conditions. For instance, a sunlit figure will stand out boldly if photographed before a background which is in shadow. Or a figure in the shade photographed against the background of a sunlit landscape will have a vivid, semi-silhouetted effect.

Another way in which the figure may be given relief is by careful use of the focussing adjustment, if your camera is provided with one. By taking your subject at, say, 10ft. distance, you will obtain the figure dead sharp against a background which is pleasantly diffused, through being

slightly out of focus.

One matter of considerable importance that is often overlooked is the scale on which the subject is to be photographed. It is a sound rule that if you want to include the whole of the figure you should also include enough of the surroundings to give it a frame. A glance at the illustration will show what is meant. If you want a close-up picture, it is better to content yourself with a three-quarter length or half-length figure rather than to squeeze a full-length into a space too small for it.



DECEMBER, 1927.

Editorial Notes.

"BABE OF THE THOUSAND BIRTHDAYS."—G.K.C.

NE of the penalties of growth and age is the distance, increasing step by step, which places itself between us and the source, as yet unsullied, from which we sprang. We cannot gauge why the noble estuary, bearing the traffic to and from the high seas, should at length pall us and create a desire for the peaceful glen, where the sweet rivulet, which is at the beginning of the mighty river, was born. Yet, there is that factor in our make-up which ever prompts us to retreat from the complex to the simple and pure. It is a compensation, worked into the fabric of existence, that, however long and tortuous the course we have travelled, the simple and pure may again be re-won if only we will return to it. And so, year by year, another unit is added to the roll of centuries; but that we may not quite forget, the children's festival is held, when one and all lose their age and think and live with the children.

Although the Child, whose anniversary it is, has lived and grown and passed, yet the spirit of that Child envelops the season more surely even than "When the first Christmas presents came to the Christ Who was rolled in the straw."

It is because of the essential simplicity of Christmas that those who have gone before us, and we ourselves, enjoy the delights of good things with more certain appetite than at any other season. Not only do we enjoy them ourselves, but traditional carols testify that the spirit of charity has abounded at this time throughout the centuries. Not calculated giving, as if made by an organisation society, but bountiful and artless, perhaps even as indiscreet as that of little children. And so at this Christmastide, when nearly three decades of another century have passed away, we celebrate with customs and fare altered somewhat from those of the times of "Merrie England," and even Victoria, but the spirit which permeates it still, and shall continue so to do, is that of the "Babe of the thousand birthdays."

Between Ourselves.

It seems but yesterday that so many of us joined in the festivities of New Year's Eve, 1926, and now we face the ending of the year which we welcomed in together.

If it were not that "Hope springs eternal" the rapid flight of time would become almost depressing.

A philosopher once said that the most difficult problem to the growing mind was some realisation of the meaning of an eternity of time.

I suppose it is true that as the human passes through the stage of experience which we call "Life" every footstep he takes may be taken to represent the pressure upon a temporary roadway, and that as the foot presses and passes from the place of its support that support disappears into an abyss, so that a re-passage over the old ground can take place no more. It is well, therefore, to consider as the moments pass the manner of our going.

The moment used in reading this word will, with the tick of a clock represent something that is past, and the opportunity which immediately lies to our hand is something which does not recur.

The final assessment of a man's life and character can usually only be made at some distance after his death, but every well-organised business has its regular periods of stock-taking, when the valuation of the working tools and the methods by which its capital has been employed are taken fully into account. It is as important to include all the assets as it is to take full stock of the liabilities.

If at the end of 1927 the achievements of that year are such as have increased the assets and have reduced the liabilities there is an accumulation of the nett value associated with effort that makes for an encouraging start in the new year.

And so in common with most people, it may be well to consider whether the

individuals who read these lines possess at the end of their year more of the only wealth which is worth having, in the shape of character and achievement.

It is very certain that if we have added virtues and achievements in our home and private lives, we have automatically become more valuable to the business we are all proud to serve.

The dreariest soul must surely be that who honestly taking stock of itself discovers that it has parted with some of its wealth.

I know of no better recipe for a truly successful new year than that it should be commenced and continued in the Spirit of Christmas.

Most of us at Christmas time cultivate the habit of goodwill. For once we allow the mask to fall and the true merriment of real charity is allowed a chance as between us and our fellows.

The vizor of our social bars and artificial outlook is allowed to drop. We view the world with the smiling eyes of kindness. Even the cranks and bores of the family circle possess attributes of charm at Christmas time which we fail with unseeing eyes to find in them at other times. The fault is too often ours, and not theirs.

For 2,000 years men have with varying voices and different meanings appealed for the application of the Christmas Spirit to national and domestic affairs. It is very certain that if this festive outlook were maintained by all classes and conditions of men many of our problems would cease to be existent.

I can, therefore, wish you nothing better than the fullest realisation of all your Christmas hopes and the application of all you attain at Christmas in the fulfilment of your Very happy New Year.

MA.

By The Way.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

"Why not look in one evening?" These words gave me an opportunity of satisfying my curiosity regarding the newlyformed Rug-making and Needlecraft Class. The first thing that struck me was the good number gathered together at the Company's Hall. There must have been, on the night I paid my visit, something over 40 girls. The next impression I got was that everybody seemed to be thoroughly enjoying themselves. There was an absence of serious work; by this I do not mean to say that no work was being done, or that the merriment was at the expense of work. Fingers were busy the whole time, to the accompaniment of a happy buzz of conversation, punctuated with bursts of merry laughter.

In one part of the room was Miss Eattel, quietly instructing a group into the mysteries of raffia work. To mere man it seemed easy, once the knack was acquired; and the specimens I was shown tempt me to indulge in this hobby. To my mind it is one that can be indulged in without being called effeminate.

In another corner were the rug makers with a fearsome-looking needle (or is it a hook?). They were industriously weaving patterns. Those I saw looked as if they would last a life-time, and they probably will. They were well made and substantial looking. This side of the work was in the capable hands of Miss Fennell.

There was one who, to my mind, seemed to have solved the problem of being in two places at once. This was Mrs. Pearce, whose enthusiasm and energies brought the Class into being. One minute you would see her in one corner and the next you would see her in another, busily explaining various things to the girls. How she managed to get from one corner to another has puzzled me ever since.

Crochet work, knitting, embroidery, bead work, and the like, all had their adherents. I have never yet been able to discover how, by the waggling of one finger, aided by a crochet hook, the various pretty patterns of crochet work are evolved. I came away with the mystery still unsolved. I sought enlightenment in some of the books, but the signs, numerals, &c., made me feel

so dizzy that I hastily put the books down.

I must mention the refreshments. If

ever a needy soul needed sustenance, I did. It was exhausting work trying to follow what was going on and how the various things were made. My gratitude was profound to those kind ladies in charge of the refreshments. They saved my life.

I came away with mingled feelings: honoured at being asked to look in; delighted to be in such an atmosphere of cheerfulness; puzzled at how it was all done; proud of our girls for the way in which they have got together; and admiration for the organisers of such a movement. I am told there is room for more, and all girls will be welcomed. To those who at present attend I would say, "You are to be congratulated on a wonderfully well-organised class." To those who are hesitating I would say, "Hesitate no longer, a genuine welcome awaits you, and you will not regret the pleasant hours." To those who have not thought about it I would say, "You don't know what you are missing." A more pleasant and jolly evening is not to be found in this Town.

G.H.H.

THE WINTER'S CONSOLATION.

Gone is the lily's scented breath,

The sweet rose petals all have flown;
The little swallows, fearing death,
Have hastened to a land unknown.

Bright berries deck the holly bough,
And mistletoe the apple tree;
Oft from the grey old tower now
The Christmas bells ring wild and free.

When evening dies behind the hill, And moonbeams bright their shadows fling, We catch the sound of voices shrill, Singing to the new-born King.

Let old traditions never fail,
Old customs ne'er be cast aside;
To good old Christmas shout "All Hail!"
"All Hail to Jolly Christmastide!"

Springtime loves its new-born leaves,
Summer smiles amid her flowers,
Autumn boasts of golden trees,
But Christmas crowns the winter hours.

E. Howse.

A TRUE INCIDENT.

I was waiting on the platform for my train to Northampton when my friend invited me to join him at the station buffet. Upon coming out, my friend picked up his umbrella and we entered the train. When changing at Manton he asked me if I had picked his umbrella up by mistake. I hadn't, and there he was with a "gamp' that any red-nose comedian would envy. It was rolled, of huge dimensions, and bulged here and there. My friend was forced to carry this for the rest of the day, hoping to find upon his return to Nottingham that his umbrella had been restored, but sad to relate, "someone had made a good exchange."

On the following day it rained, and my friend turned up for the train to Leicester with his new possession, but upon returning to Nottingham later in the day left it in the train and hasn't yet found it. Some few days elapsed, and when meeting me one morning he handed me a letter bearing the following postscript:—"When you left home last week-end you left your umbrella in the hall stand, and I am sending it on to you."

E. PALLIER (Dunmow).

Overheard by a member of our staff proceeding to business:—Guard of local passenger train who has just noticed, on arrival at a wayside station, that a milk van had been attached to his train at a previous station: "'Ere, who hitched that thing on to my train?"

A builder of some repute, but a man who had received no particular education, received a contract to build a row of houses. During the course of erection one of the workmen suggested an alteration, to which the "boss" replied: "My man, you do the work and I'll do the thought."

The following episode is from a story we have read by Barry Pain:—A grocer used to absent himself from his home every summer. It was his custom to adopt an imposing title, and live for the brief space of his holiday in a different world. On one occasion he adopted the title of Sir Charles Bradenham. When asked why, he replied, "Name of a ham—a very good sort, too."

Rats.

Those engaged in the production or distribution of food for man or beast have been given much food for thought in endeavouring to rid themselves of the depredations of this small rodent with a large appetite for food and mischief. The species in question have been honoured of late with special attention and Acts by the Mother of Parliaments, or, as it is sometimes unkindly called, "grandmotherly" legislation. Judging by the results obtained in reduction of rat population, it would appear that these attentions are not appreciated by the animal kingdom.

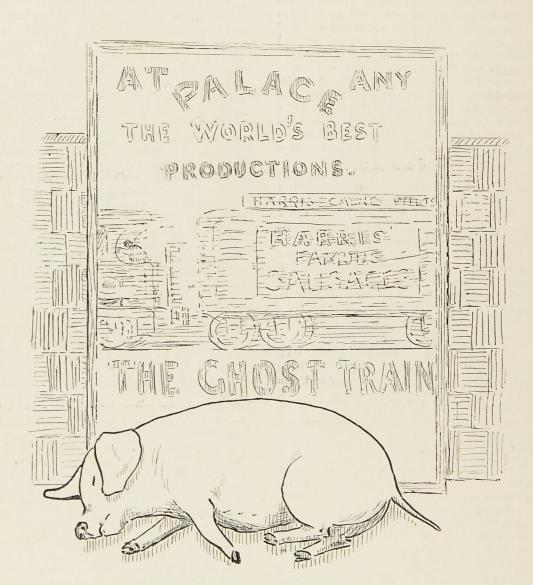
Before setting up the elaborate organisation for "Rat Week" and local inspectors and regulations (which often call forth the monosyllable, "Rats"), the "powers that be" had not, evidently, heard of the following method, so simple in design, so amusing in operation, and so effective in result:—

A fair-sized barrel is placed in the rat "run," and the top is covered with a piece of American cloth (or similar smooth material) stretched tight. A tempting bait of corn, cheese, or meat is placed in the centre of the top, and is, of course, soon devoured. The bait is renewed a few times until the rats are used to feeding on the top of the barrel. Then a hole is cut in the centre of the cloth, which is slackened out to saucer shape. A nice piece of cheese is suspended by a string just over the hole. At the bottom of the barrel, inside, is placed half a brick, and water is poured in until the top of the brick is only just above it.

An unsuspecting rat comes for another bite, but before realising the changed circumstances he is introduced below. Of course, he gets out of the water on to the brick and awaits events. Soon a companion joins him, but there is only room on the brick for one rat, and an "argument" ensues; the noise attracts the onlookers, who are soon given an inside view, and they also participate in the struggle for the place on the brick and add to the general uproar—a real "Boxing-day" performance.

When the attendance has reached as large a number as desirable, more water is added to the barrel, the contents allowed to stand and settle, and then suitably disposed of.

The barrel and brick can be used again, but not the cloth or bait. Nibbler.



"WHEN DREAMS COME TRUE."

Mayor's Day, 1927.

T has been my happy lot to be num-. bered amongst the guests on the two occasions when Calne has had the privilege of witnessing the public investiture of the Mayor. For many years the electionand investiture has taken place in the Council Chamber, but the departure from this rule last year created a precedent which Calne would be sorry to see discontinued, as it affords an opportunity for the people of Calne to witness what is perhaps the highest honour that can be offered to the man considered the most worthy. It is a great pleasure to us all in the Firm that our Chief, Mr. Bodinnar, has been accorded this honour on three successive occasions, and our congratulations to him, although somewhat belated, are none the less sincere.

The proceedings commenced at noon on Wednesday, November 9th, when the whole assembly, comprising the leading ladies and gentlemen of the Borough—magistrates, representatives from the various churches and schools, business houses and factories—stood in silence when the Mayor and Corporation entered preceded by the mace bearer carrying the new mace presented by his Worship.

Mr. Councillor Angell proposed and Alderman J. Gale seconded the proposal that Mr. Bodinnar be elected, both dealing fully with the many activities and services rendered by the Mayor during the past two years. They were ably supported by many other members of the Council. The motion was carried with acclamation, and Mr. Bodinnar was again declared Mayor. He took the necessary oaths, and was robed and invested with the chain of office by Alderman F. C. Henly

In his speech the Mayor dealt with the principal enterprises undertaken by the Corporation during the last year, and foreshadowed that the coming year would see the rounding off and consolidating of the various incomplete schemes, the principal one being the removal of the market to more suitable quarters. He emphasised the fact that the housing problem still presented difficulties, and if private enterprise did not provide more houses, it was the duty of any self-respecting Corporation to supply the deficiency.

Mention was made of the losses sus-

tained during the last year of two friends of Calne—the Marquess of Lansdowne and the Chairman of the Bench of Magistrates (Mr. J. M. Harris). Changes in the churches was another point touched upon, and the Mayor appointed Archdeacon Coulter to be his chaplain. The schools were also mentioned, and the presentation of a Union Jack was made in the Hall to the representative of the secondary school. (The Mayor also presented flags to all the other schools after the ceremony).

After the proceedings, a large number of guests were entertained at an excellent luncheon provided by the Mayor.

In the speeches, as is customary on Mayor's Day, licence ran riot, and keen humour provided the keynote. In this connection one missed our friend Mr. Long, who was unfortunately debarred from attendance through illness. After the toast of "The King, the Queen, and the Royal Family," the toast of "The Mayor, Mayoress, and their family" was accorded musical honours, and it was deeply regretted that Mrs. Bodinnar was unable to be present. A cablegram from her was read earlier in the day, and all joined in wishing her a speedy recovery and restoration to normal health and strength.

Other toasts which were honoured were "The Church Universal and Ministers of Religion," "The newly-elected Councillors and the Council Officers," "The Visitors and Neighbouring Authorities," and "The Press."

The Investiture Ceremony was most impressive, and will doubtless remain in the minds of the schoolchildren and others present for a very long time. I have seen our Chief take the principal part on many occasions, both publicly and in business, and while we all feel justly proud of his many achievements we still like to think of him by the more familiar title of "our Chief, J.F.B." These initials synchronise in our minds with our ideal man, who, although our employer, is still very much our friend.

E. Stevens.

Who was the gentleman who complained of the size of the suit case of one of his passengers? He said it did not permit of him using his own larger one, and he badly wanted to pack his dress suit for "Tilly of Bloomsbury."

An Appreciation.

"A middle-aged man may find it necessary to pull down his illconceived notions of life, and, with the fuller knowledge of experience and failure, re-erect the structure of his hopes so that he may stand four-square on sure foundations against the winds of chance."

It was with some appreciation that the present writer read these lines as published in the "Harris Magazine" in the early part of this year. Not only these, but several others in the same arcicle.

It has been truly said that if a man is born to be great it matters little what profession, business, or occupation he turns his hand to, he will eventually come out on top.

One cannot help by being struck, when reading the article from which the above is an extract, with the great versatility of the writer of the same. One feels that had that writer made his profession the study of the arts he would have left his mark thereon, and especially to that art which is embodied in English literature.

That article appears, from beginning to end, not only to denote expressions of a fine flow and the stateliness of our English language, but also, at the same time, it brings home to us sentiments which are full worthy of anyone's close attention, and one that would rank beside any of our greatest writers.

When one recollects the hundred and one (that expression is not by any means a terminological inexactitude) "les affaires" of the writer of that article, one begins to wonder what the result might have been had he been able to reduce the number by one hundred, and had been able to devote the whole of his attention to producing such fine examples of this language of ours. One would venture to prophesy that we should be able to have on our bookshelves some examples of literature equal in quality to Gibbon, Macaulay, and some of the other greatest writers of our age.

It is indeed all the greater when one is able to recollect all those other "hundred" since not only do we see an outcome in that article, but we can see it in every other direction where the leaves of this Magazine touch; nor by any means is it confined to the Magazine since a quite large percentage of

that "hundred" has to do with the lives and well-being of thousands of our fellow human beings as the chief representative of that Town in which this Magazine is produced.

The effort that produced that article is equally expended in all those other "hundred" directions, and with an equal degree of producing that which is best.

It is said that difficulties are but made to be overcome; and well has this been exemplified in the course of the career of the writer of that article on those Monks who have by their tenacity and efficiency created a monument which will stand for all time to prove to this world that these words of his are correct.

ANON.

Old Christmas is come for to keep open house, And scorns to be guilty of starving a mouse; Then come, boys, and welcome, for diet the chief—

There's plum pudding, roast goose, minced pies, and roast beef.

Then let us be merry, and taste the good cheer,

And remember Old Christmas but comes once a year.

Old Christmas Carol.

THE CHILD IN OUR MIDST.

"In their midst He set a child,"
An innocent babe, who softly smiled
As the words were uttered with tender ease,
"Except ye become as one of these."

"The child in our midst"—Do you see
The child in the home, the babe at the knee?
From some they have gone, with many a tear,
Though leaving behind sweet memories dear.

"The child in our midst"—Happy, content, fathers and mothers—to us they are lent, "Even as these"; oh, join in their play, Thus keeping the spirit of Christ's own day.

G.H.H.

Sir Roger led my lady out; the young 'squire danced with Sue,

The bonny, buxom, dairymaid; the parson, he danced, too;

Now in, now out, they jigged about, each Jeannette with her Joe;

And all the maids again were kissed beneath the mistletoe.

Stephen Oliver.

An Interview with "Our Henry."

HEN, the other evening, I called on Mr. Henry Carpenter with a view to gathering information for this article, I found him ensconced by a fireside, the comfort of which I was cordially invited to share, and himself perfectly willing to talk of other days and old associations.

"Now, Henry, how long have you worked for Harris'?"

"Well, I am 78, and I started work for the late Mr. Thomas Harris when I was

ten, so that's 68 years—68 years, and never got the sack yet, although once or twice I very nearly did.'

"And what did a boy of ten earn 68 years ago?"

"That's not for me to say," said he, "I know what I was paid. I asked for 5s. a week, but was told that it was more than any other boy had ever been paid yet, so the matter stood in abeyance for a time. At last my Master said he liked the look of me, and that I seemed pretty nimble, so he had decided to give me the 5s. on the

absolute condition that I didn't ask for a rise for a year at least."

"How many men were employed at that time?"

"Mr. Thomas Harris' staff consisted of 15 men and 2 boys, and the work was carried on in the corner shop, now occupied by Mr. Cole, and a slaughter-house, at the back of it, where the present packing house is situated, and at that time 100 pigs was considered a heavy week's killing. Of course, the other branch of the Firm employed rather more hands than that, but we worked quite independently.

"And what did you do for that 5s. a

week, Henry?"

"My job was donkey boy. My Master kept a butcher's shop, selling beef and mutton as well as pork. I had to do the country rounds, and the means of conveyance was a pannier donkey, the joints being

packed in two baskets thrown across the donkey's back on either side."

"You didn't ride?"

"Oh, dear no; I had to walk, and sometimes came home pretty well tired out. Then, on Saturday night, I had to serve in the shop, which was always closed promptly at eleven o'clock, after which I received my wages—invariably a five shilling packet of coppers, and trudged home to Quemerford."

"And how long were you employed as donkey boy?"

"About two years, after which I was promoted to a post in the lard room, in which department I have worked until now, rising by stages to a second hand,

and then to foreman, my wages being increased by increments of 6d. a time-to 15s. 6d. a week."

"Of how many hours?"
"Oh," said Henry,
"Hours weren't counted in
them days. We kept at
it till the work was done.
The longest day I everworked was twenty hours,
from three in the morning
till eleven at night."

"You said just now you very nearly got the sack. How did that happen?"
"Like this," said Henry, "I and my boy had to move a quantity of bladdered

lard stored on the floor above the old ice house. It was a sitting dawn job, and both I and the boy went fast asleep. Mr. Harris and foreman John Haddrell came up to see how the work was progressing, and I was awakened by the Master stirring me with his foot."

"Come, come, Henry," said he, "I pay you to work, not to sleep. You must sleep at home, not here, and just see, too, how you are bringing the boy up."

"The only excuse I could make was that the time we had at home was hardly sufficient for a full night's rest; and, indeed, that was the simple truth. Morning by morning the 'caller' came round tapping with his stick the old iron pipe on the side of my house and telling me it was halfpast three, time to get up.

In those days, in at four in the morning and out at eight at night for six days a

week, was not at all unusual."

"And how did you manage to keep Christmas?"

"Why, we had a holiday! We had two holidays in the year, Christmas Day and Trip Day, and for the better keeping of Christmas every man had a meat ticket given him (to be spent in the shop) the value according to the family responsibilities of the recipient.

Changes have been gradual, but they have always been for the better. I well remember when the first steam engine was installed —a 1½ horse power—for pumping water and grinding fat, and how we welcomed the lightening of the manual labour obtained thereby.

In the early days the pigs were burnt with straw, and then had to be carried into the slaughter-house on the men's backs. We were paid extra for that work—1½d. for every 2 pigs. Strict account was kept, and the extra payment came as a sort of bonus—say, for carrying 30 pigs, 1s. 10½d."

"Yes," said Henry thoughtfully, "The memory of those days enables one to appreciate the better conditions under which our old hands are now working. I am still in the lard department, and my light task and shorter hours suit my 78 years exactly. I enjoy good health; all the better, I think, for having regular work to do; and I am hoping to stay in harness till my eightieth birthday, when I shall have completed seventy years' service for the Firm."

Life's Outlook.

I was greatly impressed during the war with the fine qualities of comradeship that existed in the trenches; all the best in humanity that had laid dormant expressed itself openly in the self-sacrifice of each day's duties as a slight example.

We were attacking at Delville Wood, July 27th, 1916, when a boy only nineteen years of age was badly wounded in the arm with shrapnel; gangrene started, and to save the lad's life it was essential to get him quickly down to the operating station. The stretcher-bearer moistened his lips with water, and endeavoured to cheer his spirits by informing him his case should be the first for removal. The lad smiled, and said,

"Never mind me, remove the other badly wounded first."

Many a night, when on sentry duty, we have constantly remarked: If only the excellent spirit of comradeship exists after the war is over this terrible loss of life will not be in vain, but a finer and better world will be the result.

What a delusion! I am sorry to relate that it is just the reverse. My comrades of the trenches are dissatisfied, daily complaining of conditions in general, and with a lack of unity and good feeling in their every-day work. To work with a good heart, and make the best out of life, appears to be a lost art. Christmas is fast approaching, and, in my opinion, the correct time of the year to take stock of ourselves; and for that particular reason I have written this article, with the sole desire to arouse that latent spark of good-fellowship and endeavour to enjoy all that is best in life, and to go about our work with a feeling of good-will to one and all.

Blest with good health and strength and a happy disposition, you can congratulate yourself on the finest banking account in the world.

Lieut. Webster achieved a British victory for record speed in the Schneider Cup Race, so have the Ipswich Pig Department in sending out pig price lists during the rapid advancement.

SUFFOLK SUPERSTITION

There are some people who will never kill a pig when the moon is "wasting," lest the pork should waste in the pot. On the other hand, I know a respectable old lady who always has her corns cut at that time, supposing that the amputation is both more easy and more effectual.

It is usual in this county to communicate family secrets to the bees, such, for instance, as a birth or death. If neglected on such occasions, the bees are apt, it is said, to take offence and to remove to other residences, where they will be treated with more confidence. They are said to be so sensitive as to leave houses where the inmates of which indulge habitually in swearing.

S. B. Fuller.

CALNE RUGBY CLUB.

A very cheery crowd gathered at the Lansdowne Hotel on Wednesday evening. There was a meeting of members of the Club beforehand, when it was learned with regret that our captain, Mr. J. H. Gillett, had decided to resign that office in view of his marriage; it is hoped, however, that he will be able to turn out for his club occasionally. Mr. A. G. Kidley was elected captain in his place.

After the business had been concluded, a Smoking Concert was held, to which several local gentlemen lent their aid; but undoubtedly the star turn of the evening was the "Beauty Chorus" from Chippenham, and all the refrains were rendered by the company with gusto.

In the interval, the vice-captain, Mr. Maundrell, on behalf of the members of the Club, presented the retiring captain with a cigarette box, suitably engraved, and in a few well-chosen words wished him every happiness and success in his married life.

Mr. Gillett, who was received with musical honours, said how deeply he appreciated this unexpected gift, and wished the club a very successful season.

We were all sorry when we heard, "Time, gentlemen, please."

FIXTURES FOR JANUARY. January 7th, St. Stephen's, home. January 14th, Bath Extras, away. January 28th, Bathampton, home.

29th October, v Combe Down, at Combe Down.

An enjoyable game, Combe Down winning by three tries and one dropped goal, sixteen points to three. The forwards must learn to get the ball back. The "Bath Chronicle" said of the game, "When the Calne forwards got the ball out (a most infrequent occurrence), the threes proved their ability to be dangerous." Forwards, please note!

5th November, v. Old Sulians, at Northfield.

Played under very adverse weather conditions. The home team had the best of matters in the first half, but were again unable to cross the visitors' line. Sulians scored one try in the second half from a loose rush. A glaring case of off-side by Calne left the home sticks open for Sulians

to convert an early kick, thus beating Calneby 6 points to 0.

12th November, v. Bath Extras, at Northfield.

In the first half Calne had much the best of the game, the visitors being compelled to touch down several times. The pace was fast, and Calne began to feel it. After the cross-over Bath pressed hard, and play settled down in the Calne twenty-five. Calne put up a great defence and kept their line intact, the game resulting in a goalless draw.

19th November, v. Stothert & Pitt, at Bath.

Played under terrible weather conditions, the ground being like a quagmire; the result being a great win for Calne, who crossed their opponents' line nine times, the score being 29 to 0.

CALNE AND HARRIS UNITED FOOTBALL CLUB.

After several games in the Wilts League during the early part of the season, we were fortunate enough to draw the well-known Somerset team, Coleford Athletic, at home on the 8th October, in the preliminary of the English Amateur Cup. A really fine exhibition of football was served up by both teams, and had not the visitors' goalie and the woodwork been in form, Calne should easily have gone into the "hat" for the next round. However, the final score counts, and after a very exciting game an extra half hour had to be played, according to rules. The visitors proved the more conditioned players, and eventually won a good game by 4 goals to 3.

On the 15th October we renewed our acquaintance with Frome Town after their several seasons in the Somerset and Western League. A good game was witnessed, the Lilywhites winning by 3 goals to 1.

The champions, Warminster, paid us a visit on 29th October, and after a hard game beat us by the odd goal.

Our visit to Spencer Moultons, at Bradford, on 5th November, resulted in a good win.

We were beaten at home by Westbury on the 12th November by the odd goal.

Merepith.

The Broad Highway.

The very heartiest of good wishes for "A very Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year" to all our friends on the road.

Now that the "powers that be" have decreed an additional Bank-holiday, a very enjoyable time should be assured in which to recover from the strenuous labours attendant on the Christmas rush.

While writing these few lines we are enjoying really seasonable weather, and we must hope that we get a repetition at Christmas time, when the weather makes such a very real difference to the general enjoyment—but, preserve us from snow!

We will not take up any more space, as we know that the Editors have some very special things in store for the December number!

Pigs.

The fall in pig prices usually experienced about the months of September and October came somewhat later this year, and was even more drastic than any of us in the trade expected.

It has been an exceedingly trying time for all those concerned in the industry, whether breeder, feeder, or curer. Feeders, particularly, have been hit very hard. In many cases the high cost of food, coupled with the high price of "stores" or "feeders," has resulted in serious losses, and it is only those who have been able to bear the recent low market values that will reap the benefit of the better times which must undoubtedly come

There has already been a very rapid rise in the last few days, and we venture to express the view that there is profit to be made by those who continue feeding.

At this period of the year the demand for sows increases weekly. We hope that all those interested in the pig-buying side of the business will endeavour, not only to increase the number of bacon pigs which they send us, but to also increase the number of sows.

At the time of writing we have just been freed from Foot-and-mouth Disease restrictions, and we sincerely hope that it will

not be necessary for the Ministry to impose similar restrictions for some time to come.

To our buyers and other friends we convey our very sincere wishes for their happiness at Christmas and their prosperity in the coming year.

The Passing of the Goose Club.

One of the annual jokes of the comic Press a couple of generations ago centred around pater familias returning from the goose club minus his goose. The illustration accompanying the joke depicted a snowy night scene, with father in the foreground trying to enter his "castle" with dignity. Away into the distance footprints in the snow trailed in wide circles to the horizon where almost at vanishing point, half buried in the snow, lay the lost goose. Although the Goose Club exists here and there, yet, as a national feature of Christmas time, its place has been usurped by the draw or sweep. Many of our older readers will remember, however, when membership of a goose club was as popular a pastime as "going to the pictures" or "supporting a football club " is to-day.

The members paid a shilling a week for eight or ten weeks before Christmas, and, in addition to a goose, were usually entitled to a bottle of gin for their ten shllings. These clubs were got up "to benefit the house," and there is but little doubt that, with the money spent at the meetings, every goose cost at least a pound in the end. Right proud was the landlord to show his prize geese to his customers, and great delight did he take in telling them about the number of miles he had travelled, of the bargain he made weeks before to be supplied with geese of the first quality at so much per head, and, "not to be done," he examined them all. He always advised those who carried off a fine goose to take with them a bottle of spirits; for "goose is rich," he would say, "and will sometimes disagree with the strongest of persons.'

There was a perfect babel of sounds in a public house on Christmas Eve when the prizes were drawn, and many a pint of gin was won and lost about the weight of different geese before the members separated for the night.

Friends Elsewhere.

BRISTOL.

West Street was invaded by crowds of amateur detectives on Thursday, 17th November, all with the same aim—to accost an elusive gentleman from one of the daily papers who would present them, on production of a copy of the paper, with a heavy

It is whispered that some of our staff actually abstained from taking their mid-day meal in order that they should not miss him! We are sorry to say, however, that none of us were successful.

The chief attraction in Bristol for Christmas is provided by the Bristol Tramways Company, when one of their tramway cars will be decorated and patrol all routes for a week previous to the Festival. Numerous members of their staff, dressed in fantastical clothes, collect from all and sundry donations towards the Lord Mayor's Christmas Dinner Fund. We are sorry that we are unable to give further details before going to press, but we hope in the January number to be able to give a full account of the proceedings, and also photographs.

CHIPPENHAM.

We extend to all our friends at other Branches the best of wishes for Christmas.

We think, perhaps, some particulars regarding our Factory here at Chippenham may be of interest to many of "Our Friends Elsewhere," and particularly those who have never had the opportunity of visiting us. and whose personal acquaintance we have not had the pleasure of making, but who are known to us by correspondence only.

The business was established here in 1891, the first pig being killed in our Factory on the 30th July in that year. We had been most fortunate in securing a vacant factory in the centre of the best Wiltshire pigfeeding district, adjoining the Great Western Railway Company's main line, and with three sidings running direct into the premises. At very large expense we adapted this for killing and curing purposes on the most approved and modern principles. We had ample space, the Factory premises extending over three acres, and we could therefore

take every advantage of a sufficiency of light and air, so essential in a curing establishment where raw material is prepared

We installed the electric light, being the first Firm to introduce this cleanly light into Chippenham, and the advantages to us in our particular business were very soon apparent.

When the Factory was completed it was admitted by competent judges to be the largest and most complete bacon-curing establishment in the United Kingdom.

From the outset our watchword was "QUALITY," and this policy has been continued, and it has always been our aim to produce the very best bacon, lard, sausages. &c., our "Royal Wilts" Brand being widely known and enjoying a first-class reputation for uniformity of quality and

Our first Gold Medal was awarded us in 1896 at the Imperial Institute, London, and our representative was graciously permitted by Her Royal Highness, Princess Louise, to explain our goods on that occasion. H.R.H. noted their superiority over all others shown, and we were proud that the excellence of our goods was thus seen and appreciated.

It is very gratifying to us to know that our staffs, both administrative and productive, are all very happy and content, and work together in perfect harmony and goodwill, as will be shown by their length of service, several being still with us who commenced here in 1891, while many others have well over twenty years' good serviceto their credit.

W.K.

"CHRISTMAS THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES.

Of all the glad seasons in the year, surely this wondrous Festival holds the world of Christianity enthralled and almost entirely given up to unselfishness and kindly thoughts for others. The miracle of it allfor would you find one "Scrooge" in a thousand? And yet the vast majority of our teeming millions forget the "Source" of all this gladness and joy.

Isn't it splendid that at least once in the year there comes a time when, somehow, we cannot help opening our hearts wide and unbuttoning our pockets-and, mind you, it does take something to do this. How very different the most of us are just for once. There's a wondrous spirit abroad, and it is infectious; and we ourselves would scarcely recognise ourselves if, in some wonderful way, a "photo" of our inmost kindly thoughts and self-denving gifts, the desires for the joy and happiness of others, could be shown us a few weeks on in the New Year. What a revelation of what we could be just for once in a while.

I have been wondering again and again why you hear before the glad season comes, the remark from more than one, "I am beginning to dislike Christmas," "I shall be glad when it is over," "I am fed up with it." Of course, the strain for many thousands in preparing for the festivity of millions is amazing, and I have come to believe it arises largely from two causes—the thoughtlessness and utter selfishness of so very many people who consider it is only right and their due that what they require and want must be attended to, failing to realise the unnecessary trouble and fag they are giving to tired workers, where kindly thought would have made the service a pleasure; and then the multitude of "cadgers" that abound, who also think, because of the season, it is only fair that they should "cadge"; and yet, after all, independent of these two classes, we read it is "More blessed to give than to receive." Can this be true? Have we tried it? Of course we have, and intend to do so again.

And yet, once again, if for no other reason, Christmas is worth while because of its memories. Just for once in the round of the year we cannot help but remember, first and chief of all (the joy bells tell us, if only we will hear them), of Him Who gave Himself just because He loved us. The source of all our joy and peace. Can we dimly imagine what the world would be like if He had not given it us in His own giving of Himself—The Babe of Bethlehem? And so the "Christ Mass" Day, or holy day, has become our holiday of joy and peace and gladness, and especially to us as workers-how good it is-and so to all children; and the oldest of us become child-like in our heartfelt desire to give them a real joyous and happy time because of the Great Joy-bringer. And although we realise it not until the years have gone by, we are making "Glad Memories" that are taken up by the young as they follow on; and so,

surely, it is an increasing joy indeed—a joy that never fails.

And then we older folks: As for a little while we sit still and think, how then comes flooding in upon our hearts a vision of those we have loved and lost awhile; the parents who now we see in all their loving toil and endeavour, so self-sacrificing, and yet counting no labour too big if only they could give us gladness and happiness; and loved ones near and dear, and friends who have passed on, or are far away from us—they come so near us now—Oh! what we would do for them if we only could; and yet, in some measure, we can, if only we will keep the Christmas spirit in our hearts. Can we not make it our "abiding spirit"? If we can lose ourselves in loving thought and kindly deed at Christmas time, surely we can at least in some measure repeat it in the daily round of our working days.

E. WATTS.

DUNMOW.

We at Dunmow send to all readers of the Magazine our heartiest Christmas Greetings and best wishes for the year 1928.

A right Merry Christmas to all readers of the Magazine, and may you have a full share of the good things of 1928.

How many old recollections, and how many dormant sympathies does Christmas time awaken? Most of us, if not all, have many, many times, participated to the full the joys that come along with this festive season. What a time it is for collecting the scattered members of the home circle, and how the re-union stirs up memories of the years gone by. How happy we are when all are present; yet, in the midst of our happiness, we oftimes find our thoughts wander to the homes we know to be incomplete, and we feel for them; we would cheer them if we could.

The season, nevertheless, is universally a joyous one, and the advice we commend to all our readers is, "Make the most of the days between the 24th and 27th December, thinking not so much of yourself, but rather of the pleasure you can give to others." If this has been your Motto during the holiday, you will say at its conclusion that this Christmas has been a "right merry one" indeed.

To those readers who invariably leave the office to catch their holiday train like this way would

this, we would say "Good Luck," and hope they'd catch the trair alright; but we would give much to know if the energy they expend on the return



journey amounts to anything approaching that expended on the outgoing.

A certain Wiltshire paper is read in Dunmow by Wiltshiremen. A Wiltshireman is naturally proud of his County, and is very rarely startled by anything he may hear in the way of great achievements by his fellow shiremen; but after reading this particular paper we were bound to admit surprise, and at the same time increased admiration for the "lads of our village."

This is what we read concerning a football club who were at home in the Chippenham District League on Saturday:—

"The whole team worked as one man, &c., &c. Half-time came with the score 4-0 for the homesters. Early in the second half their captain had to be helped off the ground with a kicked knee, but went back and got another."

It's a marvel how he did it!

E.W.W.

At the Registry Office: "From your references," said the Mistress, "I see you've had four places in the last month."

"Yes, ma'am," replied the servant.
"That shows how much I am in demand."

Very loud person: You old people are so easy to read—none of our modern subtlety; one can see at once what you are thinking.

Old gentleman: Then I'm afraid you must think me very rude.

"The time will come," shouted the speaker, "when women will get our men's wages."

"Yes," said the little man in the corner, "next Friday night."

An aggressive young woman was scolding the conductor for treading on her toe.

When the battle had subsided, he asked her for her fare. "Victoria Station!" she snapped out, tendering a coin. "Single?" he asked. "Yes." "H'm, I'm not surprised either."

"I've worked under the boss for twenty years," boasted the big fellow.

"I can beat that," said the quiet little man, "It's my silver wedding to-morrow."

Warder (entering condemned cell): There is no hope of a reprieve; what is your last request?

Convict: I would like to learn to play the piano.

E. PALLIER.

"Christmas comes but once a year, when it comes it brings "; well, what does it bring, trade? Yes, there is certainly a spurt of brisk business in most trades, but perhaps it is a debateable point whether the inevitable reactionary slump which follows does not level things down to the normal.

The period of reaction is, as we know, the week or so following the hectic festivities and feastings.

When—The Post-mortem is held on the turkey carcase, and it is decided that it shall become soup.

When—The Christmas pudding shows signs of "wear and tear."

When—A visit to the larder revealed a medley of "spare parts"; parts of blancmanges and all the other blanc items which comprised yesterday's feast.

When—Tommy (aged 10) has lost all respect for the idols of yesterday (and the day before), and regretfully decides that "discretion is the better part of valour," and Mr. Beecham comes into his own.

When—Mother says, "Thank goodness, that's over," and Father wrestles with debits and credits; borrows a magnifying glass to discover the latter, and decides to turn over a new leaf in the new year.

'Tis during this period that the shopkeeper moans there's nothing doing, but the process of returning to the normal must be gradual—say a week. Yes, it takes all that to clear up the "odds and ends."

Anyway, with all its faults, debts, indigestion, bilious attacks, and headaches, it's a welcome respite from everyday routine.

W. Greenhalgh.

* * * WELL MIXED.

A young bride asked her husband to copy a wireless recipe she wanted. He did his best, but he got two stations at once, one of which was broadcasting physical exercises and the other the recipe. This is what he took down:—

"Hands on hips, place one cup of flour on the shoulders, raise knees and depress toes, and mix thoroughly in half a cup of milk. Repeat six times. Inhale quickly one half-teaspoonful of baking powder, lower the legs, and mash two hard boiled eggs in a sieve. Exhale, breathe naturally, and sift into a bowl. Attention! Lie flat on the floor and roll the white of an egg until it comes to a boil. In ten minutes remove from the fire and rub smartly with a rough towel. Breathe naturally, dress in warm flannels, and serve with fish soup."

"Does your typist give you any impertinance?"

* * *

"No, she charges me two pounds ten a week for it."

GONE FOR EVER.

Teacher: Tommy, what is a polygon?
Tommy: Please, teacher, a dead parrot.

* * *

THE SWEEP.

Old Lady (new resident): Is there a sweep in the village, little boy?

Little Boy: Yes, mum. First and Second Division Clubs only; tickets are 6d. each if you'd like one.

Why is a beehive like a potato?—A beehive is a bee-holder, a beeholder is an onlooker, and an onlooker is a spectator.

E.W.W.

IPSWICH.

We have been very encouraged to have a special request from the Editor for our contribution for the Christmas number to be sent along in good time, as, we must confess, that we have from time to time, in view of the delay in receiving each month's Magazine, wondered whether such a thing as a Christmas Number would be possible.

The Christmas spirit, however, which is always regarded as being a generous one, prevents us from saying more on this point, except that we would very much like to see the Magazine come to hand at the commencement of each month.

We are all looking forward to Christmas so that we many cast business cares and responsibilities aside for a day or two, and realise once more that business is not quite everything in life.

Those of us who, in our business lives, are most staid, and even in moments of relaxation cannot entirely lose the atmosphere of business and its responsibilities, at Christmas time feel that the season demands that we shall be our real selves, and join in the family gatherings and festivities to the entire exclusion of the usual daily routine.

What a contrast it is to find the chief of a department, who daily sits at his desk issuing instructions and giving important decisions, being the heart and soul of a game of "Hunt the slipper," or being called out of the room by a charming young lady in a game of "Postman's knock." Then again, imagine him toddling round the drawing room in "musical chairs," as well as in the frivolity attending the redemption of forfeits.

Then there is the decoration of the rooms in anticipation of visitors for the Christmas season, and we will leave it to the imagination of our readers as to what happens when he, who is so mighty with the pen, succeeds in hitting his thumb with the hammer when driving nails.

Those who have the patience to read these notes will agree with us that all these features of Christmas have a charm which is irresistible, and prove ever welcome at each Christmastide.

In the neighbourhood of Ipswich there is an abundant supply of holly for decorative purposes, and if one takes a run out into the country the week-end prior to Christmas day, one cannot help being struck with the numbers of small parties to be seen gathering their harvest of holly.

For weeks past Christmas has been kept before our eyes by the large droves of turkeys and ducks which are to be found, more particularly in Norfolk. Only recently, at Attleborough, there were flocks of turkeys being driven to the railway station in the

same manner as sheep, to be finished off for the Christmas table. In passing through the area in Norfolk, where the duck farms are situated, one cannot help wondering what it is which almost suggests that certain fields are covered with snow, but upon closer inspection this proves to be thousands of ducks in the process of fattening—not entirely for the Christmas requirements, but a very large number are retained for the Christmas season.

As we write these notes, the first Fat Stock Show of the season is being held at Norwich, which has the distinction of being about the first of consequence.

The shops in Ipswich at Christmas time are usually especially attractive, although throughout the year we must confess that they offer a very charming variety of goods. At Christmas, however, each seems to vie with the other in offering something still more attractive in the shape of presents and the usual Christmas fare.

We are all glad to learn that the Tuesday has been declared a bank-holiday, as one day for Christmas seems quite inadequate, and we do feel it desirable that the Sunday—although no doubt the Christmas atmosphere will be present in every home—should have the spirit of the day prevailing

The season is always one which means a re-union of friends, and still more so the thoughts for the absent ones. Many of us, since last we gathered together at the Christmas board, will miss faces; some, alas! never to be seen again, when tender memories will arise. Others, perhaps, in distant lands; but it can be felt by everyone, however far apart the members of each family may be, at this season there is re-union in spirit.

It does come home to us all that Christmas is a great time in every way, so that it is little to be wondered at that the charms and attractions of the season appeal to each one of us.

In conclusion, we wish all at the Associated Factories a very happy time, with every hope of a bright and prosperous New Year.

All at Ipswich have learned, with much pleasure, of the re-election of our worthy Chief to the mayoralty of Calne for the third time in succession. We are sure all at the Associated Factories will agree with us that

there could not be found one more eminently suited to preside over the municipal affairs of the ancient borough of Calne.

From the first day of his mayoralty we have been struck by the thorough and kindly manner in which he has laid himself out to see that all interests have been most carefully studied. Calne is indeed fortunate in having one so able, and will be well advised to adopt the suggestion which, we believe, has been put forward, that Mr. Bodinnar's term of office shall be extended to cover ten years.

We all wish to tender our sympathy to Mr. Brock in his recent loss.

LONDON.

There is no special London news to report. The Grocers' Exhibition is over, and we have entered into difficult times.

I have a word of greeting to pass on to old friends from Mr. Wilfred Harris, who has settled down to his job in Kenya. There, as elsewhere, are difficulties and problems. The chief difficulty that a new settler in Kenya has to face is that of the natives. The position of the estate in Kenya is an altitude of 6,000 feet above sea level, and in that respect the climate is vastly different from the coast climate. But Kenya is Africa, and all Africa is different to the home country. Even in Kenya, which is almost on the line of the equator, where throughout the year the sun rises at six a.m. and sets at six p.m., the climate is enervating. Mr. Harris contrasts the natives, whom he calls "the world's most irresponsible workers," with conditions as he experienced them at Totnes and here in Cowcross Street. He says of his home Factory experience: "The staffs of the C. & T. Harris' Factories are amongst the world's most efficient. My personal experience," he writes, "is of Totnes and the London Warehouse, where everyone knows his work, and does it well. The London Warehouse is noted in this respect, and constantly remarked upon by outsiders." That is quite right. We have our difficulties here difficulties which, in the course of time, we shall set right. But in regard to our staff work there is no sort of difficulty at all; and people who come here early in the morning, when the work is in full swing, constantly remark on the appearance of extra price, send flowers for my funeral,
'Lily of the Valley' for choice."

* * *

TIVERTON.

We at this Branch would first of all like to convey to our Managing Director, J. F. Bodinnar, Esq., our Feartiest congratulations on his being made Mayor for the third year in succession of the ancient Borough of Calne.

All members of the staff at Tiverton join me in wishing all the staff at Calne and all the Branches a most happy time at Christmas, and a bright and prosperous New Year

Our supplies of pigs during the past month, and, so far, during the present month, have been well maintained, although a fair proportion have been porkers. We are pleased to have been able to take up this branch of the industry, as it assists us in many ways.

It first of all helps us greatly to keep up our connections, as feeders can now sell us their porkers, whereas previously they had to sell them elsewhere, which often resulted in their also taking their bacon pigs to the same place. Secondly, it gives us more to do during this period of the year, which has hitherto been rather a slack time.

Shopkeeper: I don't like the ring of this florin.

Customer: What do you want for two bob, a peal of bells?

Miss Flapp: Is it true, Doctor, that cigarettes ruin women's complexions?

Dr. Snap: Well, smoke, you know, is always hard on paint.

Dumpling.

TOTNES.

When any important events are the subject of consideration, our great political parties employ a gentleman who is termed a "Whip," and whose duties are to arouse the attention of all members of the party; and, judging by the urgent appeals for seasonable copy which have been arriving here lately, it looks as though our Editor has adopted similar methods, or improved on them, by employing a number of these "Whips." The advent of the Christmas issue of the Magazine will be eagerly awaited, as we are all anxious to see if the great

return in half-an-hour and find the lot asleep or strayed away. Kenya is a new country, and before the English occupation the natives lived at haphazard—a little cultivation, hunting, and often raiding. There was no money value, and anything in the way of exchange was by barter. It is, then, difficult to suddenly switch a people off from a condition as near as possible to the Stone Age to a condition of modern civilisation. And over the whole thing is that difference in climate which, as it is so enervating, is most dangerous to English settlers, and no doubt accounts for the happy-go-lucky life lived by the natives. Out there, close up to the bush, two days' ox trek from the railhead along no made road but a mere track, one is indeed far away from shops, from picture shows, and from those forms of sport, such as soccer football, which form so important a part in London life. The English settler is thrown back on himself, and to do any good at all must be prepared to handle all sorts of queer jobs as they arise. He has, in fact, to be an all-round man rather than, as here, a specialist. But it is a man's life, and with great opportunities for real sport, such as big game shooting. Indeed, one must be a good shot, for much of the meat food has to be hunted up; and again, the place is so alive with big game that it is necessary to keep it down in order to prevent the estates being over-run. One man I know has recently gone out of the pig-keeping and baconcuring business (and that is the chief of Mr. Harris' interests) because his pig farm was raided by leopards which savaged the pigs so that those left alive had to be killed.

harmony and efficiency. In Kenya you

may set a gang of natives on a job of work

and leave them to get on with it. You

R.E.H.

REDRUTH.

From the far west "One and All" send best wishes for a Happy 'Xmas and a Prosperous New Year to all their friends in the various branches of the Firm.

Pig supplies this month have, like the price paid to the feeder, fluctuated greatly, and in this connection we append a story from one of our pig agents. The price of pigs dropped on Saturday morning, and the agent, trucking his pigs on the Monday, writes as follows:—"If you don't pay the

HARRIS MAGAZINE.

efforts made have met with the success they deserved. Our poet tells us that these cries of distress from headquarters aroused his sympathies to such an extent that it awakened the muse within him, and he felt compelled to forward a few verses, as he thought they might help to fill an otherwise vacant corner.

We have been unable to obtain much information as to olden or modern Christmas functions or customs in this locality beyond the ordinary, but perhaps it may interest some of our lady readers to hear that at Plymouth there is a very large swimming club with an extensive membership of females, and these ladies have made it a regular custom to proceed to the sea-front very early on Christmas mornings, and there have a dip in the briny, regardless of climatic conditions. Although there is no sea at Calne, we venture to suggest that if there are any amphibian enthusiasts that desire to emulate the Plymouth example, they could probably obtain permission to make use of the lake at Bowood, and a sharp walk to and from there ought to create a wonderful appetite for the Christmas fare.

This matter of the Christmas fare appears to be causing one of our contributors some anxiety, as the usual menu provided does not seem to be sufficiently appetising to his abnormal capacity, and he is evidently of opinion that some of our readers may be able to assist him in obtaining something which will tickle his palate more than the present-day delicacies appear to do.

This is what he has written:

DEAR SIR,

Regarding Christmas fare, we are all used to poultry, &c., but I believe it is well known that in years bygone the favourite Christmas dinner was the boar's head, which was usually obtained from a wild animal killed in the hunt. This, in the opinion of our slaughterman and myself, must have been a very tough, unsavoury dish, unless some relish was given to it. Perhaps someone with a better historical knowledge can give us an idea of how this dainty dish was prepared. Some of our chefs at headquarters, who are possessed of great skill. are doubtless able to produce from the boar a dish quite equal to the ancient favourite.

Yours, &c., . .

W.J.T.

OPPORTUNITY

"Since my little boy has attended your school," sniffed the indignant mother, "He exaggerates in a manner almost amounting to lying."

"Why, you ought to be very pleased,

Madam," said the schoolmaster.

"What ever for?" asked the lady in

"Well, that will enable him to become a Commercial Traveller, Land Agent, or an Auctioneer."

The farmer, who was noted for his grumbling, was in conversation with a friend, and after a while the latter exclaimed, with a smile of triumph, "Well, you cannot grumble at the potato crop this year, as I hear it's the largest you have had for a very long time."

"Aw, maybe," answered the farmer, "I waun't deny as taters is big this year, even if there bain't a lot ov um, but wot I do say is, where be oi gwain to get little 'uns to feed me pigs."

The Pig Buyer was trying to convince a very obstinate old farmer that he was wrong, when the latter snorted out in anger, "I won't listen to any more of your lies."

"Oh, but my dear sir, you really must," remonstrated the buyer, and then was astonished that several listeners walked away laughing.

BRISTOL.

We extend a very hearty welcome to Mr. A. J. Clark on his transfer to our staff from Head Office.

Miss Jarvis left us at the end of October to start business on her own account. The Indoor and Outdoor Staffs assembled on the 1st November to bid Miss Jarvis every success in her new venture, and Mr. Bosanquet, on their behalf, presented her with a Shell Brush Set in a case, suitably inscribed, as a mark of the esteem in which she is held. Miss Jarvis, in reply, thanked everyone for the kindness invariably extended to her during the thirteen years she had been with the Company, and expressed her regret at the termination of such a long and pleasant association.

Just Between Ourselves.

To All my Readers-

A very Happy Christmas, and the best of luck during 1928—MARIAN.

I suppose in most of the homes where this Magazine goes there have, during the past few weeks, been great preparations of puddings, mince-meat, and cakes, to say nothing of mysterious parcels of which one gets a glimpse, and which seem then to vanish into thin air to re-appear again on Christmas Day, when, their wrappings discarded, one finds that some kind friend has been thought-reader enough to give something which had been long desired, but, in these hard days of Income Tax Collectors and their kind, out of reach.

I have thought it would be perhaps interesting if my readers would send me a description of Christmas Day festivities in their various homes, especially in the homes where there are children, for Christmas is essentially the children's season.

Anyhow, I shall look forward to inserting in the January Magazine some Christmas glimpses, the memory of which will remain with the writers for many years.

MARIAN.

NEEDLECRAFT CLASS.

In our last issue we gave details of what we hoped to do on Thursday evenings at the Company's Hall, and our hopes have been more than fulfilled, for each Thursday evening has seen newcomers, who have not come just once and gone away again, but have become regular attendants. We now have more than fifty names on the book.

In addition to rug-making, raffia work has been taken up with zest, and baskets and pochettes are making great progress.

We have been entertained with gramophone recitals by Mr. Knowles and Mr. Ernest Stevens, both of whom we hope to welcome again before the season is over.

A new venture is the starting of a Lending Library on Thursday evenings, Miss B. Mould having kindly consented to act as librarian. The fee is only 1d. per week per book, and we hope by this means to provide a little fund to purchase some necessary cups and saucers, &c., for our numbers tax the resources of the canteen, and on one or two occasions some of the members have been kind enough to augment our supplies with a dozen or so of their own cups and saucers.

We were very pleased on one Thursday evening to welcome our genial Editor and his wife, and hope we may see them again. Mr. Hudson was a great help in handing round cups of coffee, &c., and I was glad to hear that someone was good enough to insist that he also should share in the refreshments, for I am sure the picture of so many busy hands and tongues was enough to make any mere man feel weak and in need of support.

There is a very cordial welcome waiting at the Company's Hall on Thursday evenings for any more of our girls who would like to

come.

HOCKEY.

We have had three very enjoyable games this month. The first, against the cricketers, was a good game, and we hope to meet them again soon. We were very happy to see Mr. Bodinnar and Mr. and Mrs. Redman at the match and at the tea afterwards.

The match against Melksham Town was scratched owing to inclement weather.

At Bradford-on-Avon we put up a good

fight, and enjoyed a keen and sporty game.

The score was 2—0 against us.

We have been fortunate in securing the services of Miss Burton, of Calne, in acting as coach and referee for this season. Miss Burton has already delivered one Hockey Lecture in the Company's Hall, and is going to give another later on. This Lecture was well attended, and, in conjunction with the coaching, should prove extremely valuable to the members of the Club.

In order to raise funds to pay for the coaching fees, the Club organised a Dance in the Company's Hall on the 18th November, which was well attended, and the object of the dance attained.

A new venture of the Hockey Club is a Swedish Drill Class, conducted by Sergt.-Major Blackford. This has so far proved a very popular feature, and should do an enormous amount of good; especially in view of the many wet Saturdays when matches are scratched, and the players

therefore get no exercise at all.

It is hoped, if the Class is far enough advanced, to give a short Gym. Display as one of the features of the Christmas Carnival.

List of Weldon's Books Available.

Illustrated Dressmaker, Evening Dress, Dainty Knitted and Crochet Ware for Baby, Ecclesiastical Crochet, Ladies' Underwear, Children's Fashions, Ladies' Journal, Raffia Work.

A Picture from South Africa.



It was with real pleasure that we heard the news that Mrs. Bodinnar was home again. We feel sure we are echoing the sentiments of all our readers when we say we sincerely hope her stay in South Africa has proved beneficial.

That we miss her when she is away goes without saying and it is always with the keen desire to learn that her health has improved that we welcome her back.

The accompanying photo indicates that Mrs. Bodinnar enjoyed herself—but we wonder what effect our gloomy December skies would have had on the little piccaninny if he had been brought back as a souvenir.

The photo was taken in a Kaffir Kraal on the road to Umkomaas, Natal.

M.P.

Children's Christmas Carnival.

A T the time of going to Press the date of the next Children's Christmas Carnival has not been definitely fixed, but it will probably be during the early part of January. Hitherto it has not been possible to give our members details of the preparations for our Carnivals, but, thanks to the Magazine, we are able to do so on this occasion.

The forthcoming Carnival is the sixth of the series held under the auspices of the Harris Welfare and Entertainment Society. Each one has surpassed the previous year's effort; this is verified by the fact that fresh application has to be made each year for additional space. We started with the retort room, but now find that the warehouse, pie room, boxmaking room, and boning room are only just sufficient to accommodate the 1,400 people who attend. It is a very pleasing sight to see so many people gathered together all in carnival spirit (a symbol of the unanimity which exists throughout the Firm at Calne), and the writer has often wished that it was possible for everyone connected with the Firm to be present on one of these occasions. What a real family gathering

The expression, "family gathering," has been mentioned, and the Carnival (the evening part of it, at any rate) has resolved itself into this, but it must be borne in mind that it is a Children's Carnival; it is **Their** Day, and we adults must give way to them to obtain part of our enjoyment from the knowledge that they are having a good time. The Committee always have this uppermost in their minds, and although he does not think aloud, our worthy Chairman does a lot of scheming for the children, and already has several new ideas to still add to their enjoyment.

On arrival, the children, about 400 in number, will be given a tea, prepared by Mr. George Gough and his helpers, and during the tea the huge cake, presented by Mr. Bodinnar, will be cut, each child receiving a portion. To obviate the long wait for children and parents whilst the presents are being distributed, it is intended to hand each child a present at the tea table. The

sweets presented by Mr. Redman will be given at the same time. After tea a concert will be given in the Boning Department by our own Minstrel Troupe, and a "bumper" programme is promised.

At seven o'clock the doors will be opened to adults, and many new attractions will be introduced for their enjoyment, including "The Mystery Man," a feature which should cause a great deal of amusement.

A first-class Concert Party has been engaged, and it is the intention of the Committee to ask the Town Band to be present to play whilst the children are having tea in the afternoon, also for dancing in the evening.

We are looking forward to many entries for our Fancy Dress Competition, and hope that these classes will be well patronised as the Committee intend offering valuable prizes.

A stranger may read the foregoing and say that to get the Carnival spirit it is necessary to have the Carnival atmosphere.

Our reply is that we do get the atmosphere, as a good number of the members of the Society give up their evenings during the week previous to the Carnival to help with decorations, &c., and it is pleasing to learn that while we go to Press the Ladies' Hockey Club and Girl's Working Class have come forward with an offer to help; but even more assistance is required than we have had hitherto, and the Committee appeal to any employees, male or female, who can spare an hour or two on any evening to append their names to the list of voluntary helpers which will be found on the Notice Boards.

The Society is rather proud of the fact that it is self-supporting, but if it had to pay for the work to be done it would be quite another story; and, incidentally, the value of the children's toys would have to be reduced.

We do not want this to happen, for "Too much cannot be done for the kiddies." F.I.N.

FIND THE ANIMALS.

In the following sentence are five animals buried. Find them:—"Come hither, mine friend," said the monk, eyeing him kindly; "be a very good boy, step through the furze bravely, and seek the lost riches."

Harris Minstrel Troup at the Workhouse.

In response to an invitation, the Minstrel Troupe gave an entertainment to the old folks on a recent Wednesday evening, which followed a special tea arranged by Mrs. Hill and her friends in the afternoon.

The Niggers' efforts were enthusiastically applauded, and encores were freely demanded and cheerfully given.

"Herbie" was the star turn once again; one of the inmates, after a laughing outburst, remarking that he was "a real pick-me-up."

Mr. Sainsbury, on behalf of the Guardians, proposed a vote of thanks to the performers, which, on being seconded by the Master, was very heartily responded to.

Our Money Box.

This opportunity of profitable investment is still being largely taken advantage of by our employees generally, both at Calne and at the branches, some of the latter doing remarkably well.

The sale of stamps will cease on Saturday, December 17th, until after the holidays. All pass books and cards, whether complete or not, will be called in on that date in preparation for the annual audit, and we are confidently expecting that an excellent balance sheet will be presented early in the New Year.

Arrangements will be made for the sale of stamps to re-commence on Saturday, 31st December.

THE COSTERMONGER'S PUZZLE.

A costermonger bought 120 oranges at two for a penny, and 120 more at three for a penny, and mixed the oranges all together in a basket. He sold them out at the rate of five for twopence, hoping to receive his money back again, but on counting his takings at the end of the day he found that he had sold the oranges for fourpence less than they had cost him. How did this happen?

THE SLEIGHER'S SONG.

The moon is bright, and all is gladness,
We banish sorrow, care, and sadness;
Our hearts are light, and away we go
To skim o'er the breast of the star-lit snow!
Hurrah! Hurrah! Hurrah!

Anent 'Xmas.

Bring us in good ale, and bring us in good ale; For our blessed Lady's sake, bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no brown bread, for that is made of bran;

Nor bring us in no white bread, for that is only grain;

But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no beef, for there are many bones; But bring us in good ale, for that goes down at once;

Then bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no bacon, for that is passing fat; But bring us in good ale, and give us enough of that;

So bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no mutton, for that is often lean; Nor bring us in no tripes, for they be seldom clean;

But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no eggs, for there be many shells; But bring us in good ale, and give us nothing else;

Then bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no butter, for therein are many hairs;

Nor bring us in no pig's flesh, for that will make us boars;

But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no puddings, for they're not over

Nor bring us in no venison, for that suits not our blood;

But bring us in good ale.

Bring us in no capon's flesh, for that is often dear;

Nor bring us in no duck's flesh, for they slobber in the mere;

But bring us in good ale.

Good ale, however, like most other things when taken in excess, is attended by certain inconveniences, as the following lines, which forms an appropriate moral to the preceding one, will serve to explain.

Ale makes many a man to stick at a brier; Ale makes many a man to lie in the mire; And ale makes many a man to sleep by the fire—

With dole*.

Ale makes many a man to stumble at a stone;

Ale makes many a man to go drunken home; And ale makes many a man to break his bone—

With dole.

Ale makes many a man to draw his knife; Ale makes many a man to cause great strife; And ale makes many a man to beat his wife—

With dole.

Ale makes many a man to wet his cheeks; Ale makes many a man to lie in the streets; And ale makes many a man to perform strange feats—

With dole.

Ale makes many a man to stumble at the blocks;

Ale makes many a man to give his head hard knocks;

And ale makes many a man to sit in the stocks—

With dole.

Ale makes many a man to reel over the fallows;

Ale makes many a man to swear by God and All-hallows;

And ale makes many a man to hang upon the gallows—

With dole.

*Grief.

¹Probably alluding to the "horse blocks," or "mounting stones," then common in every market-place, and at the door of every ale-house.

J.N.P.

What is it which A can put into his right hand but B cannot put into his left hand?—B's left elbow.

Who had the biggest appetite in the world?—The man who bolted a door and then swallowed a tall story.

It is possible to lift a man from the ground with five fingers. Two persons put their index fingers under the insteps of the person to be lifted, two others place a finger under each elbow, and fifth puts his forefinger under the man's chin. At a given signal each person lifts his hand, and the subject is raised from the ground.

Why is the history of England like an English Summer?—Beacuse it is full of reigns (rains).

THE CHRISTMAS SPIRIT.

Wealth and poverty, youth and age,
All gathered at one common festive board,
The fool conversing with the sage,
The peasant making merry with the lord.

All hearts united in desire,
Honour the day of universal love,
Which kindled in us first the fire
Of peace, of which the emblem is the Dove.

Goodwill, its cause and gift is found
In every wish and action at this time,
This touch of heaven shall 'ere abound
At Christmastide in every earthly clime.

What better than eternal peace,
Universal charity, peaceful rest?
Who would not that all warfare cease?
Eternal Christmas spirit is the best.

Do unto others that which we
Would always have them doing unto us.
Christmas goodwill would always be
Maintained all o'er the earth by acting thus.
THOMAS H. HARVEY.

THE DECLINING YEAR.

December is thy eventide, O year; Its grey winter hours are the last you bear 'Ere you decline, as also does the day Before the dawn shall sweep its night away.

None shall falter or hasten your decline, For who hath rule o'er thee but Father Time? And who but he hath aught to do with thee, Who brings thee in, and out where none may see?

Some would hasten more swiftly still thy

And give no heed to life's own burden light; For life is also spread on rapid wings, Who wishes thus, away God's treasure flings.

New wonders brought, their fire fast growing dim,

Like darker clouds without the moon's bright rim,

As man's desire probes farther still afield To seek the marvels other days shall yield.

Thus now your course through time is at an end,

As spent, you cannot therefore further spend; And where time marked you, there the mark remains

To show both clear your losses and your gains.

THOMAS H. HARVEY.

FETCHING HOME THE CHRISTMAS DINNER.

The gas-cooker and improved types of ovens have removed a profitable side-line from the hands of the baker. As recently as thirty years ago it was the custom of all classes of society, from the artisans downwards, who lived in towns, to send their Sunday dinners to be baked in the baker's oven. The Christmas sirloin or goose was cooked in the same manner, and from twelve o'clock to two o'clock the baker's shop and its environs was an attractive and busy centre, both for juveniles and adults.

Can any of our readers remember when pudding cloths took the place of pudding basins as containers of the Christmas Pudding? Old prints and references to this British dish in literature all imply that only cloths were used, and that a fine, round, spherical mass was brought to the table. There is the old story of the Frenchman who tried to make a Christmas pudding, and was perfectly correct in the choice of his materials, but forgot, or never learned. the all-important article of the cloth; so that, instead of a tempting globe, an unseemly shapeless mass made its appearance quivering in a tureen. The cloth must have been the most important thing about pudding making in those days.

* * *

In the vestibule of the Old Theatre in Bristol several play-bills announce pantomime productions, produced at a time when this type of Christmas entertainment had no rival. The various features are described with such glowing language that one wonders how such effects could be obtained without the aid of electricity and modern mechanism. The pantomime for a long period was firmly entrenched in the regard of young and old, but Variety, the Revue, the Cabaret, and the children's Christmas play have sounded its death knell. We are old-fashioned enough to be sorry. "The Panto," with its transformation scene and harlequinade, was a joy and delight which was only excelled by Poole's myriorama. "Pictures" are tame compared with them.

'Twas Christmas broached the mightiest ale, 'Twas Christmas told the merriest tale; A Christmas gambol oft could cheer The poor man's heart through half the year.

METRICAL RECIPE FOR CHRISTMAS PUDDING.

If you wish to make the pudding in which everyone delights,

Of six pretty new-laid eggs you must take the volks and whites,

Beat them well up in a basin till they thoroughly combine,

And be sure you chop the suet up particularly fine.

Take a pound of well-stoned raisins and a pound of currants dried,

A pound of pounded sugar, and some candied peel beside;

Rub them all up well together with a pound of wheaten flour,

And let them stand to settle for a quarter of an hour.

Then tie the mixture in a cloth and put it

Some people like the water cold, and some prefer it hot-

But though I don't know which of these two plans I ought to praise,

I know it ought to boil an hour for every pound it weighs.

Oh! if I were the Queen of France, or, still better, Pope of Rome

I'd have a Christmas pudding every day I dined at home;

All the world should have a piece, and if any did remain,

Next morning, for my breakfast, I would have it fried again.

A Christmas song for the loom-Oh! work is not all for gain, But set it to spinning of mortal joys, And not to the woof of pain!

A Christmas song for the plough, Gladfully be it sped, Furrowing well in the hill and dell The furrows that bring us bread!

A song for the commerce-wing, That fluttereth to the gale. Ay! a Christmas song, while the lungs are strong, For the loom, the plough, and the sail.

* * * Why did the bell push?—Because it saw the letter-box.

Why did the house fly?—Because it saw the tap run.

It is stated in "Ancient Carols and their Tunes," that, in the West of England, on Christmas Eve, at about seven or eight o'clock in the evening, cakes were drawn hot from the oven, cider and beer exhilirated the spirits in every house, and the singing of carols was continued late in the night. On Christmas Day these carols took the place of Psalms in all the churches, especially at afternoon Service, the whole congregation joining; and at the end it was usual for the parish clerk to declare, in a loud voice, his wishes for a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to all the parishioners.

CAROL.

On bringing Boar's Head, used at St. John Baptist's College, Oxford, Christmas,

The boar is dead, See, here is his head; What man could have done more Than his head off to strike, Meleager like, And bring it as I doe, before?

He, living, spoyled Where good men toyled, Which made kind Ceres sorrye; But now dead and drawn, Is very good for brawn, And we have brought it for ye.

Then set down the swineyard, The foe to the vineyard, Let Bacchus crowne his fall; Lett this boare's head and mustard, Stand for pig, goose, and custard, And so you are welcome all! * * *

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

Have a series of funny questions written out and cut them out so as to have one on each slip of paper. If they can be on yellow or some other coloured paper, all the better. Then have some plain white paper also cut up into similar slips. Give each guest a yellow slip, with a question upon it, and ask them to write a humorous answer on the white slip (which should also be given them). Collect the slips, put all the questions into one hat, and all the answers (or white slips) into another. Mix them up well, and then take out a question and read it, and then the answer, and read that, the mixing of the answers causing many hilarious situations.

Cold!

The expression, "Ah! we don't get such winters now," is probably the result of traditional accounts of those very severe frosts which have happened from time to time. But when the fact that they were not of frequent occurrence is taken into account, the expression used at the beginning

of this article is hardly justified.

Many people of middle age remember the great blizzard of eighty-one, but it is inconceivable, when one bears in mind the great age of the earth, that in a short space of some forty or fifty years climatic conditions can have altered to any appreciable extent. And so, in response to the inexorable law of averages, blizzards will come again and beleaguer households, and in due course Bowood lake will be frozen, and Calne will go en masse to skate.

According to a correspondent in a recent issue of the Sunday Times, the Thames was frozen over in 1063, 1434, 1515, 1683, 1716, 1740, 1788, and 1814. This proves that very severe winters were not of regular occurrence, especially when the fact is borne in mind that the bridge construction of those days was such that the free motion of the water was impeded, and certain sections of the river would somewhat resemble pools and allow the frost to commence and speedily consolidate its business of freezing.

According to the correspondent referred to above, a real Christmassy Christmas Day must have been December 25th, 1796, when the thermometer registered 16 degrees below

During the period when the Thames was frozen in 1814, a frost fair was held on the ice. Printing presses were set up there, at which cards were printed, the following being a facsimile:-

"Amidst the Arts which on the Thames To tell the wonders of this icy year, Printing claims prior place, which at one

Erects a monument of That and You.

Printed on the River Thames, February 4th, in the 54th year of the reign of King George the III., A.D. 1814." The frost soon afterwards terminated, and the Thames was again the scene of trade and industry.

Ice.

Before the refrigerating machinery was introduced into our factory at Calne, vehicles, both hand-propelled and horsedrawn, were introduced during severe weather to bring in ice from the ponds and ditches from the surrounding countryside. Huge stacks of ice were deposited on the Strand, and members of the Firm bargained with the conveyors, and prices varied considerably. During mild seasons as much as 15s. per cwt. was paid for ice, but when the supply was plentiful prices often dropped to half-a-crown. To augment this supply, which depended on the vagaries of the English winte:, shiploads were obtained from Norway, and the blocks conveyed from the nearest port to Calne by canal.

Although the name of Harris is associated with the introduction of ice as a means of preservation in the bacon-curing industry, yet its use for preserving other comestibles, and for cooling drinks, dates back to the time of the Roman Republic. Naples obtained her ice from snow taken from caverns in the fissures of the lava of Vesuvius. Rome was similarly supplied from Soracte.

Before the introduction of artificial refrigeration there was an "ice trade" in London, and on frosty mornings costers, small greengrocers, and fishmongers could be seen returning from the lakes and ponds around London with cart loads of ice, their chief customers being the clubs and butchers. There were, however, several wholesale ice dealers, who had large wells in the suburbs of London capable of holding many tons. New York and other American cities have always been in advance of London and our provincial towns in their appreciation of ice; a lead which they still maintain. Since the war, however, considerable strides have been made in the use of cold storage for preserving food, both by large industrial firms and the housewife in her kitchen and

What is the first thing that turns green in the Spring?—Christmas Jewellery.

* * * WOMEN AND MISTLETOE.

At five—A berry. At thirty—A hope. At fifteen—A game. At forty—A dream. At twenty—A help. At fifty—A memory.

This time of the year brings nuts to our mind, and probably more are consumed in some shape or form during the Christmas holidays than any other week in the whole twelve months.

NUTS.

One of the old favourites is the Brazil, which is now so popular in all kinds of confectionery. This nut is the seed of a very large tree, botanically known as the "Bertholletia Excelsa," which reaches to about 100 feet high, and the uppermost branches do most of the bearing. The fruit, or nuts, do not grow in clusters like our hedge nuts, but are contained in a hard outer shell, circular in shape like a cokernut, about six inches in diameter, and in this case approximately ten nuts fit together in a similar way to the quarters of an orange.

They commence ripening towards the end of November, and falling early in December, when the nut harvest starts, and continue steadily until the end of February or early March. During this period the natives collect them, break the outer shell, and extract the nuts ready for export, the outer shells being used for fuel on small river craft.

The best are washed nuts; and with these you are less likely to find any bad ones, as the duds float and are discarded. They also pass them over sieves or screens to extract all the dust from the shells.

Brazil nuts are very peculiar nuts to handle, especially when being carried in a steamer's hold, as they are liable to heat and burn. To avoid this they are shipped in bulk, kept well ventilated, and are trenched daily to the depth of about 4 feet to keep them cool. The shells of fresh nuts are naturally oily, and this, combined with any dust, creates slow combustion.

Another strange thing about these nuts is that they are found only in Brazil, and only in the Amazon Valley in Brazil, and although the Amazon runs through Peru, they are not found there. This latter district provides a very different nut, known as the Ivory Nut, which is solid and about the size of an egg, and used for making buttons, studs, &c.

The annual crop of Brazil nuts runs from 60,000 to 100,000 tons, and this quantity is disposed of between England and

the U.S.A., Germany taking a small quantity only.

Apart from table use and confectionery, they are crushed for the oil, which is of very fine quality, and used for the lubrication of watches and delicate instruments. Artists also use Brazil nut oil for mixing their colours when doing miniature and similar work.

* * * WINE.

HRISTMAS will soon be upon us, and it is the time when members of families often unite for a few days' jollification. It is then that fathers invariably dip their hands into their pockets to supply presents and to provide something "extra" in the way of food and drink. One of the extras that some people indulge in at this time of the year is wine, so that a little discourse on this subject will not be amiss.

What is wine? It is the suitably fermented juice of grapes. To understand wine, one needs to understand fermentation Let us try.

We crush some grapes, and test their juice. We find that it contains about 98 per cent. of water and sugar, in the proportion of four times more water than sugar, and 2 per cent. of different salts and acids with exceedingly small quantities of various vegetable matter, but no trace of alcohol. We leave it severely alone, and it will become turbid. Its temperature will rise, carbon dioxide will escape so fast as to give the grape juice the appearance of being effervescent. The wine is then fermenting. When the period of fermentation is over, and the juice, which is now wine, is tested again, we find that it contains nearly ninetenths instead of about eight-tenths water and nearly one-tenth of alcohol instead of sugar. We shall then say that fermentation transforms grape sugar into alcohol and grape juice into wine. We might ask what turns the grape sugar into alcohol? It is a chemical re-action due to a germ known as "saccharomycetes," which lives on grape sugar. Without this germ fermentation would be slow, and thus have a bad effect on the wine, giving it an acid taste. If these same grapes were washed before being crushed, thus destroying these germs, the juice would not ferment.

Next, the wine has to be blended. Blending is the only sound method of im-

proving the quality and lowering the cost price of most wines. There is no single wine district of Europe where normal quantities and quality of grapes can be expected from year to year; often the excellent crop of one year has to be blended with the poor quantity and deficient quality of another year. It is a fact that the vicious corrupt the virtuous sooner than the virtuous reclaim the vicious. So it is with wines. It is no good mixing an excellent wine with a bad wine in the hope of improving the latter. In blending wines, the shippers or wine merchants select wines, each lacking what the other possesses. Thus each wine will be gaining something at the expense of the other without losing its individuality. The age of the wine is also taken into account when blending.

Next, the wine has to undergo the process of "fining." The 2 per cent. mentioned previously, which contains many different substances, is still in the wine. Some has sunk into the bottom of the cask, forming a sediment, or "lees," as it is known in the trade. But there are still some of these substances floating in the wine, which are too light to go down to the bottom of the cask. Hence the necessity of "fining.' Something is put in the wine which acts like the spreading of a net, which slowly sinks to the bottom of the cask, carrying the foreign substances with it.

The wine is now clear, but it is dangerous to leave it on top of the "lees," so it has to be "racked." Racking means it has to be carefully drawn out of one cask or vat into another. The wine is now ready to be bottled.

It might be interesting to some readers to know that the wine trade was the first to introduce commerce to this country. Ships sailed between Bordeaux and England, bringing wine from the former and taking back wool, &c. When wine was first imported into England, the King then reigning demanded two casks per "mast," but his cellars became so full that he had to sell it. The importers then offered money instead of wine. This was how the wine duties originated. In 1860 the Government under Gladstone fixed a sum of money as import duties on wine.

H. S. Brock.

Friends of old, though far away, are near our hearts on Christmas Day.

CHRISTMAS.

It put the wind up me when the Editor asked me to write about Christmas, because it does not seem very long ago that the dark, dull, dreary days of summer were with us. Christmas is the best time of the year, because you have a holiday; you always feed yourself up well, and play with the children's toys, in fact you can have a jolly good time and nobody cares a hang.

One of the jolliest Christmas ideas is the hanging up of stockings. Of course, it is rather expensive when you have to fill them, but how thrilling it is to wake up on a cold and frosty morning, and, after searching the house through for your sock, you find it on the bed rail full of coal and orange peel. Writers tell us that Christmas is the season of good cheer and joviality, but it is also the season of overtime and spending what you get for it. It is usually the thing to give all your acquaintances a present which costs anything up to ten bob, and to receive one from them valued at about threepence. One does sometimes receive something useful, such as a case of pipes addressed to baby, or a toy engine for father. Well, they will keep them quiet for a time, won't they?

Christmas is the time for the old-fashioned Yule-log to be burned, if there is a coal strike on, otherwise you belong to the "Slate" Club and burn coal.

A very good pastime for Christmas is the thinking out of good resolutions to be broken in the New Year, but I will tell you about them in our next issue.

A.G.J.

It is thought that "the mince-pie" was eaten by the Ancient Druids. Colour is lent to this belief by the fact that they are all dead.

Home! with every blessing crown'd! Home! perpetual source of pleasure! Home! a noble strain, resound.

We have received no comment so far upon the Mental Test given in our November issue. We are leaving the matter open until our next number so that readers can carefully consider it during the reaction due to the usual Christmas indulgences.

First Wait: I've got 5/9. How did you get on?

Second Wait: Four mince pies, two crackers, an orange, and two best wishes.

Mirror Drawing.—Each guest should draw a pig or other object on a piece of paper while looking through a mirror and not directly on to the paper. This is not easy. Try it!

Heap on more wood! The wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.
Walter Scott.

Remember that a lot of Christmas presents bear the price marks. These should be carefully inspected, and, if necessary, amended before despatch.

Our representatives in Australia write us:—"We found the specimen copy of the Harris Magazine most interesting," and they ask us to send them a dozen copies monthly. They have also promised to send us some interesting items for the Magazine. We all look forward with pleasure to receiving these, and in the meantime we wish our friends "down under" a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year.

We are glad to know that by reason of their activities many Australians will be able to enjoy Harris' Specialities for their Christmas picnic.

As a preliminary canter to the Christmas festivities, two gentlemen paid a visit to a country town just over the border of this county. One of the gentlemen knows all there is to know about geography, and the

other knows all there is to know about roads, so they went by the direct route via Melksham and Trowbridge. The return journey was of rather a roundabout nature, and embraced Bath, Box, Corsham, Chippenham, and Derry Hill in its itinerary. But, of course, Christmas is Christmas, banquets are banquets, and the rolling English road will be for ever the rolling English road in spite of the Ministry of Transport.

We believe that amongst some African tribes it is considered an insult to stand on another person's shadow. What were the feelings of the two lads who very industriously washed and washed their shadows on the floor and did not succeed in washing them away?

* * *

During a recent spell of warm weather one of our friends felt the heat so much that he thought he was sickening for something. On preparing to retire for the night he found that his fears were groundless. He had been wearing all day, in addition to his usual clothes, the garments he sleeps in. To misquote an ancient proverb, "Always add a clout ere November is out."

Our congratulations to the girls on their enterprise. We understand that Dancing, Hockey, and Rug-making are in full swing, to which must now be added the newly-formed Swedish Drill Class. Isn't it time the boys got a move on?

We understand that the information given to us regarding the boiler at Broken Cross was incorrect. We can only assume that our informant stood on his head when viewing same.



End of Volume 1.

